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JOURNEY TO ICELAND.

Iceland - [illegible]

A

JOURNEY TO ICELAND,

AND

TRAVELS IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

Laura

IDA PFEIFFER,

BY CHARLOTTE FENIMORE COOPER.

NEW-YORK:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
1852.

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TO HER DEAR SONS

ALFRED AND OSCAR,

This Book is Dedicated

BY

IDA PFEIFFER.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE translator of these travels has been anxious to leave the text as much as possible like the original; and to avoid making any change in the book itself, a number of notes have been added, for the benefit of the American reader, who may not happen to be familiar with the currency or distances, and a few other terms used by Madame Pfeiffer, in the course of her narrative.

PREFACE.

"ANOTHER journey, and that to regions far more likely to repel than attract any other traveller! This woman could have had no object in visiting such a country but the wish to excite our astonishment and curiosity."

"Her first journey, although it was a tolerably hazardous undertaking for a woman alone, might still have been overlooked, for it was possibly prompted by her religious feelings, and incredible things, as every one knows, are often accomplished from such an impulse. But no one can suggest a reasonable motive for the present expedition."

Thus, and perhaps still more severely, shall I be judged by the crowd. And yet it does me great injustice —I am a simple and inoffensive creature, and the last thing in the world I should ever dream of, would be to

direct the observation of the public towards myself. Let me briefly reveal my character and circumstances, when all that is unaccountable about my actions will disappear, and they will be seen in their natural light.

From my earliest childhood I have had an intense longing to go forth into the wide world. I could never meet a travelling carriage without stopping to watch it as it passed out of my sight, envying the very postillion, who had accompanied it, as I thought, during the whole long journey.

When I was a little girl of ten or twelve years old, no reading was so attractive to me as books of travels; and ceasing to envy the postillions, I could not but repine at the happiness of every great navigator, or discoverer, who could explore the yet unrevealed secrets of the natural world.

Tears often rose to my eyes if, after climbing a hill, I found others towering up beyond my reach, and I could not see what lay concealed behind them.

I travelled a great deal with my parents, and also with my husband, after I was married, and it was not till my two boys were of an age to be sent to school that I remained stationary on their account.

The affairs of my husband required his presence alternately in Vienna and in Lemberg. He made over to me the whole charge of our children, and relying on my steadiness and perseverance, he felt assured that I could supply the place of both parents to them at once.

When the education of my sons was finished, and my life was spent in quiet retirement, the dreams and fancies of my youth revived once more within me; I thought of the manners and customs of foreign lands, of other climes and countries, and dwelt so long on the inexpressible happiness of treading the soil which had been hallowed by the presence of the Saviour, that at last my resolution to direct my steps thither became confirmed. In vain I pondered on every drawback to such an expedition, and looked all its perils in the face; I could not rid myself of the idea. Privations were of little consequence to me. I was hardy and strong, I had no dread of death, and born in the last century, I need not fear to travel alone. Thus each difficulty was set aside; every thing was maturely considered and decided upon; and with real ecstasy I set forth on my journey to Palestine,—and lo! I returned in safety. I believed, therefore, that I was not presumptuously tempting the providence of God, or laying myself open to the charge of wishing to excite the admiration of my contemporaries, if I followed my inward impulse, and went forth once more to see the world. Iceland was a country where I hoped to behold nature under an aspect entirely new and peculiar. I feel so supernaturally happy, and drawn so close to my Maker, while gazing upon such scenes, that no difficulties or fatigues can discourage me from seeking so great a reward.

Should death surprise me in any of my wanderings, I shall meet it with calmness, thanking God from my inmost

heart for the blessed, happy hours I have spent in admiring the wonders of his creation.

And, thou, dear reader, chide not if I have written so much about myself, but let these, my inborn sentiments, plead my excuse for that love of adventure, which in the eyes of many does not accord with what is becoming in my sex.

Judge me not too harshly, but rather freely grant me an indulgence, which injures no one and makes me so truly blessed.

THE AUTHOR.

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JOURNEY TO ICELAND.

Departure from Vienna.

IN the year 1845 I began my interesting journey to the northward. Iceland was one of those spots which I have longed to see from the first period of my recollection. In this country, peculiarly unblessed by nature, to which nothing similar is to be found on earth, I hoped to discover that which would fill me with new and unutterable astonishment. Oh, my gracious God! how thankful I am to Thee, who hast allowed my favorite dream to become a reality!

On this occasion I took leave of all my beloved ones with a far lighter heart than before, for I now knew by experience, that a woman, with a strong will, can go forth into the world as well as a man, and that kindness is to be met with every where among our fellow-beings. Moreover, the trials of this journey could last but a short time, and in five or six months I might hope to see my friends again.

I left Vienna on the 10th of April, at five o'clock in the morning. As even the railroad had not escaped the consequences of the late devastation caused by the overflow-

ing of the Danube, I was obliged to accomplish the first mile* to Florisdorf far from agreeably, in an omnibus. Our omnibuses are so narrow and close that one would think they were merely intended for the consumptive, and not for healthy travellers, moving about in great state with all their superfluous cloaks, furs and overcoats.

We had hardly reached the barrier when a new impediment occurred. Each passenger was requested in turn at the gates to present his *passirschein* (or custom-house permit); but when the last of our party, a young man, was applied to, he seemed entirely taken by surprise at the demand. He had nothing with him but his pass and his testimonials, and had yet to learn that a *passirschein* was more powerful than either. He went himself to the office and represented his case, but in vain; and we were obliged to move on without him.

We then learned that he was a student who had just gone through his examination, and was on his way to spend a few weeks' vacation with his parents near Prague. Poor fellow! he had studied so much, and yet so little! He was not aware of the extraordinary value of such a document, and this oversight cost him his expenses to Prague, which were paid in advance.

But to proceed with my journey.

At Florisdorf I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of my brother and my son, who had driven on before me without my being aware of it. We took the cars together for Stockerau (three miles), but we were obliged to alight half way, and proceed a short distance on foot, over a place where the banks of the road had caved in. Fortunately it did not rain although it blew a violent gust, other-

* A German mile is about four and a half English miles.—*Trans.*

wise we could hardly have escaped being wet to the skin, and should have sunk ankle deep in the mud. Having crossed the dangerous spot, we were compelled to wait in the open air till the train from Stockerau had arrived, deposited its passengers, and taken us up in their stead.

At Stockerau I took a second leave of my companions, and was safely seated in the stage coach, and sent forth on my way.

This was the fourth conveyance I had entered in that short distance; a great inconvenience when one has nothing to carry, and so much the worse when one has all one's luggage to dispose of; the only advantage in the arrangement that I could see, being one half hour gained in the four miles, while at the same time, instead of paying the former price of nine florins and thirty-six kreuzers* from Vienna to Prague, it cost us ten florins and ten kreuzers from Stockerau to Prague, without including the omnibus or the railroad. That half hour was rather dearly purchased!

The little town of Znaim, with its adjacent convent, which lay on our road, is situated in a wide plain, stretching from Vienna towards Budnitz, four miles beyond Znaim, the uniformity of which is only broken by an occasional rise in the ground. The country improved in beauty as we approached Schelletau, where the eye embraces a range of high hills to the left, and a ruined castle recalls those tragic romances of the days of chivalry so much in vogue during the past century; while the road itself is shaded by fir trees which are also beautifully scattered over the hills and throughout the valleys.

April 11*th*.—The weather was by no means pleasant

* An Austrian florin is worth forty-eight cents American money, and there are sixty kreuzers to a florin.—*Trans.*

yesterday; we found the valleys about Znaim still partially covered with snow, and were often enveloped in fogs so thick that we could hardly see a hundred paces before us. But it was even worse to-day; for the mists dissolved in a soft rain, which lost so much of its gentleness as we advanced from station to station, that every thing around us was soon immersed in water; and the roof of our coach being a perfect sieve, the rain poured in upon us in torrents; had the space permitted it, every umbrella would have been raised.

On such occasions, I can never cease to admire the patience of my worthy countrymen, who submit to similar inconveniences with the most complete indifference. Were I a man, I should take a different course, and never suffer any carelessness of this nature to pass unpunished. But being a woman, I am silent,—a remonstrance from one of my sex would only be received with contempt. Moreover, I felt that my good genius had prepared these annoyances for me as a forewarning of what was awaiting me in the far North.

After touching at several small towns and villages, we entered upon the Bohemian dominions just beyond Iglau. Czaslau, the capital of the first Circle through which we passed in this kingdom, has a large square, with neat houses, and arbors in front of them, by means of which one can walk dry-footed round the whole square during the worst weather.

We observed a fine cathedral at Kuttenberg, a place once celebrated for its gold and silver mines, and a little beyond it the great tobacco manufactory of Sedlitz. The Elbe appeared in sight for a short time, but soon wound off again in a different direction. We passed the market-town of Collin, and drove close to the battle-field where the

great Frederick found his match in the Austrians in the year 1757; an event which has been commemorated within a few years past by an obelisk erected to the honor of General Daun; the valley of Klephorcz, where his army lay encamped, was pointed out to the left.

At eleven o'clock in the evening we reached

Prague.

It was my intention to have spent but two days in this place; and my first steps on the following morning were to the police office, to obtain, in addition to my passport, that far more important paper, a *passirschein;* and my next were to the custom-house, where I was to receive a trunk, which I had dispatched five days before my own departure from Vienna by the express, on the distinct assurance that I should find it here when I arrived.* But, alas for the express! no trunk was there. Sunday followed Saturday; but on Sunday the custom-house is closed. Thus a day was lost, a whole day, when I could have gone on to Dresden, and visited the opera besides.

Early on Monday morning I hastened to the custom-house, and found that my trunk had not yet arrived. But as several loaded wagons were waiting, I staid to see them examined, watching, oh how anxiously! for the appearance of my treasure, not indeed to press it with rapture to my heart, but to throw it open and—display its contents before the custom-house officer.

I took but a hasty survey of Prague, having been long

* These trifles are mentioned as a warning to travellers not to be separated from their effects.

familiar with every object worthy of notice in the place. I admired its beautiful moat, the horse-market, and the broad, well-built streets of the new town. The old stone bridge, from which Saint John of Nepomuk was thrown into the Moldau for having refused to betray the secret confession of the wife of King Wenceslaus, is also an object of especial interest. I crossed the river, ascended the Hradschin, and visited the cathedral, where a large sarcophagus, upheld by angels and surmounted by a canopy of dark red damask, is dedicated to the memory of this saint. The monument is of silver, and the value of the metal alone is estimated at 80,000 florins. The church itself, although not large, is built in the noble gothic style, to which the side altars present a very striking contrast with their numerous figures and decorations of gilded wood. The chapels contain many monuments, on which repose stone knights and bishops, but in such a damaged condition, that hands and feet are frequently missing, and in some instances even the heads. On the right, as you enter the church, is the celebrated chapel of Saint Wenceslaus, the walls of which were once adorned with frescoes and inlaid with precious stones, though the drawings and colors of the former are now nearly effaced.

Not far from the cathedral is the remarkable palace of Count Czernim, numbering as many windows as there are days in the year. I saw three hundred and sixty-five; but how it is of a leap-year I am not able to tell. There is a very pleasing view from the belvedere of this palace, which overlooks the old and new parts of the town, the beautiful river with its venerable stone bridge, already mentioned, a more modern and very elegant suspension bridge, six hundred paces long, and the heights around covered with gardens and handsome country houses.

The streets of the Kleinseite (or Little Prague) are steep, narrow, and crooked; but they contain many fine palaces, among which none is more likely to attract the notice of the traveller than that of Wallenstein Friedland.

After I had visited the church of Saint Nicholas, conspicuous for its high nave and handsome cupola, and had examined the Wimmerischen buildings, I repaired to the Bastei, the fashionable resort of the public in Prague. Here I could form some idea of the desolation caused by the late flood. In overflowing its banks, the Moldau had violently swept away a great many small houses and one entire hamlet not far from Prague; every dwelling on its shores, indeed, had been more or less injured; and though the waters had now subsided, the traces of ruin were still to be seen in the deserted houses, with their shattered doors and vacant windows. The river rose on this occasion two feet higher than in the year 1784, when it also swelled to an unusual height. From this place I overlooked the large inclosure lately purchased for the terminus of the Vienna and Dresden railroad. Several houses had lately been torn down on the spot, and the foundations of the new buildings were but just begun; still I was assured that the whole would be completed within six months.

I was very much struck with the number of dog-carts which I met during my long walk this morning. They are used to bring milk, vegetables, and other provisions into the city; and I almost fancied myself transported to Greenland or Lapland when I saw so many of these animals in harness. Each cart is drawn by three or four dogs; on level ground they can pull a weight of three hundred pounds, the driver lending his assistance over the steep places. The dogs have the additional merit of being very faithful guardians, and I would not advise any one to venture too

near one of these carts when they are standing before the beer-house where their owner is carousing with his lately earned gains.

I left Prague at five o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and drove three miles in the post-coach to Obristwy on the Elbe, where I embarked for Dresden (twenty-two miles)* in the steamer Bohemia, a miserable old craft of fifty horse power, which could have known but little of luxury and comfort in its best days. The fare for this short trip of eight or nine hours was very high; but the traveller has the prospect of being soon revenged for this extortion by the new railroad, which will occasion a great saving of time and money, although the journey by water has much the advantage in point of beauty, especially as you approach the Saxon Switzerland. The sail is not very interesting at first, however, as there is nothing attractive about the barren hills, and the great plains lately flooded by the waters of the stream, which swept over the roofs of the huts and buried the trees to their summits. Nothing can exceed this sad picture of desolation and ruin, which extends as far as Melnick, where the ground is higher, and little clusters of houses are again seen among the spreading vineyards. The Moldau flows into the Elbe opposite this town, and the renowned Saint Georgsberg is seen in the distance, from whence tradition relates that Czech overran the whole of Bohemia.

The hills gradually rise into mountains; and two fine

* Nearly a hundred English miles.

† Czech, or Zecko, is said to have conquered Bohemia with an army of Sclavonians about the middle of the sixth century. The people of the country still call themselves *Tschechen*, and the descendants of those warriors are to be found in the land to this day.—*Trans.*

ruins, Hafenberg and Skalt, in the neighborhood of Raudnitz, rejoice those romantic eyes which can see no charm in a prospect unless it possess some such vestige of the olden time.

Leitmeritz has a noble castle, a church and cloister, and a high-arched wooden bridge which unites the shores of the Elbe to those of its tributary the Eger. It was not without great difficulty that our poor sailors managed their mast and chimney under this bridge.

Gross Czernoseck is rather a handsome village, principally remarkable for its enormous cellar hewn out of the rock, into which a carriage and horses can drive and turn with ease. The wine vats are in proportion to the size of the cave, particularly those named after the twelve Apostles, each one of which contains three thousand six hundred gallons. A short delay would have been agreeable here, in order to afford each worthy votary of Bacchus an opportunity to visit this palace of a cellar and pour out a libation to the "Apostles;"—but our boat glided swiftly by, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the descriptions of those who were familiar with the spot, and had doubtless drawn frequent inspiration from its depths.

The scenery became more lovely every moment as we advanced. The hills press forward and narrow the channel of the river, while romantic rocks rise up between them, crowned by still more romantic ruins. The old castle of Schreckenstein, which is in a tolerable state of preservation, presents a very striking appearance; it lies stretched over the whole summit of a steep, rocky promontory, and is approached by winding paths cut in the stone. The borough of Auffig possesses the largest stone quarries and peat-mines in Bohemia. A variety of the grape grows in the little

rocky district of Paschkal, in this neighborhood, which is said to produce a wine not unlike champagne.

The hills rose higher and higher till we reached the gigantic Jungfernsprung; and the beauty of this prospect is only surpassed by the situation of the town and castle of Tetschen; the latter stands on a rock rising abruptly from the Elbe to the height of twenty or thirty feet. It is surrounded by green-houses and beautiful gardens, which stretch down to the little town, nestling with its small harbor in a sweet valley apparently completely shut in from the outer world by the high chain of hills which encircle it.

The left bank is an almost unbroken line of rocks and precipices, with only an occasional spot occupied by a farm-house or a solitary hut. In one place the eye is suddenly arrested by the sight of tall masts rising above the high cliffs around them; this apparition is explained by a cleft in the rocks forming a very excellent basin.

On reaching Schandau, a little hamlet on the Saxon boundary, we received the usual visit from the custom-house officers, who came on board our steamer and rummaged every thing we possessed. The Daguerreotype apparatus in one of my trunks appeared rather suspicious to them at first; but upon my assurance that I merely carried it for my own use, I was very civilly permitted to retain it.

Proceeding once more on our way, our attention was frequently arrested by the picturesque cliffs, whose names generally bore an allusion to their peculiar shape, such as the *Zirkelstein*, the *Lilienstein*, and others. The borough of Königstein lies at the foot of a jagged mass bearing the same name, inclosing a fortress, which is used as a prison for state criminals. A little farther on I observed

two huge rocks lying one above the other, which formed a perfectly natural image of a human head. At Rathen we were already within the confines of the Saxon Switzerland. While hurrying through the Bastei we had barely time to admire the wonderful grouping of these famous natural ramparts, for our steamer moved so rapidly that we lost one lovely scene while gazing at another equally attractive on the opposite shore. We reached Pirna, at the extremity of this mountain pass, much too soon. The ancient gateway of this little town is conspicuous above all its other buildings. Sonnenstein is a large castle lying among the cliffs, which is now used as an asylum for lunatics.

The most interesting part of our journey was now over. The royal castle of Pilnitz, with its pointed Chinese roofs, did not offer a very favorable contrast to the magnificent natural scenery we had just passed. The adjacent chain of hills, covered with villas, incloses the wide plain at the far end of which glistened the capital of Saxony; and we had hardly time to collect our luggage, before our anchor was dropped near the beautiful bridge at Dresden.

This bridge had also been seriously injured by the rising of the waters; one of the middle pillars gave way, and the cross and sentry-box were thrown into the river. At first the extent of the mischief was not suspected, and the bridge was used for some time after the flood, when it was ascertained to be very unsafe, and nothing was allowed to cross it for several months.

I had been well acquainted with all the sights of Dresden for several years, and therefore devoted the two evenings I spent there to the fine theatre, the only remarkable edifice in the place which was new to me. It is situated in the centre of the handsome Domplatz, and immediately at-

tracts attention by its elegant structure and rotunda-shape. A wide corridor, with large bay-windows and a very high ceiling, surrounds the whole building, and several broad staircases lead from the different entrances to the galleries. The interior of the theatre is not so large as might be imagined from its external appearance, but the architecture and decorations are really magnificent. The boxes are all open, and divided by a low partition, the seats and walls being covered with heavy silks, while a less expensive material is used for the benches of the third and fourth galleries. I was only disturbed by one acoustic drawback; the least whisper of the prompter could be heard as distinctly as if he were directly behind me. The curtain had hardly fallen before the house was emptied, without the least confusion, and I was then particularly impressed with the excellent arrangement of the numerous and convenient outlets.

April 16*th*.—The Dresden omnibuses may be cited as models of comfort; there is ample space for everybody, and nothing to fear from the exuberant corpulency or supernumerary cloaks and furs of our fellow-passengers. They are are also provided with check-strings to communicate with the driver when any one wishes to alight. These omnibuses drive by all the great hotels, and pause a moment before each; but if the traveller is not on the spot, he will be sure to be left behind. One of them stopped at the door of my hotel at half-past five in the morning; I was already waiting, and soon rolled along very pleasantly to the railway. The distance between Dresden and Leipsic is called twelve miles,* which we accomplished in three hours.

* Fifty-four English miles.—*Tr.*

The first few miles are delightful; gardens, fields, and meadows, fir-trees scattered over the plain and on the heights, with villages, farm-houses, country-seats, and a few solitary chapels between, form a most pleasing landscape: but it is soon ended; and Meissen, well known for its porcelain manufactories, lying on the left, may be called the key-stone of the beautiful scene.

A tiresome and monotonous plain, only enlivened by an occasional village or a solitary farm, extends the rest of the way to Leipsic; the only objects of interest that we saw were a great tunnel and the river Pleisse, the latter, or to speak more correctly, the Elster, being celebrated for the death of Prince Poniatowsky. The city of Leipsic is world-renowned for its book-trade and for its great fair, which draws crowds to the place every year. I found the streets, the squares, and the hotels thronged to overflowing.

Few towns are so much disfigured as Leipsic by the innumerable sign-boards of all shapes and sizes which often project from the houses several feet into the street. Among the buildings, those which pleased me most were the *Augusteum* and the *Bürgerschule*. The Book Hall is interesting from its contents, but has no claims to architectural merit. The hall itself is large, covering one whole floor; there are a few rooms beneath it, but the whole building is perfectly plain. The Cloth Hall is another large edifice, equally unadorned, which contains vast stores of cloth in its wide vaults. The theatre is on a very large square, and is not remarkable either within or without. The arrangement of the reserved seats, in front of the boxes, was new to me. I *heard* the orchestra; but it was a mystery to me where it happened to be situated; apparently it burst from behind the scenes. This was quite an unusual circumstance, as I was assured, and only occurred when the seats of the or-

chestra were reserved, as was the case on the present occasion. The play was that favorite piece of Gutzkow's, "The original Tartuffe," and was extremely well performed.

I had an opportunity of observing, for the second time, in the theatre at Leipsic, that the worthy Saxons are by no means behind the much reviled inhabitants of Vienna in point of appetite. In the Dresden theatre I had already noticed some ladies, my near neighbors, who carried a supply of pastry in a pretty little bag, with which they beguiled the time between the acts. But at Leipsic, I saw a tender mother regaling herself and her young son, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, with a more substantial repast—white bread and *salami!** I could hardly believe my eyes at first, and thought it must be an imitation sausage, from the confectioner's. But my nose convinced me only too soon that my remaining doubts were groundless.

In both instances this did not happen in the higher regions of the temple of Thalia, where such a thing might be witnessed occasionally even with us—no, it was in the reserved seats of the second tier.

Leipsic is surrounded by beautiful avenues. I took a walk to the Rosenthal, which also boasts of its fair alleys and grass-plots; a neat coffee-house, with a very pretty kiosk of a semi-oval shape, invites the weary to repose and refreshment, and agreeable music gives additional life and animation to the scene.

The other environs of Leipsic present nothing to the eye but one monotonous and immeasurable plain.

April 17th.—I had wished to pursue my journey to Hamburgh through Berlin, but the weather proved to be so cold and stormy, and the rain fell in such torrents, that I

* An Italian sausage, made of asses' meat.—*Tr.*

determined to take the shorter route, and went by the railway to Magdeburgh. We flew across the dreary plain, through Halle, Köthen, and other towns, of which I saw but little, hastily saluting the Sale and the Elbe as we passed. Towards ten in the morning we were at Magdeburgh, having run over these fifteen miles* in three hours and a half.

The steamer did not leave for Hamburgh till three o'clock; I had therefore ample leisure to explore the town.

Magdeburgh resembles a pattern-card—with its different buildings belonging to the oldest, the middle, and the latest ages. The main street, called the Broadway, which divides the town, is peculiarly striking; houses are there of the most ancient date, which have withstood sieges and set ruin at defiance; houses of every form and color, some with pinnacles and stone figures still standing upon them; some are covered with arabesques, and upon one I even discovered a few traces of fresco-painting. Among these relics of antiquity are seen many dwellings of the newest style and taste. No other street ever made so deep an impression upon me; and the solemn cathedral, that master-piece of Gothic architecture, quite took me by surprise, although I had visited all the finest churches of Italy. The monument with the twelve Apostles, which it contains, is a worthy tribute to the memory of the distinguished sculptor, Vischer. It cannot be seen without the permission of the Commandant.

The cathedral square is large and regular; it is embellished by two avenues of trees, and is used for military exercises. I was struck with the number of soldiers here; go where I would I continually met men and officers, and

* Sixty-seven and a half English miles.

frequently passed whole lines of troops; it could not have been worse in time of war. This was the natural consequence of being in Prussia.

The place is very much disfigured by the numerous open canals which flow from the houses into the street.

It was soon three o'clock, and I went on board the steamer Magdeburgh, of sixty horse-power, to proceed to Hamburgh. Of this part of my journey I have little to say, excepting that it was a most tiresome trip, through a very dull country; the weather was bad, the boat was dirty, and, as the distance was twenty-three miles,* I had the agreeable prospect of a comfortless night on board. The number of passengers was so great that we were obliged to crowd close together—and thus we sat, with saint-like patience, gazing in each other's faces, and heaving deep sighs of weariness. Order was not to be thought of for a moment, no one had time to attend to it; the whole day and all the night were devoted to smoking and cards. It is easy to imagine that the scene was not quite so tranquil as an English whist party. The wind and rain prevented my leaving the cabin for an instant, and the only circumstance which made me any amends for the discomforts of this passage, was the opportunity it afforded me of making the acquaintance of that amiable composer, Lorzing, which gave me all the more pleasure, as I am a great admirer of his beautiful and original music.

April 18*th*.—Day broke at last and we soon reached the great commercial capital, which was nearly laid in ashes by the terrible conflagration of 1842, but has since arisen from its ruins more magnificent and imposing than

* About one hundred and three and a half English miles.—*Trans.*

before. I alighted at the house of my cousin, who is married to the royal consul from Wirtemberg a merchant of the name of Schmidt, where I passed a most delightful week. My kinsman was so kind as to accompany me every where himself, and be my guide to all the different objects of curiosity in Hamburgh.

We first turned our steps towards the Exchange, which we visited between the hours of one and two, when it is most frequented, that I might have the best opportunity of judging of the vast commercial importance of this place. The building contains a very large hall, with arcades and galleries, and several good-sized apartments, which are used for private conferences and refreshment rooms. It is very amusing to sit in the gallery and watch the ebb and flow of the eager multitude in the immense hall, the covered walks and side-rooms, and listen to the loud buzz of a thousand excited voices;—at half-past two the uproar reaches its highest pitch, and the noise becomes really deafening;—the rate of exchange, by which all the affairs of the place are regulated, is then announced.

From the Exchange we went to the noble port, which we crossed and re-crossed in every direction, in a boat. I endeavored to count the ships with three masts, but soon gave up the attempt in despair, without even trying to number the crowd of magnificent steamers, the brigs, the sloops and other craft. In short, I could only behold and wonder, for no less than nine hundred vessels lay before me, stretched in rows three or four deep, on both sides of the Elbe; add to these the innumerable boats carrying freight backwards and forwards among the ships; and with the shouting of the sailors, the hauling up of anchors, the rushing by of steamers, a scene will be conceived which London, alone, that great capital of the world, can surpass.

This unusual animation in the harbor was owing to the severity of the past winter. Such a season had not been known for seventy years. The Elbe and the Baltic were frozen, putting an end to all navigation for several months, and it was not till very shortly before my arrival that the path had again been free.

I had expected to see something very remarkable in the crowded dwellings around the port, having read that many of the houses contained whole districts within themselves, intersected by lanes, and capable of accommodating a great number of families. I visited several, and can testify that I saw nothing extraordinary about them; houses with two wings, forming an alley from eighty to a hundred paces long, are to be found in every large town, neither is it at all unusual that so many families should live under the same roof, when it is remembered that they are all poor, and each occupies but a single room.

The favorite walk at Hamburgh is the Jungfernstieg, a broad avenue which sweeps round the large and beautiful basin of the Alster. It is only built on one side, and here are to be found most of those fine hotels so numerous in Hamburgh, and a great many handsome private residences. The ramparts which surround the town, and the Botanical Gardens, resembling a large park, are also agreeable resorts.

The handsomest edifice in the place is the Bazar, which is conspicuous as a work of art and luxury, as well as for the durability and elegance of its structure; it is a gigantic work, and all the more astonishing as it was not built at the expense of the public, but by a private individual, Mr. Charles Sillem. The name of the architect is Overdick. The building is of freestone; the walls of the principal saloon and the hall are inlaid with marble, and both are surmounted with a high cupola and large glass domes.

Handsome statues adorn the upper balustrade. At night the whole is brilliantly lighted with gas, and every variety of elegant merchandise from all parts of the world is spread out before the eye, producing the effect of a fairy temple.

The shops of Hamburgh are generally very handsome, their goods are tastefully displayed behind enormous panes of plate glass, often eight or ten feet high and five or six wide, a single window being not unfrequently worth six hundred florins, C. M.* This peculiar kind of luxury is not entirely confined to the shops, but is often seen in the private residences in Hamburgh, and also in Altona, and the beautiful country seats of the neighborhood. Many of the panes cost eight or ten florins apiece, and they are insured against breakage in the same way that houses are insured against fire.

This extravagance in window panes entails a corresponding degree of expense in the furniture; nothing but mahogany is to be seen, and this wood is so common here that it is used for the balusters of all the handsome establishments, and mahogany furniture is often found even in the houses of the pilots.

The handsomest and most animated street in Hamburgh is the Neue Wall (or New Rampart). I was particularly struck, in all the thoroughfares of this town, with the vast number of shops and dwellings under ground, which are approached by a descent of six or eight steps, with an iron railing to protect the passers by from a fall. The large slaughter-house where all the animals needed for the

* A florin, *Conventions Münze*, or conventional value, is worth about forty-eight cents, American money, according to a standard agreed upon by several of the German States.—*Trans.*

consumption of the city are slaughtered at once, on particular days of the week, is a very excellent arrangement.

The city of Altona is merely a continuation of Hamburgh, from which it is only divided by a simple wooden gate. A wide and handsome avenue, or, to speak more properly, an extended square, with a double row of thick trees, is the most remarkable street in this town, which is owned by Denmark, and is the most important place, next to Copenhagen, in that kingdom.

The drive of two miles to the village of Blankenese is really delightful, owing to the numerous beautiful country seats, and the large park-like gardens which line the way. Blankenese itself lies in a picturesque situation upon the Sülberg, which being the only elevation in this neighborhood, presents an extensive prospect of the wide-stretching plains around. The course of the Elbe can be traced, as it quietly winds its way towards the Baltic, almost as far as Cuxhaven at its mouth. This river is more than half a mile* in width at Blankenese.

Another very agreeable excursion is to the New Mills, a little village on the banks of the Elbe, at not more than a quarter of an hour's distance from Altona, whose entire population consists of fishermen and pilots. It is worth while to go there to acquire some idea of the Dutch neatness and daintiness, than which it is impossible to imagine any thing more attractive. The houses are prettily built and mostly of a single story, the door-handles are of shining brass, the windows bright and polished, and the white curtains hanging before them are draped with picturesque grace.

I had seen many dwellings among the peasantry in

* About two and a quarter English miles.—*Trans.*

Saxony that presented a neat and orderly appearance, and showed more marks of prosperity than are usually found in that class, but they could not be compared with this little village.

The costume of the Vierländer women* was the only one which pleased me here. They wear short, full skirts of black stuff, fine white chemises with long and very wide sleeves, and colored bodices laced with silk or silver cords. The brims of their straw hats are much higher than the crowns, which sink in, producing a curious effect. Many handsome young girls, dressed in this attire, come to sell flowers in Hamburgh, and the neighborhood of the Exchange is their favorite resort.

The twenty-sixth of April was the day fixed for my departure. Frequent leave-takings are a trial from which the traveller cannot hope to escape, although at times it may cost him less pain to part than at others. On this occasion, I need hardly say, that the hour of separation was a heavy one for me; I was leaving the last of my relations and friends behind me; I was going forth among perfect strangers—alone.

At eight in the morning I took the train at Altona for Kiel. I observed with pleasure on this road that even the third class cars were excellent conveyances, with glass windows, and merely to be distinguished from the others by their color, and the difference in the seats, which were not cushioned.

We ran over the whole distance of fifteen miles† in three hours—a quick journey, but one which had nothing

* The *Vierlands* are four small islands in the Elbe, under the jurisdiction of Hamburgh and Lubeck.—*Trans.*

† About sixty-seven English miles.—*Trans.*

but speed to recommend it. The whole country was one vast level moor, with spots of sand and heath, and an occasional field or meadow. The soil was so dark that the water in the bogs and ditches was as black as ink. A few patches of stunted wood are seen near Binneburg. At Elmsdorf a branch road leads to Glückstadt and another from Neumunster, a large village with important cloth manufactories, to Rendsburg. No other object worthy of note is seen, but a monastery, where several dukes of Holstein are buried, and a few insignificant lakes, such as Bernsholmer, Einfelder and Schulhofer. I should have overlooked entirely a little stream, called the Eider, had not some of my fellow-passengers laid great stress upon its beauties. I have never found among the inhabitants of the most celebrated countries, more enthusiasm for what was truly grand and wonderful, than this people appeared to feel for nothing at all. One very respectable woman, in particular, my neighbor during the journey, was indefatigable in her praises of her Fatherland; to her the dwarfish woods seemed a magnificent park, and the vacant flat was a boundless prospect, over which her delighted eyes were never tired of wandering. I silently wished her joy of this powerful imagination, but could not breathe any of her animation into my own cold feelings.

The plain changed into a low undulating country as we approached Kiel, which lies very pleasantly on the shores of the Baltic, here bearing a great resemblance to a large lake. The harbor is said to be good, but it did not contain much shipping. I observed the steamer which was to convey me to Copenhagen, and little thought what an impression that boat was destined to make upon me.

By the kind forethought of my cousin Schmidt, I was received at the station by one of his relations, Mr. Brauer,

who conducted me at once into his family circle, where the few hours I passed at Kiel were spent most pleasantly.

This place has a fine royal castle, which is occupied at present by the youngest daughter of the late king. The public park adjoining it has few advantages besides that of lying close to the sea. A range of low hills surround the town, on which are situated the country residences and gardens of the inhabitants. One of the most beautiful villas is owned by Mr. Brauer. The highest spots are furnished with kiosks or arbors commanding a fine view of the sea and the opposite shores. Since the neighborhood of Dresden I had seen no landscape which pleased me so well.

Kiel does not rank among the larger towns of Denmark, but it is a neat and cheerful place. Many of the houses have rather an unfinished appearance in consequence of not being plastered with lime and sand; the roofs are of tiles, and not unfrequently they are spread over with a coat of varnish, which gives them a high polish and makes them much more durable. I observed here occasionally those expensive Hamburgh plate-glass windows, a species of luxury which seems to have extended far and wide.

The evening drew near and with it the hour of embarkation. The amiable Brauer family accompanied me on board, where I bid them farewell with a full and grateful heart.

The steamer, Christian VIII, of one hundred and eighty horse-power, proved to be the dirtiest and most uncomfortable boat I had ever met with in all my travels by water. Sweeping and scouring had evidently never been in vogue here; the steps which led to the cabin were so steep, that the greatest caution was necessary not to reach the bottom by rather too hasty a process. There was no separation between the accommodations for the male and female pas-

sengers. In short, every arrangement was of a character to impress for ever upon the traveller the remembrance of the unhappy hours he has spent on board this boat.

We left Kiel at nine o'clock. The days had already sensibly lengthened as I advanced so far towards the north, and the lingering twilight afforded me an opportunity of observing the faint outline of the fortress of Friedrichsort, which we passed at ten o'clock, amidst the shades of the falling darkness.

April 29th.—To-day I rose with the sun, which it will not be easy to do much longer, however, for the fair goddess of light is now requiting these northern regions for the long hours during which they are deprived of her presence in winter. I went on deck and overlooked the wide and boundless waters. There was then no land in sight, but a coast soon appeared, and vanished again immediately, to be succeeded by another rising from the sea in the distance. Towards noon we reached the island of Möen, about forty miles* from Copenhagen. It consists of a small but most beautiful group of rocks, whose sides, white as chalk, smooth and shining, rise perpendicularly out of the waves. The highest of the cliffs is four hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Soon afterwards we beheld the coast of Sweden, then the island of Malmoe, and finally Copenhagen, where we landed at four in the afternoon. The distance from Kiel to Copenhagen is thirty-six sea miles.

I remained here seven days, and should have had ample leisure to have visited every thing worth seeing in the

* At sea I reckon by sea-miles, of which there are four to a geographical mile.

place, had the weather been more favorable to my wishes. But the incessant storms compelled me to renounce all idea of every distant excursion, and it was with great difficulty that I found my way to a few of the neighboring walks.

The very first street which is seen by the traveller in Copenhagen, on his way from the steamer, cannot fail to make a great impression. This is the Broad Street, leading from the port through a large part of the town. It is very wide, long and regular, and wonderfully well built, with its double row of magnificent palaces and handsome houses.

The effect of a ruin which suddenly appears in the midst of this proud quarter of the town, is very singular; it is the remains of what was meant to be a very handsome marble church, but its weight having proved too great for the soft soil, it began to sink before the edifice could be completed, and it was left in an unfinished state, resting on its gigantic pillars already partly overgrown with grass and moss.

Besides the Broad Street there are many others equally wide and elegant; among them may be named the *Amalienstrasse.* The *Oster* and *Gotherstrasse* are the most crowded thoroughfares, though by no means the finest streets; a stranger does not easily acquire the art of making his way along their side-walks, which are raised about a foot above the street; there is constant danger of stumbling against the numerous flights of steps, on one side, leading to the warehouses above or to the shops in the depths beneath, the latter not being guarded as in Hamburgh, by a railing; on the other hand is a sober little stream called by the unromantic a canal, which is swelled by other rivulets flowing from all the houses. It requires

incessant watchfulness not to disappear unexpectedly into any of the treacherous abysses to the right or left, or even directly ahead, or to escape injury by running violently against one of the projecting staircases. There is a flag walk next to the street, about a foot and a half wide, of which every one naturally tries to get possession, as it is so much to be preferred to the sharp and uneven pavement. It will readily be believed, that with all these disadvantages, and the throng of passengers, no one would be likely to select these streets for a pleasant stroll, particularly as the shops are very indifferent, the houses are not handsome or in good taste, and the streets themselves are narrow and dirty.

The squares are all large and regular. One of the handsomest is the King's New-Market (Kongensnytorf), which is embellished by several beautiful palaces, the Guard-house, the Theatre, the principal hotels and coffee-houses, the Academy of Painting, and the buildings of the Botanical Gardens, the two latter better known under the name of Charlottenburg; and in its centre is a fine equestrian statue of Christian V., surrounded by several other figures.

Although smaller than the Kongensnytorf, the Amalienplatz is perhaps still more elegant; it contains four royal palaces built to correspond, and is intersected by four wide streets in the form of a cross. This square is also adorned by a monument erected to the memory of Frederick V. I observed a fountain in another handsome square, the New Market (Nytorf), which attracted my notice merely because it was the only one I saw in Copenhagen, for the waters were spouted in very slender streams by the little figures which composed it.

It is impossible to behold, without astonishment, the

splendid palaces which are so numerous in this place. Copenhagen will compare in this respect with the capitals of the richest kingdoms in Europe. The Christianensburg is a truly imperial pile, which was entirely destroyed by fire in 1794, but has since been rebuilt with great magnificence. Its chapel is peculiar, and presents more the appearance of a concert-room than that of a place destined for religious purposes. The galleries and the upper part of the room are filled with tastefully decorated boxes, resembling those at a theatre, the royal box being pre-eminent among them, while the lower extremity is occupied by benches covered with red velvet and silk. The chancel and altar, however, are so completely unadorned, that at our first entrance they were entirely overlooked.

This palace also contains the Northern Museum, valuable for its extensive collection of ornaments, wind-instruments, arms, and implements of various kinds once in use among the nations of the North.

The winter riding-school is a large and regular building where concerts are often given. The stables pleased me very well, but I was still more captivated by several of the noble animals they contained; genuine Arabians, or wild horses from Norway, with fine, glossy, silky manes and tails of unusual length and thickness. No connoisseur could behold them with indifference; nay, even the unskilled in horse-flesh must have been struck with their beauties.

Adjoining the Christianensburg is the Thorwaldsen Museum, a square building with handsome halls, to which the light is admitted from above. It is still in an uncompleted state, and several distinguished artists are at present engaged in covering the walls with fresco-paintings. The treasures of art were already there, but unfortunately, still packed in their boxes. The monument of Thorwaldsen

will be placed in the centre of the court, where his remains will repose, watched by his own celebrated work, the noble lion, which is to be the only stone upon his grave.

The largest church in Copenhagen is the *Frue Kirke.* Its structure is not remarkable—pillars, arches, and cupola being of wood, covered with sand and gypsum; but all that is wanting in outward splendor, is amply compensated by the interior. Here are to be found the masterpieces of Thorwaldsen; his magnificent Christ is on the high altar, and in the niches of the walls are his colossal Apostles. The frame which contains these chefs-d'œuvres is forgotten while contemplating them; but let us hope that this church, which is half wood, may never be exposed by an unkind fate to the dangers of a fire.

The Catholic church is small, but extremely pretty. The late Emperor of Austria presented it with a fine, full-toned organ, and two oil-paintings, one by Kuppelwieser, and the other by one of his pupils.

At the Museum of Art, the object which most interested me was the chair once used by Tycho Brahe.

The Exchange is a very curious old building. It is narrow, but of great length, decorated with arabesques, and crowned by nine pinnacles, from the centre of which arises a singular pointed spire, formed by the tails of four crocodiles entwined together. The small Hall of Exchange, which is low and dark, contains a full-length portrait of Tycho Brahe. Almost all the upper part of the building is devoted to a species of bazaar, and the ground floor is used for small and very dirty shops.

The canals which flow in from the sea lend a peculiar charm to this town. They are crowded with boats and barges filled with provisions of every kind, and present the appearance of so many markets.

The *Matrosenstadt* (Sailor's Town) lies adjoining Copenhagen, near the port, and is very neat and pretty. The streets are wide and straight, and the houses all built so exactly alike, that it must certainly require a long acquaintance to enable their owners to distinguish one door from another on a foggy night. The whole street seems composed of one low, endless building, interrupted by a single house of rather more pretensions, the residence of the Commandant and the Superintendent.

The lighting of the streets in Copenhagen is managed very much as it is in our small country towns. If the almanac says there is a moon, it is enough; no lamps can be needed, even if she conceal her face behind a dark cloud, for it were a great piece of arrogance to attempt to replace her heavenly light by that of a feeble lamp. A commendable regulation!

I found the garden of the Rosenburg, which is within the town, and the fine avenue of handsome trees by the sea-shore, the most agreeable among the public walks of the neighborhood; the latter is also the resort of those who ride or drive, and is much frequented during the pleasant season, when a band of music is stationed in front of one of the coffee-houses. But the loveliest view is from the Kastell, above the Long Avenue, where you overlook the whole town spread out in all its pride at your feet, the harbor with its crowded shipping, and the blue, glistening Sound, stretching out of sight between the coasts of Denmark and Sweden, with the numerous beautiful groups of islands, claimed by these two countries, which lie on its bosom. The background is tame, however, for there is no range of mountains to serve as a boundary to the prospect, where the eye wanders over the endless flats of Denmark.

I saw but few vessels with three masts in the harbor,

and still fewer steamers. The ships of war looked rather strangely; each one was provided with a weather roof, above which rose the masts, and as they lay very high out of the water, and displayed their tiers of portholes and cabin-windows, they appeared like large houses with flag-staffs.

An excursion to the royal pleasure castle of Fredericksberg, which is only half a mile* from the water-gate, can be accomplished with great ease in a very comfortable omnibus. A beautiful avenue of trees leads to this spot, which offers every inducement to tempt the citizens into the country. There is a Tivoli, a railway, cabinets and booths, with wax figures, and many other sights, cafés, beer-houses, and music. The gardens contain a number of little arbors, with tables and benches, where you can sit and overlook the whole gay crowd, a sight well worthy of observation, particularly of a Sunday when the gardens are full.

On our way to this Prater of Copenhagen, we passed some handsome country seats, surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens.

The royal castle is situated on the summit of a hillock at the end of the avenue, and is surrounded by a very extensive park. It commands a good view of the town and of the adjacent land and sea; but I give the preference very decidedly to the prospect from the Kastell. The park contains a large island formed by an arm of the sea, which I found at this season of the year very full. This island is reserved exclusively for the use of the court, but the rest of the park is thrown open to the public.

Just outside of the water-gate stands an obelisk, by no means remarkable for its beauty or as a work of art, since

* About two and a quarter English miles.—*Trans.*

it merely consists of a few stones united together, and is of an inconsiderable height; but very interesting from the occasion on which it was erected. His grateful subjects raised it to the honor of the late King Christian VI., as a memorial of the abolition of the feudal service; a monument which no person of good feeling can behold without an emotion of pleasure.

Having now faithfully related all that I saw during my short stay in Copenhagen, it only remains for me to describe a few peculiar customs which fell under my observation; and I shall first mention the end of all things—the burial of the dead.

In Denmark, as well as in all the Scandinavian countries I visited, not excepting Iceland, it is the usual practice to defer the funeral for a week or ten days after a death. In winter this may not be amiss; but in summer it cannot be pleasant to be an inmate of a house under such circumstances.

The burial of one of the royal physicians, Dr. Brandis, took place while I was in Copenhagen. The hearse was followed, on this occasion, by two royal coaches as well as many others, both the former being empty, as well as a number of the latter; the servants walked beside them. Among the mourners I did not observe a single woman. I thought this must be the case merely at the interment of males, but was assured that it is the same when a woman is carried to the grave. Yes, this care for our tender sex extends so far, that on the day of a funeral no female can be seen in the house of death. The mourners assemble at the residence of the deceased, where cold refreshments are provided and various kinds of drink; these hospitalities being again renewed after the conclusion of the ceremonies.

It gives me great pleasure to record that during my visit

to Copenhagen, I did not see a beggar, or even a single individual poorly clad, such as are unfortunately too often to be met with in other large towns. There must be poverty here, as well as elsewhere, but beggary is never seen. While on this subject, I cannot forbear to mention an arrangement which is well worthy of imitation. A number of large houses, some of which are owned by the royal family, and others by private individuals, or by different societies, are devoted to the accommodation of poor families, who are permitted to occupy them at a much lower rent than they could possibly obtain a dwelling elsewhere. The costume of this country did not strike me as particularly pretty. The peasant women wear woollen skirts, either green or black, which reach to their ankles, and are trimmed round the bottom with a broad colored border of worsted. The seams of their spencers and the armholes are also trimmed with a narrow colored border. Their heads are covered with a handkerchief, which is made to project in the shape of a hat. On Sundays I saw several little ornamental caps, worked in silk, with a formal row of stiff, even points, about as broad as the hand, in front; while behind, on the contrary, hung long knots of handsome ribbon, the ends of which fell half way down their back I saw nothing remarkable in the dress of the men. In point of strength and beauty there is no marked difference between the peasantry of this country and our Austrians, though I am inclined to give a decided preference to the good looks of my own countrywomen. Light hair and eyes predominate here.

I saw few soldiers; their uniform is very handsome, particularly that of the King's body-guard.

At the sight of the little drummers, mere boys of ten or twelve years old, I could hardly help exclaiming "Drum

what are you doing with that boy?" For it seems really cruel to make those children march, attend the fatiguing field exercises, carry their large instruments, and industriously play upon them all the while; such a practice must have many a broken constitution to answer for. I spent many delightful hours during my visit to Copenhagen with Professor Maribóe and his most amiable family, and the excellent Embassy Chaplain, Mr Zimmerman. They received me with the utmost cordiality into their kind circle, where I immediately felt perfectly at home. I shall never forget their friendship, and shall avail myself of every opportunity of openly expressing my grateful sense of so much kindness. I am also under great obligations to Mr. Edward Gottschalk, and Mr. Knudson; having addressed myself to the former to procure a passage to Iceland, he was so good as to apply to Mr. Knudson for me himself.

Mr. Knudson is the head of one of the most important commercial houses in Copenhagen, which carries on an extensive trade with Iceland. He owns a great many ships, some of which are engaged in the fisheries, and others supply the different ports of this island with the various necessaries and luxuries of life, though he has somewhat contracted the scale of his operations of late, because his frequent voyages were becoming too severe a tax upon his health.

He himself accompanies his ships every year, and always spends several months in Iceland to regulate his affairs in that island. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Gottschalk, Mr. Knudson was so obliging as to offer me a passage in the ship he was about to sail in; an act of courtesy which I knew how to appreciate, for it was no slight thing to encumber himself with a female passenger during such a journey. I was perfectly unknown to Mr. Knudson; he had

no means of judging of my courage or my powers of endurance. He could not tell if I were equal to the hardships of a northern voyage, if I could quietly endure the horrors of sea-sickness, or if I possessed sufficient self-command to refrain from annoying his seamen with my cries and fears during the dangers of a storm. The worthy man was not withheld by any of these considerations; I promised not to be troublesome, and he trusted to my word. He took me with him; and this was not my only obligation, for I owed to him every facility for pursuing my travels in Iceland, and all the comforts I enjoyed during my residence in that island, were due to his kind exertions. I could not have undertaken the journey under more favorable auspices.

Ships bound for Iceland always sail from Copenhagen at the end of April, or by the middle of May, at the latest. The Danish government mail packet is the only exception, which leaves Copenhagen in October, remains in Iceland during the winter months, and returns in March. The risk of this expedition is undertaken by the merchants of Copenhagen on shares.

A French frigate also visits Iceland every spring, and cruises about in the different harbors till the middle of August, for the purpose of watching over the interests of the French ships which crowd these seas in summer, attracted by the great profits of the fisheries.

There are frequent opportunities for the return passage from Iceland during the pleasant months, in the merchant ships, which often sail with their freight for Denmark, England and Spain, as late as the month of September.

From Copenhagen to Ireland.

On Sunday the 4th of May, the wind was at last favorable, and Mr. Knudson sent me word to be ready by noon to embark on board the fine brig "Johannes."

I obeyed the summons at once. The anchor was raised and the sails unfurled like magnificent wings, which gently bore us out of the harbor of Copenhagen. No heavy parting from my children, my relations, or long-tried friends, saddened this hour; I left the place with a light and cheerful heart, upheld by the happy hope of soon reaching that goal, which had so long been the object of my longing dreams.

Bright skies smiled upon us, and the very wind we wished for filled our sails. I sat on deck to enjoy the prospect of the new scenes in store for me. We left the noble outstretched town behind us, and advanced into the Sound, a beautiful basin, which recalled to my mind the large fine lakes of Switzerland; to the right and left the coasts of Sweden and Denmark press towards each other, as if to forbid the bold mariner from seeking an outlet between their shores.

We soon sailed by the little Swedish town of Carlsskrona, and the desert island of Hreen, where Tycho Brahe passed the greater part of his life in observing and following the course of the stars; and rapidly approached the dangerous passage between the Sound and the Cattegat, where the narrow sea and the strong current demand the utmost caution from the sailor.

The two countries approach within a quarter of a mile*

* Rather less than an English mile and a quarter.

of each other at this place. Helsingborg is a pretty little town on the Swedish coast; on the Danish side are Elsinore and the fortresss of Kronburg, which lies at the extremity of a projecting point of land, and demands a toll from every ship that goes by, showing a long line of menacing brazen throats in case of a refusal. We had already paid our tribute in Copenhagen, and after an exchange of signals we sailed fearlessly on.

Having passed this strait, we entered the Cattegat, where the receding shores soon left us in the open sea, and most of the ships and barques which pressed around us in the Sound, bid us farewell; some sailing to the West and some to the East—while we alone, in our deserted path, steered for the cold and rigid North. Twilight did not fall till after nine o'clock, when the stars began to sparkle most gloriously in the heavens, and the fires and light-houses blazed up on the coast, to give warning against the hidden dangers of its projecting cliffs.

I now returned my devout thanks to God for his former goodness, and after praying for his continued protection, I went down into the cabin, where a convenient state-room and a comfortable berth were awaiting me, and soon sank into a deep, refreshing slumber.

May 5th.—I awoke in perfect health, but it was not very long before there was a great change in my feelings. We had left the Cattegat and the Skagerack behind us during the night, and were now tossing upon the restless waves of the North Sea. It was blowing quite a gale, and our poor ship was driven about at such a rate that it would have puzzled an accomplished dancing-master to keep his footing; I was never very devoted to the Terpsichorean art, even in my young days, and now!—I reeled in the

grasp of the pitiless Naiads of these stormy seas till I was completely mastered by that horror of horrors—in my estimation, though not exactly according to Schiller's meaning—sea-sickness.

At first I slighted its approaches, and tried to persuade myself this was one of those evils to which well-trained travellers can inure themselves if they will only try to do so; but the struggle was vain. I grew worse every moment, and was at last obliged to lie down in my berth, where my only comfort was the thought that, as we were out of sight of land, there was nothing in the way of scenery for me to lose. The next day, however, we made the coast of Norway, and I dragged myself, half dead, on deck, to behold a fine range of moderately high mountains, whose tops still glistened in the bright snows of the early spring; and then, nearly stiffened by the icy wind, I hurried back to my good warm feather bed. No one who has not experienced the cutting, piercing cold of a northern gale, can form any idea of its severity. The sun was shining in the heavens, the thermometer only 3° (Réaumur);* and yet, although I had on twice as much clothing as I should have worn at home if it were 6° or 8°,† I was chilled through and through, and felt as if I had nothing around me.

On our fourth night out we sailed by the Shetland Islands, and towards evening, on the following day, we were so near the fine rocky group of the Faroe Islands, that we had some reason to fear we might be driven upon their shores by the continued violence of the storm.

Iceland appeared in sight on the seventh day; an extraordinarily quick passage, over which our sailors exulted not a little, boasting that steam itself could not have out-

* 25¼° Fahrenheit.—*Trans.* † 18¾° or 14° Fahrenheit.—*Trans.*

stripped us. But I, poor soul! cared neither for wind nor steam, and only longed for a few moments respite from my sufferings, which had reached such a pass, that on the fifth day I almost thought my last hour had come. My limbs were covered with an icy sweat, I was feeble to the last degree, my mouth was parched, and the distressing nausea had not ceased for a moment. I felt it was time to take some effectual measures for my relief, and rousing myself, I staggered to a seat, with the assistance of the cabin-boy, and promised to try any remedy that was proposed to me. Grits boiled in water, and flavored with sugar and wine, were the first prescription; I was to continue taking them till they remained on my stomach. This did not answer at all, and I was then advised to try a little piece of raw bacon, well peppered, and a few drops of rum. It is needless to say how much effort it required to swallow such a dose; but I had no choice—I quietly opened my mouth for morsel after morsel, till at last my poor stomach managed to retain a small piece, and not till then did I begin to improve.

I mention all these minute particulars of my illness and its cure, for the benefit of my numerous fellow-sufferers, who have doubtless as much difficulty as I had myself in making up their minds to take any nourishment; and I advise them not to put it off as long as I did, but to begin to eat at once, and continue to do so till they can keep some food on their stomach.

During my convalescence I endeavored to restore the tone of my mind, scarcely less exhausted than my body, by a diligent study of the life and manners of the northern sailors. My companions on board ship were Mr. Knudson, Mr. Brüge, a merchant we were to land at the Westmann Islands, the captain, the mate, and six or seven seamen. The mode of living in the cabin was as follows: at seven in the

morning coffee was brought in—and what coffee!—after drinking it for eleven days, I was not able to form the least conjecture as to the land it came from. Bread and butter, cheese, with cold beef or pork, were served up at ten; all excellent dishes for people in sound health. This meal was washed down with tea-water—as the beverage is always called in Scandinavia and Iceland—if possible even worse than its predecessor, the inimitable coffee, and thus I was disappointed a second time, for the food was too strong and the drink too—I hardly know what to call it—probably spoilt by too much art. My hopes now rested upon our dinner, but alas! this fair dream was destined to vanish like the others. When I took my seat at the table, for the first time on the eighth day of our passage, my eye was immediately attracted by the table cloth, which had, no doubt, been clean when we sailed, but as the lurching and pitching of the ship had covered it with the traces of every thing which had been on the table since that day, it was clean no longer. The plates and glasses were secured in a kind of wooden net, but before they were placed there by our good cabin-boy, he was careful to wipe them on a towel, bearing a suspicious resemblance to the floor in color, and which was actually used in the morning as a wash-towel. I always turned away my eyes during these preliminary arrangements, and tried to think my own plate and tumbler fared rather better than the others, and perhaps entirely escaped the unkind usage; fixing, at the same time, my whole attention on our expected meal.

We began with soup; but instead of a good meat broth, it was nothing but rice, boiled with prunes, to which red wine and sugar were added at the table; and this greatest of all treats for a Danish palate was far from agreeable to mine. Our second and last dish was a great piece of roast

beef, of which I have nothing to say, excepting that it was altogether too substantial for my weakened digestion. Our evening meal was that of the morning over again, every repast being closed with tea-water. At first this manner of living was very disagreeable to me, but after a few days, when I began to feel better, I became more accustomed to it, and managed to do as much credit to the ship's fare as my companions.* The rich owner being on board, we were amply provided with the best of wines, and a bowl of punch made its appearance almost every evening. An excuse was always at hand; we drank to the wind when it was fair, and when contrary, we drank to a change. If land were in sight, we toasted it with a bumper, and when it disappeared, it was but civil to drink a farewell. Doubtless many other opportunities presented themselves, which I was too sea-sick to note; and thus it went on from day to day during the whole passage.

The sailors had their tea-water, without sugar, every morning, and a small glass of brandy; for dinner they had vegetables, grits, or potatoes, with codfish, bacon, and other salted meats; and they could help themselves to very excellent ship's biscuit whenever they chose.

This indifferent fare is by no means the worst hardship these poor fellows have to contend with; they are engaged in a continual strife with the elements; they must brave the most fearful storms, and neither the rain nor the piercing cold can ever drive them from the deck. I could not

* It would grieve me very much if I thought my description of our life on board this ship had wounded the feelings of worthy Mr. K. But every one knows that, in his station, living at sea is very different from living on shore; and I can bear witness to the comforts of his household, not only in Copenhagen, but in Iceland, where every thing was carried on exactly as it is in the large cities of Europe.

but admire the good nature and the untiring cheerfulness with which they fulfilled their hard duties. And what was their reward? Scanty wages, the food mentioned above, and for a sleeping-place the smallest and most uncomfortable hole in the ship, dark and offensive as the oil-colors, varnish, tar and codfish stowed away there, could make it.

Those only who are gifted by nature with a contented disposition could be satisfied with such a lot. The Danish sailors possess this qualification to an eminent degree, as I had many opportunities of observing during my travels, not only on board this ship, but in several others.

But it is full time after this digression to return to my narrative. Unfortunately the fair winds which had driven us so rapidly towards the coast of Iceland, suddenly deserted us on the seventh day, and a contrary wind springing up, we were kept beating about for several days and nights, during which our decks were washed by a great many Spanish waves.* We made two attempts to land our fellow-passenger, Mr. Brüge, at the Westmann Islands (belonging to Iceland), but found it impossible to do so. At last, at the close of the eleventh day, we reached Havenfiord, an excellent harbor, two miles from Reikjavick, the capital of Iceland.

In spite of this adverse change in the weather, we had made an unprecedented passage. The distance from Copenhagen to Iceland is computed at three hundred geographical miles,† in a direct line, and our course must have

* The large waves which approach from the westward are called by the sailors Spanish waves, or billows.

† The geographical, or common mile of Germany, is about four and a half English miles, making the distance from Copenhagen to Iceland thirteen hundred and fifty English miles in a direct line.—*Trans.*

been from three hundred and fifty to four hundred at the least. If we had not been put back thirty or forty hours when we were almost in port, we should have landed on the eighth or ninth day out, and that is more than could have been done by a steamer.

My first impressions of the coast of Iceland were very different from the descriptions I had read in books. I had fancied a barren, desolate waste, without a bush or a tree; and I saw grass-covered hillocks, copses, and even, as I thought, patches of dwarfish woods; but as we approached, and I could distinguish the different objects more plainly, the hillocks were changed into human habitations, with small doors and windows, and the groups of trees proved to be great lava masses, from ten to fifteen feet high, entirely overgrown with grass and moss. Every thing was new and surprising to me; I could hardly wait to land.

At last we were at anchor; but it was not till the following morning that the hour of my deliverance arrived, and we could go on shore.

Another night,—and every difficulty being adjusted, I landed in Iceland, a country I had so ardently wished to see, and revelled in all the natural wonders of that extraordinary island.

Before I proceed any farther with my own adventures, may I be permitted to offer a few observations on the island of Iceland, taken from the Travels of Sir George Mackenzie, a work whose merit is universally admitted.

"The discovery of Iceland is attributed to the enterprise of a few Swedish and Norwegian pirates, who were wrecked on its coasts in the year 860, while on their way to the Faroe Islands. No voluntary emigrants found their way there, however, till 874, when a colony led by Ingulf,

having become impatient of the rule of Harold the Fair-haired, removed to this distant country, where the new-comers are believed to have found no traces of human life, and were consequently the first who peopled the land.

At this period the island is said to have been covered with a thicket, which was cut through to open a way for the settlers. The Norwegians brought with them their language, their religion, their manners, and their historical recollections, and they also introduced a kind of feudal system, which assumed rather an aristocratic character about the year 928, although they were professedly republicans. The island was divided into four provinces, each of which was governed by an hereditary sheriff or judge.

"The General Assembly of the island (called the Allthing) met once a year on the shores of the lake of the Thingvalla. The colonists possessed an excellent code, which provided for every emergency in their society. This union lasted more than three hundred years, a period which may be called the golden age of Iceland. Education, literature, and even poetry flourished among its inhabitants. They took part in the commerce of the Norwegians, and shared their adventurous sea voyages in quest of new discoveries.

"The Sagas, or histories of the country, contain many relations of personal bravery. The bards and historians visited other lands, became the favorites of princes, and returned to their island covered with honors and loaded with gifts. The Edda of Sämund is one of the finest poems of the earlier days of Iceland; the second part of the Edda, called the Skalda, is attributed by many persons to the celebrated Snorri Sturluson, and dates from a later period. Isleif, the first bishop of Skalholt, was the earliest historian of Iceland, and was followed by Snorri Sturluson, born in

1178, who was the richest and most influential person in the island. He was constantly attended at the General Assemblies by a brilliant retinue of eight hundred armed men. He was a great historian and poet, possessed an accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and was an admirable orator. Besides the Edda, he also wrote the Haimskringla.

"A school was established at Skalholt about the middle of the 11th century by Isleif, first bishop of Iceland, and was followed by four other schools and several monasteries. Poetry and music appear to have been two regular branches of the education imparted at these schools.

'It would seem that the climate of Iceland was once less rigorous than it is at present; formerly corn was raised there, and the trees and bushes grew to a greater height than they do now. There were no towns or villages, however, the population being scattered over the country, and the yearly Assembly was held in the open air at Thingralla. The clothing of the Icelanders was supplied by the wool of their sheep; the fisheries furnished their principal employment, but they had also dealings with foreign countries, which afforded more distant occupations.

"The doctrines of Christianity were first introduced in the year 981, through Frederick, a Saxon bishop. Many churches were then erected, and tithes established for the support of the clergy. Isleif, bishop of Skalholt, was consecrated in the year 1057. After the introduction of Christianity, the Icelanders enjoyed for nearly two centuries the undisturbed exercise of their religious faith.

"Greenland, and the most northern part of America, are said to have been discovered by the Icelanders.

"Towards the middle of the 13th century, Iceland passed under the dominion of the Norwegian kings. In

1380, Norway was united to the crown of Denmark, and Iceland was made over, without resistance, to that country. After its submission to Norway and Denmark, peace and security succeeded the frequent troubles which had disturbed the prosperity of the island; but apathy and indolence seem to have crept in as the natural consequence of this quiet state of things. The maritime enterprises of the Icelanders were restricted by their new rulers, and commerce gradually fell into the hands of the subjects of other realms. The climate seems to have changed, or else the diminished industry of the inhabitants has allowed all their agricultural efforts to fall to decay.

"In the year 1402, the plague broke out in Iceland, and swept away two thirds of the population.

"The first printing-press was brought to Hoolum in 1530, under the direction of Bishop John Areson.

"The reformation in the church of Iceland was not effected without much disturbance, but the reformed religion was definitively established in the year 1551.

"The piratical incursions of the 15th century occasioned much suffering among the Icelanders; the French and English nations shared in the guilt of these invasions as late as the year 1616. A large band of Algerine pirates made a descent upon the island in 1627, and after murdering nearly fifty of the inhabitants, carried off four hundred of them into captivity.

"The 18th century commenced with a fearful mortality from small-pox; more than 16,000 of the inhabitants fell victims to that disease. A famine carried off 10,000 more in the year 1759.

"The year 1793 was remarkable for the most terrible volcanic eruption which had ever taken place in the island. Enormous streams of lava swept every thing before them,

and large rivers, hemmed within their banks, were changed into lakes. A thick cloud of smoke and volcanic ashes hung over the whole island for more than a year, and nearly obscured the light of day. Cattle, sheep, and horses were destroyed; famine, with sickness in its train, and above all, the most virulent kind of small-pox, diminished the surrounding population by more than 11,000 souls, within a few years.

"The island of Iceland lies in the Atlantic Ocean; its greatest breadth is sixty, and its length thirty-five geographical miles.* The population is estimated at 48,000, and the superficial area is eighteen hundred square miles."

Arrival at Havenfiord, and Journey to Reikjavick.

On the morning of the 15th of May, I disembarked in the harbor of Havenfiord, and found myself at last on the soil of Iceland. I was still dizzy from my long attack of sea-sickness, and the motion of the ship; every thing seemed to dance around me, and I could hardly take a steady step; but yet I could not remain quietly in the house of Mr. Knudson, where I had been invited to stay on my first landing, and I went out at once to see and examine every thing in the place, which I found to consist merely of three dwellings built of wood, a few warehouses of the same material, and several huts inhabited by the peasantry.

The wooden houses, occupied by the merchants or their

* Two hundred and seventy English miles in breadth, and one hundred and fifty-seven and a half in length.—*Tr.*

factors, are of a single story, with five or six windows in front; a low flight of steps leads to an entrance, in the centre of the building, which opens into a vestibule, with two doors communicating with the rooms to the right and left. In the rear is the kitchen, and the courtyard is beyond. Such a house contains four or five rooms on the ground floor, and a few small chambers under the roof.

The arrangements are entirely European; the furniture, a great deal of which is mahogany, is all brought from Copenhagen, as well as the mirrors, and the cast-iron stoves. Handsome rugs are spread in front of the sofas, neat curtains hang before the windows; the whitewashed walls are ornamented with English engravings, and china, silver, cut-glass, &c., are displayed upon the chests or corner-tables. The rooms are scented with roses, mignonette, and pinks, and I even saw one piano-forte here. Any person who should suddenly be set down in a house like this, without having made the journey, would be sure to imagine himself in some town on the continent of Europe, and not in that distant region of poverty and barrenness, the island of Iceland. I found the habitations of the easy classes in Reikjavick, and the other places I visited in this country, exactly similar to those in Havenfiord. I next entered some of the huts, which I found to be decidedly more Icelandic. They are small and low, built of lava blocks, filled in with earth, the whole sodded over with grass, and they might easily be mistaken for natural elevations in the ground, if the wooden chimneys, the low doors, and almost imperceptible windows, did not betray that they were tenanted by human beings. A dark and narrow passage, not more than four feet high, leads on one hand to the dwelling-room, and on the other to the store-room, where the provisions are kept, which is also used in

winter to stable the cows and sheep. The fireplace is generally at the end of this passage, which is purposely built so low in order to exclude the cold. The walls and floors of these huts are not boarded; the dwelling-rooms are barely large enough to sleep in, and perhaps to turn round; the whole furniture consists of the bedsteads, with a very scanty supply of bedding, a small table, and a few chests; the latter are used for seats as well as the beds. Poles are fastened in the walls to which clothes, shoes and stockings, and other things of that kind are suspended; and a little shelf, with a few books on it, is generally found in each hut. No stoves are needed in these crowded rooms, which are sufficiently heated by the warmth of their numerous inmates.

There are also poles in the fireplaces to hang up the wet clothing and dry the fish. The smoke often spreads itself over the room and finds its way very slowly out of the air-holes. There is no wood for fuel in the whole island. The rich import it from Norway and Denmark, and the poor burn turf, to which they often add fish-bones or fat, and a most offensive smoke proceeds from this disgusting offal.

On entering one of these hovels, it is impossible to say which is the worst, the suffocating smoke of the passage, or the stifling air of the inner room, poisoned with the perspiration and uncleanliness of so many persons. I am persuaded that the horrible eruptions, which are so common among the Icelanders, are more to be attributed to their unparalleled filthiness than to the climate or their peculiar food.

In my distant travels throughout the country, I found the huts of the peasantry every where equally dirty and miserable. Of course I do not mean to say there were no exceptions, for even here a few rich peasants can well afford

to live in greater comfort, according to their means and inclinations. But to my notion, we should judge of the habits of a people by the mass, and not by the few, as many travellers are in the habit of doing; and very rare indeed were the examples of cleanliness which I saw.

Havenfiord is surrounded by a most beautiful and picturesque field of lava, which at first swells to a gentle eminence, then sinks again, and finally stretches in one wide plain to the neighboring hills. The different masses, black and bare, arise in the most varied shapes, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, and assume the figures of walls, pillars, grottoes and excavations, over which large level pieces will often make a natural bridge; the whole formed by blocks of congealed lava, which in some places are covered to their summits with grass and moss, presenting that delusive appearance of stunted trees which I saw from the ship. The horses, sheep, and cows scramble about in these fields, industriously seeking out every small green spot; and I myself was never weary with scrambling; I could not sufficiently admire and wonder at this fearfully beautiful picture of desolation.

In a few hours I had already so far forgotten my troubles at sea, and felt so much refreshed, that I determined to continue my journey to Reikjavick that very evening. Mr. Knudson appeared to feel much concerned about me, and gave repeated warnings of the bad roads and the dangerous abysses I was to pass on my way; but I quieted him with the assurance that I was a skilful horsewoman, and could hardly meet with worse roads than I had formerly seen in Syria. Taking leave of this worthy man, who was to remain a few weeks longer in Havenfiord, I mounted my pony and set off boldly with my female guide, who proved to be one of the most remarkable antiquities of

Iceland, and well deserving of a few words' notice. She was more than seventy years old, though she hardly looked fifty; her hair was of a rich light brown, and still curled on her head; she was dressed in men's clothes, and would undertake the most difficult errands—steer a boat with as much strength and skill as an expert fisherman, manage every thing better than any man, and was more to be relied upon, because she never cultivated that intimate acquaintance with the brandy bottle so common among her countrymen. She strode off before me at such a pace that I was fain to urge on my pony as much as I could with my whip.

Our route lay at first among the heaps of lava, and it was certainly rather a rough road to follow; we afterwards crossed several plains and slight elevations, from whence we overlooked the whole wide valley in which lie scattered the villages of Havenfiord, Bässestadt, Reikjavick, and other places. Bässestadt is situated on a point of land which stretches out into the sea, and is constantly in sight from the road; it contains an academy, a stone church, and a few huts. The little town of Reikjavick is concealed by a hill, and is not visible till you are close upon it, which is the case with the other hamlets scattered about this plain. The view is bounded on one side by several ranges of high mountains, among which the jokuls (glaciers) were conspicuous, still covered far down their sides with the winter's snows; and on the other it is open to the sea. At a little distance, I was impressed with the belief that many of the valleys and hillocks were covered with verdure, and I thought I saw several beautiful meadows; but upon a closer investigation, I ascertained that they were marshes, containing hundreds and hundreds of little eminences not unlike mole-hills, or small grave mounds, overgrown with grass and moss.

From one spot I could overlook a wide circuit of eight or ten miles* without being able to perceive a single tree or bush, a field or a village. All was lifeless. We passed a few scattered cottages; but we rarely heard the chirp of a bird, and still more rarely a friendly salutation from a human voice. We were completely surrounded with the streams of lava, or bogs and swamps; not a spot was to be seen in that whole space which could have been turned up by the plough.

At the end of a long mile, I reached a height from which I could discover Reikjavick, the only place of any size in the island, and its capital. I was very much disappointed in its appearance, however, for I saw nothing but an insignificant village.

The distance from Havenfiord to Reikjavick is only two miles (German), but to avoid tiring my old companion too much, I was three hours on the way. The road is generally very good, with the exception of a few places where it leads through the streams of lava. I saw nothing of the dizzy precipices I had been led to expect, unless a few low declivities stretching towards the sea, or an occasional hole fifteen or sixteen feet deep in the lava fields, were the seat of these hidden dangers.

About eight o'clock in the evening I arrived at Reikjavick in perfect safety. Through the kindness of Mr. Knudson a nice little room was already prepared for me in one of his own houses, occupied by the family of the worthy baker, Bernhöft, and I could not possibly have met with a better reception any where.

This whole family showed a rare degree of cordiality and affection during my long residence with them. Mr.

* Thirty-six to forty-five English miles.

Bernhöft gave up his usual occupations for hours at a time to devote himself to me, and accompany me on my excursions. He spared no pains to collect specimens of flowers, beetles, or shells, and was overjoyed when he had the good luck to find any that were new to me. His excellent wife and dear children were equally kind and attentive. I can say no more: may God requite them a thousandfold for their friendly conduct!

I had the happiness of hearing my dear mother-tongue spoken here, for Mr. Bernhöft was a Holsteiner by birth, and although he had spent many years of his life in Denmark and Iceland, he had not entirely forgotten our beloved German.

I was now in the capital of Iceland, where what are called the better classes are assembled, and I shall endeavor to sketch their life and manners for the benefit of my indulgent reader.

Nothing struck me so much as the great dignity of carriage at which the ladies here all aim, and which is so apt to degenerate into stiffness where it is not perfectly natural, or has not become a second nature by habit. They incline their head very coolly when you meet them, with less civility than we should use towards an inferior or a stranger. The lady of the house never accompanies her guests beyond the door of the room, after a call; if the husband is present he goes a little farther, but when this is not the case you are often at a loss which way to turn, as there is no servant on the spot to open the street door for you, unless it may happen to be in the house of the Stiftsamtmann, the first dignitary of the island. I had already observed traces of this formality in Hamburgh, and the farther I advanced towards the north, the more it increased, till in Iceland it reached its greatest height.

Valuable letters of introduction will not always avail a stranger to thaw the ice of these northern circles. I will relate the following incident as an example.

Among many other warm letters of introduction, I had one for the Stiftsamtmann or governor of Iceland, Mr. Von H——. When I arrived in Copenhagen I was informed that he was also in that city, and upon calling to pay my respects to him, I was shown into a room where I found two young women and three children. I presented my letter, and after waiting for a few minutes, without being requested to take a chair, I quietly seated myself, certainly far from suspecting that I was in the presence of the lady of the house, and that it was she who had neglected this common act of civility towards a stranger. After a long delay, Mr. Von H—— himself made his appearance; he stated that his time was wholly taken up with the necessary arrangements for removing to Iceland with his family, and with many important affairs which were still unattended to; regretting that it would be in his power to bestow so little of it upon me, and ended with the well-meant advice to give up my projected journey, as the difficulties I should encounter in travelling through that country were almost insurmountable. But my resolution was not to be shaken, and he promised me a letter, in case I should reach Reikjavick before him. I then took leave, fully determined never to return to ask for it. Upon reflection, however, I changed my mind, and tried to excuse my unfriendly reception by the press of important and perhaps annoying business; I called for my letter at the end of two days, when it was handed to me by a female servant, as it would have been too great a piece of condescension forthe high dignitary, whom I could see very plainly in the next room, to deliver it himself.

When I paid my visit to this worthy family at Reikjavick, I was astonished to recognize in Mrs. Von H—— one of the very ladies who had not done me the honor to offer me a chair in Copenhagen. Mr. Von H—— returned my call after five or six days, and invited me at the same time to accompany him on a ride to Vatne. I eagerly availed myself of his politeness and felt ashamed of having judged him so hastily; his good wife however did not find her way to me till I had been four weeks in Reikjavick, although we were opposite neighbors; as she did not ask me to come and see her again, of course I never went; and thus our acquaintance came to a close forever. The minor functionaries all trod dutifully in the steps of their superior, and I did not receive any visits or invitations, although I frequently heard of the parties of pleasure, dinners, and evening entertainments which were going on in the place. If I had not known how to occupy myself more profitably, time would have hung very heavily upon my hands. It never seemed to occur to any of these ladies that I was a stranger, alone, and entirely debarred from all educated society. Of course, being no longer young, I felt I had no claims to the attentions of the gentlemen, and the privation did not cost me much regret. If the women were wanting in consideration, I could not expect to find it in the men.

I pondered on the cause of this behavior, till I discovered its social spring in the selfishness, which is a striking characteristic of the people. As soon as I arrived in Reikjavick, diligent inquiries were made from all quarters, if I were rich, if I should entertain much company, and if there were any thing to be gained by waiting upon me. Persons of large fortune, or great naturalists, are the only travellers who have a chance of being well received in Iceland. The last being generally sent by some of the European

courts, are in the habit of making extensive collections of minerals, birds, &c.; and they come well provided with presents, some of them very valuable, for the officials who lend them any assistance. They give balls and entertainments, buy every thing which is offered, and always travel in large companies, with a great deal of baggage, requiring a vast number of horses, which animals are not to be borrowed in Iceland; they must always be bought. On such occasions every man in the island is a dealer in horses or specimens.

The French frigate which pays a yearly visit to Iceland is the most welcome of all guests; a great many breakfasts, dinners, evening parties, and even balls are given on board, and handsome presents are freely distributed, the Stiftsamtmann, alone, receiving six hundred florins every year from the French government, as a compensation for a few return civilities to the naval officers. But with me the case was entirely different; I brought no presents, and gave no parties; there was nothing to expect from me, and consequently every one drew back.

I am decidedly of opinion, however, that there is no better method of judging our fellow-beings, than to step in among them in this unpretending manner, without holding out any prospect of reward for their attentions. On such occasions they are seen in their natural light, as they do not take the trouble to assume the mask of dissimulation, Painful discoveries will doubtless be the result of this course; but the traveller who meets with the good and virtuous under such circumstances can feel sure that he is not deceived. And my readers will consider it pardonable if I make mention of every act of kindness which was paid to an unassuming stranger like myself, for I have no other

means of testifying my gratitude to those worthy persons from whom they were received.

Having so little intercourse with my neighbors at Reikjavick, I had ample leisure for my solitary walks, in which I noted with great accuracy every object which attracted my attention. This little town can hardly boast of five hundred inhabitants, and consists of a single broad street, where the isolated houses and cottages are scattered about.

The dwellings of the rich are of wood, and built entirely on the ground-floor, with the exception of a single edifice, to which the high school now kept at Bässestadt is to be removed next year; this has an upper story. The Stiftsamtmann occupies a stone house, which was originally intended for a prison; but crimes are of such rare occurrence in Iceland, that it was converted many years ago into a residence for this officer of the crown. Another stone house can be seen from Reikjavick; it is the seat of the bishop, which lies surrounded by meadows, near the sea, at Laugarnes, about half a mile from the town.

The church is barely large enough to hold a hundred or a hundred and fifty persons; it is of stone, with a wooden roof, under which is kept a library containing several thousand volumes. This church possesses a treasure which might well be envied by others of greater size and pretensions; a font by Thorwaldsen, whose parents were natives of Iceland; and although born himself in Denmark, he seems to have been desirous to honor the land of his forefathers.

Some of the houses in Reikjavick have gardens attached to them; by which is to be understood a small spot, where, with incredible pains and expense, potatoes, parsley, spi-

nach, salad, and several varieties of turnip are raised. Between the beds are grass walks, about a foot wide, where a few wild flowers are sometimes made to grow.

The natives of Iceland are of medium height and strength. Their hair is light, and not unfrequently of a reddish shade, and their eyes are blue. The men are generally ugly, the women rather less so, and among the young girls I occasionally saw quite a pleasing face. It is a very uncommon thing for either sex to attain the age of seventy or eighty years. The peasants have a great many children, but the proportion of those who live to grow up is very small; of the numbers who are born to them few survive the first year; which is not surprising when it is considered that the mothers do not nurse their infants, who are brought up on the most unwholesome kind of food. After their first year they seem to be strong and healthy, though their cheeks are apt to be of a singularly bright red, as if they were always covered with a rash. Whether this be owing to the effect of the keen air upon their tender skins, or in consequence of their wretched diet, I am not able to decide.

In many places on the sea-coast, during the winter season, when the storms prevent the fishermen from venturing out to sea for weeks at a time, they live almost exclusively on the dried heads of fish; all the other parts of the animal having been salted and sold, and the money devoted to paying taxes and other debts; among which those for snuff and brandy always make a very great figure. The frequent accidents in the fisheries will account in some measure for the diminishing population. Among the number of those who go forth with songs and merriment, fair skies, and a smooth sea, auguring good luck to their enterprise, how many are overtaken by the violent gusts and snow-storms, and swept

down into the deep with their skiffs, without leaving a trace behind! It is not usual for all the men of a family to go out in the same boat; fathers and sons are generally separated, and thus if one boat is lost, the family is not bereft of its whole support at once.

I found the habitations of the peasants in Reikjavick even smaller and more wretched than those at Havenfiord; though this must have been owing to their own want of energy, for stone is everywhere to be found, and in this country each man is his own mason. The cows and sheep are wintered in a miserable kennel in the hut itself, or near it; the horses are left out during the year round, and are obliged to provide for themselves. Their owners will sometimes shovel away the snow from a little patch of ground, to assist the poor animals in finding their way to the grass and moss underneath, after which they enlarge the places with their own feet. It is easy to imagine how much this life must harden them; but it is really surprising that they should survive the winters on such food, and keep their strength and powers of endurance through the spring and summer months. They will not touch oats when they are offered to them, and care very little for hay.

Arriving in Iceland in the early spring I found the sheep and horses still in their winter clothing; the latter were covered with a thick woolly coat, and their tails and manes were of unusual length and fulness; these are thinned about the end of May or the beginning of June, when the winter wool falls off of itself, and the animals present a tolerably smooth appearance for a few months. The sheep have also a very heavy coat in winter. It is not customary to shear them, but in June the wool is plucked from their bodies by handfuls, and when this is done in rather an irregular manner, as is sometimes the case, they

look very oddly; one side, for instance, being nearly bare, while the other still carries its full weight of wool.

The cows and horses are certainly smaller than ours, though a race of animals is found among the peasants of Gallicia quite as dwarfish as those of the Icelanders. The cows of this island are remarkable for the small size of their horns. The sheep are also rather more diminutive than our own.

Every peasant owns several horses; the expense of keeping them is next to nothing, and in a country where the distances are so great, the roads so bad, and rivers, bogs, and moors abound, men, women and children must necessarily ride. There is not a carriage of any description on the island, where the use of such a vehicle is as little known as it is in Syria.

The immediate environs of Reikjavick are tolerably pleasant. Some of the inhabitants have spared no pains to collect the stone and blast the rocks around their dwellings, and by mixing the thin soil with turf, manure and ashes, a small spot of fruitful ground is obtained. But it is an enterprise of such a gigantic nature, that it excites little wonder to find the cultivation of this sterile region so generally neglected. Mr. Bernhöft took me to see a small meadow, which he has leased for twenty years at an annual rent of thirty kreuzers, to convert it into pasture land, which only supplies the winter fodder for a single cow; he has expended upon it more than a hundred and fifty florins, without taking his own toil and fatigue into the account. The wages for labor are very high here; no man will work for less than thirty or forty kreuzers* a day, and at the hay harvest they expect a florin.†

* Thirty kreuzers are twenty-four cents, and forty kreuzers thirty-two cents.—*Tr.* † Forty-eight cents.—*Tr.*

The soil around this little town is all rock, turf or bog; but the marshy spots contain so many hard stepping places, formed by hundreds of elevations of greater or less extent, that it is easy, by springing from one to the other, to cross the whole morass without the least danger, not even that of wetting one's feet.

Nevertheless, I got into quite a serious difficulty by being over confident in one of my solitary rambles among these bogs. While I was walking along very comfortably, a little butterfly suddenly flew by me, and as it was the first I had seen in the country, my anxiety to capture it was proportionably great; I forgot the danger, and followed it, not remarking, in the excitement of the chase, that the hard spots were getting more and more rare, and farther apart, tillI found myself at last in the middle of the swamp, where I could neither advance nor retreat. Not a living creature was to be seen, and the very animals were at a distance, which ought to have warned me of the risk I was running. There was nothing to be done but to make a bold spring for the nearest firm resting-place, which I found it impossible to reach without taking two or three steps in the soft earth; there I paused in triumph for a few minutes, and then looked round for another; as long as I could see the traces of a horse's hoof I was quite easy; but when even these disappeared a feeling of desolation came over me. However, I was resolved to extricate myself from my perilous situation at all hazards, though I must confess that when I found the soft turf yielding beneath my feet, I could not defend myself from a sensation of terror. But I soon observed that I did not sink above my ankles, and gaining courage as I advanced, I succeeded at last in escaping from the bog, thoroughly frightened, but without suffering any other inconvenience than that of getting my feet very wet.

The most laborious among the salaried offices in this country are those of the physicians and the clergy. Their circuits are very extensive, particularly the physicians, who are often sent for from a distance of twenty or thirty German miles. And when it is taken into consideration how often they are exposed to the fearful tempests of an Iceland winter, which lasts six or eight months of the year, it must be confessed that their lot is not an enviable one, and it is only wonderful that any one should be willing to accept the post.

When the doctor is called for in winter, the country people present themselves with shovels and pickaxes to clear the road before him, and always come provided with several horses, as he is frequently obliged to change from one exhausted animal to another, during his long rides through the fog and darkness, the snow-drifts and storms; life and death often hanging on his speed the while. Sometimes he returns to his own fire-side quite worn out with the cold and exposure, and has barely time to recruit from his fatigues before another summons arrives, and he must tear himself again from his family to face new dangers, before he has had time to relate the perils of his former expedition. When he is sent for by sea the risk is still greater on that stormy element.

The salary of the physicians is by no means in proportion to their services, but that of the priests is still less so. Some of the benefices are only worth from two to eight florins a year,* and the richest of them does not produce more than two hundred florins.† The government provides a house

* Two florins are ninety-six cents, and eight florins three dollars and eighty-four cents.—*Tr.*

† Ninety-six dollars.—*Tr.*

for the priests, often no better than a peasant's hut, a small pasture-ground, and a few heads of cattle; and they are also entitled to a share of the hay, sheep's wool, fish, &c., of their parishioners. But most of the clergy are so poor that they and their families are dressed in the usual garb of the peasantry, from which it is difficult to distinguish them. The wife attends to the cattle, and milks the cows and sheep, assisted by her maid, while the priest goes into the field and mows with the aid of his man. His whole intercourse is naturally confined to the poorer classes, and therein consists that patriarchal simplicity of life and manners which has been lauded by so many travellers. I should like to know if any of them would be willing to try it?

Besides all his other labors, the same priest has often three or four districts under his charge, which are sometimes at a distance of several miles from his residence. He is expected to visit them all in turn, so as to hold divine service in each district once in every few weeks. The priest, however, is not compelled to brave all weathers like the physician, and whenever Sunday proves a very stormy day he dispenses with his visitations, as it would be impossible for his scattered congregations to assemble.

The post of Sysselmann (answering to our bailiff of a circle), is the most desirable of all, for this officer has a good salary and very little to do; in many places he has a right to all the waifs, which is a privilege of some importance on account of the wood drifted from the American continent.

The fisheries and the chase are free, with the exception of the salmon fisheries in the rivers, which are reserved for the crown, who leases them; it is forbidden by law to shoot the eider-ducks, and the offence is punishable by a fine. There is no military duty. Soldiers are not needed in any

part of Iceland, and in Reikjavick, its capital, there are but two constables to be found.

Trade is also free; but the Icelanders possess so little of the spirit of speculation, that even if they had the means they would never embark in any commercial enterprise. The whole trade of the island lies in the hands of the Danish merchants, who send their ships to Iceland every year, and the imported goods are retailed at their factories in the different harbors. These ships bring every thing to the Icelanders; corn, wood, wines, colonial and manufactured articles. There are no duties, as the insignificant commerce of this island would not repay the government for maintaining the necessary officers to collect the customs. Articles from the colonies, such as wines, are much cheaper, in consequence, than they can be obtained elsewhere. The return freight consists of fish, particularly codfish, roe, tallow, train-oil, eider down, or the plumage of other birds nearly approaching that of the eider-fowl in quality, sheep's wool, and salted or smoked lamb. These are absolutely the only exports which Iceland can produce. When Mr. Knudson wished to erect a bakery,* about thirteen years ago, he was obliged to send to Copenhagen, not only for a mason, but for all the necessary building materials, such as stone and lime, for although the whole island is covered with stone, none of it could be used in the construction of an oven, or to burn lime, as it is all lava.

Every little cluster of two or three huts is called a village; the solitary cottages, as well as these villages, are generally built on rising ground, and surrounded by meadows which are inclosed in a wall of stone or earth to

* This bakery is the only one in the island, and no better bread or biscuit can be found in Denmark than is made here.

prevent the incursions of the cattle. The grass is cut for hay and kept to fodder the cows in winter.

I heard few complaints of the extreme cold; it does not often reach 20° (Reaumur)* and the sea is rarely frozen more than a few feet from the shore. But the storms and snow-drifts, on the other hand, are said to be really fearful, and it is often impossible to step a foot from the door. Daylight does not last more than five or six hours, and the northern lights, which are uncommonly brilliant here, are the only compensation the poor Icelanders enjoy for their long night. This summer was one of the finest which had been known here for years. During the month of June the thermometer was several times at 20° of heat† at noon. This weather was very oppressive to the inhabitants, who considered it impossible to labor, or walk any distance during the day. On such occasions they did not begin to make hay till late in the evening, and worked half the night. The variations in the temperature are very trying. One day we had 20° of heat, the next it rained and the thermometer fell to 5°,‡ and on the fifth of June it showed 1° of cold.§ It is remarkable that thunder-storms, which are said to be very common here during the winter season, never occur in summer.

From the sixteenth or eighteenth of June, till the end of the month, there is no night. The sun disappears for a short time behind the hills, but twilight and dawn are blended together, and the last rays of evening have not faded from the sky before the morning light breaks forth with renewed brilliancy. I was in Iceland from the 15th of May till the 29th of July, and although I never went to

* 13° below zero of Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

† 77° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.* ‡ 43¼° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

§ 29¾° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

bed before eleven o'clock, I did not once require the light of a candle. In May, as well as towards the end of July, the twilight lasted about two hours, but it was never dark. Even at the time of my departure I could see to read till half-past eleven. At first it seemed very strange to go to bed at broad day-light; but I soon got used to it, and no sunshine was bright enough to keep me awake after eleven o'clock. It often struck me as very ridiculous, however, to go out for an evening stroll, about ten, and find myself in the full light of day, instead of the soft glimmering of the moon and stars.

I wish I could have accustomed myself to the peculiar fare of Iceland as easily as to the long days. The wife of my friend the baker was an excellent cook, after the fashion of her country; but unfortunately it was a style entirely different from any I had ever tried before; and the only thing she set before me which I could really enjoy was her delightful coffee and cream in the morning, with which the greatest epicure could not have found a fault. I have not seen such coffee since I left Iceland, and I should have been glad if some of the good house-keepers in Vienna could have tasted it with me. The cream was so thick that I thought at first it must be sour. The butter churned from the milk of the Iceland cows and sheep, is not quite so tempting; it is as white as lard, though it is generally sweet and good. The common people, not finding the flavor sufficiently piquant for their palate, are very apt to mix it with train-oil, which forms an essential article in Iceland cookery; it is considered a great luxury by the peasants, and is often eaten in large quantities alone.

The dinners were by no means to my taste; they always consisted of two dishes, boiled codfish, or haddock, dressed with vinegar and melted butter, in the place of oil, and

potatoes. It is my misfortune not to be fond of fish, and there was nothing else for me to eat here. In vain I sighed for a good soup, a morsel of meat, or some vegetables. It was only in imagination that I could feast on the commonest dishes of my native land.

In course of time, however, I became more resigned to the fish and potatoes; but the sweet dishes I never could endure. My excellent Mrs. Bernhöft, who meant nothing but kindness by me, was certainly not to blame if her taste differed so widely from mine; but her desserts!—whether they consisted of hashed fish, hard-boiled eggs and potatoes, with a thick brown sauce thrown over them, sweet, sour, and peppered, at once,—or of potatoes roasted in sugar and butter,—or cabbage chopped fine, diluted with water, sweetened and served with a piece of very strongly flavored dried lamb,—they were all equally intolerable to me.

On Sundays we sometimes had red grits, another Scandinavian dish, made of sago, cooked to a jelly in wine or currant juice, and eaten with sugar and cream. A species of curds, or soft cheese, is also eaten with cream and sugar.

The table improved a little during the months of June and July, when we had abundance of excellent salmon, an occasional piece of roast lamb, and once in a while a bird; the snipe are particularly fine. For supper we had butter, cheese, cold fish, smoked lamb, or eggs of the eider-duck, which are rather less delicate than common hen's eggs,—and after a while, as I found this mode of living agreed with me perfectly well, I became quite reconciled to it. I drank nothing but pure, fresh water; the men take a small glass of brandy when they begin their meals, but beer is the universal drink, and that brewed by Mr. Bernhöft himself is excellent. A bottle of Bordeaux or Port was often put on the table on Sundays. All the inhabitants of the

place who are in easy circumstances lived precisely as we did.

While I was at Reikjavick, I witnessed a great solemnity in the church, on which occasion three candidates were admitted to the priesthood. Although the Lutheran religion is universally established here, I believe the ritual varies a little from that in use on the European continent, and shall therefore describe the ceremonies which took place at the ordination. The services began at noon, and lasted till four o'clock. The men concealed their faces in their hats for a few moments when they entered the church, and the women in their handkerchiefs, and this practice was repeated before they went out. Most of the congregation were seated with their faces towards the altar, but a few were turned away from it. The priests were dressed very much like our own, and a kind of mass was begun, which was not unlike ours as far as the first gospel. The bishop and his clergy then advanced to the altar, and performed several ceremonies which were new to me; after which, one of the officiating priests entered the chancel, where he read a discourse and sang a psalm, while the others remained seated in a listening attitude. A second then followed him to the chancel, and a third; sermons were read and psalms chanted alternately, and finally a discourse was pronounced at the chancel, while a variety of ceremonies were going on at the altar. The robes were put on and off repeatedly, and loud amens were frequently pronounced. This was continued without intermission till four o'clock. The incessant changes of place and posture surprised me very much, as the usages of the Lutheran church are generally so simple and uniform.

There were a sufficient number of country people present to afford me a very good opportunity of examining their

costume. The females all wore long skirts of coarse, black woollen-stuff, with spencers and colored aprons. Their heads were covered with a man's cap of the same material as their petticoats, ending in a drooping point, to which was attached a tassel of silk or wool, falling as low as their shoulders. This simple head-dress is very becoming, as they all have an abundance of light hair hanging in a picturesque manner about their face and neck; they wear it loose and short, and it is sometimes slightly curled. I could not help thinking of some of the poetical ravings about golden-haired angels, and I have no doubt our poets have drawn their inspiration in part from the ancient Skalds, though they may safely lay claim to the credit of having imagined the beautiful, languishing faces, which smiled from the midst of those lovely tresses.

Very few ornaments are worn here. In this whole assemblage, I only observed four women who were dressed with any more pretension than the rest; the spencers and belts of these were worked with a silver wreath about two inches wide, and round the bottom of their petticoats, which were of fine black cloth, there was a colored silk border about as wide as the hand. On their necks they had a stiff, black velvet collar, several inches in width, worked with a silver wreath. Their head-dress was very peculiar and difficult to describe; besides a black silk handkerchief bound around their heads, they had a covering, shaped like a half bow, fastened to the back of the head, and hanging loosely above their foreheads; it was covered with white muslin laid in plaits, and might have been an inch and a half behind, spreading in front to the width of five or six inches.

The men appeared to be dressed very much like our peasants. They wore pantaloons, jackets, and vests of dark

cloth, a felt hat or a fur cap, and instead of boots they had a piece of skin, either sheep, calf, or seal, cut in the shape of a shoe, and fastened to the foot by means of a strap. This kind of covering for the feet is also worn by the women, and even by the children of the rich. I did not see an individual in Iceland who had not good warm stockings and shoes; and very few who were ragged or poorly clothed.

The better classes—merchants and government functionaries—closely follow the French fashions in their dress. Silks and other expensive materials are by no means rare; some being brought from England, but the greater part from Denmark. The king's birthday is celebrated every year with great splendor by the Stiftsamtmann, and the women have then an opportunity of appearing in their fine silks and the young girls in their white linens. The government house is brilliantly lighted up with wax candles on this occasion.

Some speculative head has established a club-house here; by which is to be understood a couple of rooms where the citizens assemble in the evening and regale themselves with tea-water, bread and butter, and a glass of wine or a bowl of punch. In winter, these same rooms are used for the public assemblies, to which the admittance is twenty kreuzers.* All ranks meet there, and every thing is said to be on a very republican footing. The shoemaker invites the wife of the Stiftsamtmann to dance, and that great personage himself leads out the wife or daughter of the shoemaker and baker. The refreshments consist of tea and bread and butter, and the ball-room is lighted with tallow candles. The worst part of the entertainment is the

* Sixteen cents.—*Tr.*

music, which is a peculiar kind of violin with three strings, and a fife.

Riding parties are a common amusement in summer, and on these occasions there is no want of provisions; each of the invited guests brings something, one providing the wine, one the coffee, another cake, and so on. The ladies ride on handsome English saddles, and wear becoming habits, with very neat men's hats and green veils. These entertainments, however, are entirely confined to Reikjavick, for out of this little town, as I have already mentioned, there is not a place which contains more than a few huts and two or three shops.

To my great astonishment, I found six pianofortes in Reikjavick, and heard the waltzes of our favorite composers played, as well as variations by Herz, and even some by Listz, Wilmers and Thalberg; but,—I think it very doubtful if either of these gentlemen would have known his own compositions again.

In conclusion, I must make a few observations on the manner of travelling in this country. The best season for a journey is from the middle of June to the end of August, at the latest; before that period, the streams are still so much swollen by the melted snows that it is very dangerous to ford them; and many patches of deep snow, still untouched by the sun, and covering deep pits and heaps of lava, lie in the travellers way. Here the danger is equally great; the horses sink in at every step, and there is reason to be thankful if the whole soft covering does not give way at once. On the other hand, the heavy storms and rains often begin again in September, and flurries of snow are to be expected at any time during that month.

The traveller should carry his own provisions, and should have in addition a tent, a cooking apparatus, a pillow, some

blankets and warm clothing, all of which are indispensable to his comfort. Most of these articles were too expensive in my case, and I was not provided with any of them; but I was exposed, in consequence, to terrible privations and fatigues, and was often obliged to ride an incredible distance before I could reach a night's shelter in some little church or hut. I lived for eight or ten days at a time on bread and cheese alone, and slept on hard benches or chests, where I was often unable to close my eyes all night from the cold.

To guard against the violent rains, it is desirable to have a water-proof cloak, and a glazed broad-brimmed hat, such as sailors wear; an umbrella is perfectly useless, for the rains are generally accompanied by a great deal of wind, and as one is often obliged to ride at a very quick pace, it is easy to imagine that it is quite out of the question to hold one up.

Upon the whole, I found the difficulties and discomforts of travelling in this country much greater than any I had encountered in the East. I suffered more from the violent tempests, the sharp air, the drenching rain, and the cold, than I had ever done from the heats of Palestine. The latter did not cause my face and lips to chap; but on the fifth day of my journey here, my lips were bleeding, and my face was all in scales, as if I had had the measles. My long dresses were another great drawback to my comfort; it was necessary to be warmly clad, and the weight of my clothes, often increased by the wet, made me at times quite helpless when I was to get on or off my horse. But the greatest annoyance of all, was to stop to rest in a meadow during a violent shower, when my long skirts would soak up all the water from the wet grass; and at such times I often had not a dry thread about me.

Strangers appear to suffer equally from the heat and

cold in this climate. I thought the cold was more penetrating, and the heat more oppressive than I had ever felt either to be at the same temperature in my own country.

The roads are wonderfully good in summer; I generally rode over them very fast. They are not suitable for any conveyance on wheels, however, being too narrow, and in spots too rough. There is not a single carriage in the island. The most dangerous parts of the roads are in the morasses and in the lava fields, particularly when the latter are covered with white moss, that often serves to conceal the fearful pits, into which the horses frequently tread unawares; there are also many treacherous places in going up and down the hills. All trace of the road is sometimes lost in the swamps, and I was often amazed at the facility with which the guides would track it out; they seemed, as well as their horses, to be endowed with a peculiar instinct on such occasions.

Journeys in Iceland are more expensive than elesewhere, because, in the first place, the traveller is generally alone, and the whole cost of the guide, the baggage, the ferriage, &c., falls on a single person. Every horse which is needed must be bought, as it is impossible to hire them; they are cheap, however, the price of a pack-horse being from eighteen to twenty florins,* and a saddle-horse forty to fifty. The horses cannot carry a heavy weight, and therefore those who wish to travel with any degree of comfort must have several pack-horses, as well as an additional groom to attend to them, as the guide will only undertake the charge of the saddle-horses and a couple of pack-horses at the most. If you wish to sell your horses at the end of a

* From eight to twelve dollars for a pack-horse, and from nineteen to twenty-four for a saddle-horse.—*Tr.*

journey, you must almost give them away, as no one will offer any but the lowest price for them, which proves that men know how to look after their own interests all over the world. The people are aware that the animals must be left behind, and therefore they are careful not to bid too high for them. I must confess that in this respect I found the character of the Icelanders far below my expectations, and still farther below the account of them I had read in books.

The Iceland horses, notwithstanding their scanty fare, can endure a wonderful degree of fatigue; they will accomplish eight or ten miles* for several days in succession. But it is rather difficult to keep up their speed, owing to a bad trick they have of stopping, unless they receive frequent blows in the side; their owners are in the habit of giving them an occasional kick there, and they are so used to it, they will hardly move without. They are very apt to stumble also, and it is necessary to hold a very tight rein at the dangerous places in the road. Both these qualities add a great deal to the fatigue of riding.

There are certainly many difficulties to overcome in order to bring a journey in these distant regions to a happy end; but I was not to be daunted, and in the midst of my greatest dangers and troubles, I did not repent for a moment of my enterprise, and would not have abandoned it on any account.

I made excursions to every part of Iceland, and am therefore able to afford my readers a description of its most interesting sites. I begin at once with the immediate neighborhood of Reikjavick.

* From thirty-six to forty-five English miles.—*Tr.*

Excursion to Vatne, the Island of Videy, and the Salmon Fisheries at Laxselu.

RIDE TO VATNE.

Two (German) miles from Reikjavick.

May 25th.—Stiftsamtmann Von H. was so kind as to call and invite me to attend a party of pleasure which was to take place this afternoon at the great lake of Vatne. I was only too happy to accept his invitation, as I expected, from his descriptions, to see a perfect Eden, besides enjoying an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the better classes of society in this country, as well as of increasing my collection of plants, butterflies, and insects. I was also anxious to examine more closely into the peculiar qualifications of the Iceland horses than I had been able to do on my ride from Havenfiord, when I was obliged to accommodate my pace to that of my aged companion.

The hour appointed for the excursion was two o'clock; I, who am punctuality itself, was ready long before that hour, and should have hastened to the place of meeting precisely at two, if my hostess had not assured me it was too early to think of going, as Mr. Von H. was still at the dinner table. In short, it was three o'clock before we were all assembled, and even then we waited on horseback a quarter of an hour before the procession was ready to move. Oh Syrian promptitude and punctuality! In vain I called upon you in this opposite quarter of the globe.

Our party included all the nobility and persons of rank in the place. Among the former were the Stiftsamtmann (or supreme governor of the island) and his wife, Councillor

Von B., who had lately been sent from Copenhagen to attend the Althing, or political assembly, and a Danish baron, who had accompanied him. Among the gentry were the merchants' daughters, and the wife of the apothecary. A domestic closed the procession.

Our road led through lava fields, morasses, and patches of scanty verdure, to a wide and desolate valley, traversed by a range of gentle eminences, and inclosed on three sides by several mountain ridges, rising to different heights in the most varied and striking forms. A few jokuls, or glaciers, raised their proud heads in the distance, and looked down scornfully on the hills at their feet; and they might well boast of their superior grandeur at this season of the year, when not only their summits, but their sides as far down as the eye could see, were still glistening in the silvery snows of winter. On the fourth side, the valley was open to the sea, mingling in the distance with the horizon; and the coast was indented by a number of creeks and bays, which presented the appearance of so many lakes.

The path was good, and we were generally able to ride at a quick pace, as we passed few spots where the sagacity of our animals was put to the proof. I had a good-tempered horse, which bore me in perfect safety over stones and clefts, but I shall not attempt to describe what I suffered from its gait. Riding is said to be a certain cure for the liver-complaint; but I am quite certain that any one who should take a journey of four weeks on such a pony and an Iceland side-saddle, would have no liver left at all; it would be shaken to a jelly by that time.

All the rest of the company had good English saddles, and mine was the only one made in the country. It resembled a seat with a back; I was obliged to sit square on the horse, without having any good hold; and it was not

without great difficulty that I trotted after the others, for my horse was not to be spurred on to a gallop by any means of persuasion.

In half an hour we reached a valley, in the centre of which lay rather a pleasant meadow, with what might be considered in Iceland a very respectable farm-house,* near a little lake. I did not venture to ask if this were the celebrated Vatne, and the romantic prospect I had been led to expect, for my inquiry would have sounded rather too ironical; and notwithstanding my astonishment when Mr. Von H—— insisted on all the charms of the scene, I enthusiastically agreed with him, and declared I had never seen a lovelier view or a larger lake. We halted at this spot, and while the rest of the party spread themselves over the meadow, and preparations were going on for our sociable meal, I employed the time by endeavoring to satisfy my spirit of inquiry. The farm-house first arrested my attention; I found it to contain one large and two small chambers, a store-room, and extensive stables, by which I could form some idea of the proprietor's flocks. I was afterwards informed that he owned fifteen sheep, eight cows, and five horses, and was considered the most comfortable farmer in the neighborhood. The kitchen was at the extreme end of the building; its chimney seemed to be of no use excepting as a protection against the rain and snow, for the smoke was spread all over the room, drying the fish which hung from the ceiling and very slowly finding its way out of the air-hole.

In the large apartment stood a wooden book-case containing nearly forty books. I turned them over and ascertained, in spite of my limited knowledge of the Danish

* Something like a dwelling on a free farm with us.

language, that they were mostly of a religious character, though their owner must also have possessed some taste for poetry, as I saw the names of Kleist and Müller, and even Homer's Odyssey in his library. I could understand nothing of the Iceland books, but when I made some inquiries on the subject, I was told that they were all religious works.

After this survey in-doors I went to collect herbs and flowers in the field; I found but few of the latter, but rather more of the first, including a few specimens of wild clover. I saw neither butterfly nor beetle; but to my great surprise I heard the hum of two wild bees, and was so fortunate as to secure one of them, which I took to the house and preserved in spirits.

I now returned to my companions who were still gayly lingering around the table, which had been spread in the meanwhile with an abundant supply of bread and butter, cheese, cakes, roast lamb, raisins, almonds, wine, and a few oranges. There were no seats, for even the most thriving peasants never own any thing of the kind, excepting the benches which are nailed to the spot in their rooms; we all sat on the turf, and helped ourselves to the excellent coffee with which the meal began. There was a great deal of laughing and jesting; and judging from the animation which prevailed, I might have imagined myself in a circle of lively Italians instead of a party of cold Northerners.

A great many witticisms were made, and I had the misfortune to be the object which inspired most of them, for this reason: the conversation was carried on in Danish, and though some of the company spoke French or German, I was unwilling to interfere with their enjoyment by drawing their attention to myself, and I sat perfectly quiet, finding quite sufficient amusement in watching their merriment. But I soon discovered that this conduct was laid to my stu-

pidity, and I understood enough of the conversation to hear myself compared to the marble guest in Don Juan. If they had suspected the true cause of my silence, I am sure my companions would at least have given me credit for my good intentions.

During our repast I overheard an Iceland song from the farm-house. At a distance it sounded like the humming of bees, and on a nearer approach it was monotonous, drawling and melancholy.

When we took our leave, the farmer and his wife, as well as his men, all offered us their hands, which is the customary salutation for such high personages as we were; on ordinary occasions the usual greeting is a hearty kiss.

When I returned home, I began to feel the effects of the strong coffee I had taken, and finding it impossible to sleep, I amused myself with making close observations on the length of the day and the duration of twilight. Common print could be read with ease in my little room till eleven o'clock; from eleven to one it was not so dark but I could have seen to read out of doors; and every object in my room was distinctly visible, even the figures on my watch; and at one I could read again in my own room.

TO VIDÖE.

The little Island of Vidöe, about a mile from Reikjavick, is generally mentioned by travellers as the principal resort of the eider-ducks. On the eighth of June I visited the place, and found myself greatly disappointed in the number of birds assembled there; for although I saw many sitting quietly on their nests on the slopes of the meadows and between the rocks, so far from being in thousands, I doubt if there were in all more than a hundred, or a hundred and fifty nests.

The tameness of the eider-ducks, while brooding, is very extraordinary. I had always looked upon the wonderful stories I had heard on this subject as fables, and should do so yet if I had not been an eye-witness to the fact myself. I approached and laid my hands on the birds while they were sitting; yes, I could even caress them without their attempting to move from their nests; or, if they left them for a moment, it was only to walk off for a few steps and remain quietly waiting till I withdrew, when they immediately returned to their station. Those whose young were already hatched, however, would beat their wings with violence, and snap at me with their bills when I came near them, rather allowing themselves to be seized than to desert their broods. In size they resemble our common duck; their eggs are of a greenish-gray, rather larger than hens' eggs, and of an excellent flavor. Each bird lays about eleven eggs. The finest down is that with which they line their nests at first; it is of a dark gray, and is regularly carried off by the Icelanders with the first eggs. The poor bird then robs itself of a second portion of its down, and lays a few more eggs, which are also seized, and it is not till the nest has been filled for the third time, that the ducks are left unmolested to raise their young brood. The down of the second, and particularly that of the third hatching, is much lighter than the first, and of an inferior quality. I was so cruel as to appropriate some of the down and a few eggs myself.

I had no opportunity of seeing the down and eggs collected from between the inaccessible rocks and cliffs, where they are only reached by the peasants by means of ropes, and at the peril of their lives; as no such break-neck places happen to be found in the neighborhood of Reikjavick.

SALMON-FISHING.

June 10*th*.—In company with Mr. Bernhöft and his daughter, I made a second excursion of half a mile to see the salmon-fishery at the Larselv (salmon stream), which takes place every year from the middle of June to the middle of August. It is conducted in a very simple manner. After the fish have repaired to the stream at the spawning time, their way back to the sea is cut off by a wall of stones lightly piled together, about three feet high. A net is raised in front of this wall, and several other barriers of the same kind are erected at a distance of eighty to a hundred paces from each other, in order to prevent the fish who have slipped over one of them from escaping altogether. On the day when they are to be caught, the water is let off as much as possible, and the poor fish, feeling it diminish around them, dart about in great confusion, pressing in throngs against the wall, where they often bruise and injure themselves on the stones; the water is deepest at this spot, and it is soon so crowded with salmon, that the fishermen who are already stationed there can catch them with ease in their hands.

The salmon are gifted with an extraordinary animation, and an equal degree of strength and swiftness. The fishermen seize them nimbly by the head and tail, and throw them immediately on the shore, where they are caught up by others and cast still further from the stream; without these precautions, and with the least delay, many of them would make their escape. It is wonderful how they will turn round in the hands of their captors and spring into the air. The fishermen are provided with woollen mittens, otherwise they could not keep their hold of the slippery

animals at all. From five hundred to a thousand fish are generally taken at a time, each one weighing from five to fifteen pounds. On the occasion when I was present, eight hundred were caught. This fishery is rented by a merchant in Reikjavick.

The fishermen receive one half the salmon as a reward for their services, and yet they are often dissatisfied with this large proportion, and so little thankful that their work is rarely thoroughly performed. For instance, the merchant's share was brought as far as the harbor of Reikjavick, but the fishermen were altogether too lazy to carry it from the boats to his warehouse, which was certainly not more than sixty or seventy paces farther, and sent word to their employer that some one else must attend to that part of the business as they were already too tired to do so. Of course remonstrances are of no avail on such occasions.

It is the fashion in Iceland, as well as all over the world, to improve every such opportunity for a feast or some kind of an entertainment. It was a beautiful summer's day when we attended the salmon-fishery, and the merchants of Reikjavick immediately determined that it should be celebrated by a great *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Each one contributed something towards the meal, and the result was an elegant, plentiful breakfast, conducted exactly as it would have been at home, with the single exception, that for the want of tables and benches our repast was spread on the ground.

Our sliced bread and butter, with cold lamb or cheese between, was prepared at the house before we set off, in a manner that was new to me; the slices were covered with the lamb and cheese, and laid two by two in piles; when packed in this manner, they can be carried anywhere uninjured.

My third excursion was a still shorter one, to a hot spring only a third of a mile from Reikjavick, which is slightly impregnated with sulphur, and empties itself into a cold stream, by which happy union every variety of temperature is produced, from the boiling point to the greatest degree of cold. The inhabitants of the town avail themselves of this fortunate coincidence for the double purpose of washing and bathing, more particularly the former; and for the accommodation of those who wash at this spot, a wooden hut has been built here as a protection from the wind and rain. In former times, the hut had a good door and glass windows, and the key, which was kept at a specified place in the town, could be had by any one who would take the trouble to go for it. But this was far too great an exertion for the servants and peasant women who wash at the spring; the doors and windows were soon broken in, and nothing now remains but the ruins of the hut, which can afford in its present state but very little shelter against the weather. Human nature is very much alike every where, and men are apt to be good only when no impediment stands in their way; and even then half the merit is due to the circumstances, and not to themselves.

Fish and potatoes are often cooked by the poor people in this spring. It is only necessary to lay them in the boiling water, when they are done at once. The spring is very little used for bathing; a few children are sometimes brought for that purpose, and once in a while a peasant will take a bath. As a medicine the waters are not known at all.

THE SULPHUR SPRINGS AND MOUNTAINS OF KRISUVICK.

On the 4th of June, the day fixed for my departure, our store of bread, cheese, coffee, and sugar, being carefully

packed, we were in the saddle and on our way by seven o'clock. I was alone with my guide, who, like most of his class in Iceland, was by no means an agreeable companion. He was very lazy, very covetous, and much less inclined to trouble himself about me and my horse, than to indulge his own fondness for brandy, which can unhappily be procured all over the country.

The scenery between Reikjavick and Havenfiord was already familiar to me, but I found it had somewhat improved with the advancing season; strawberry plants, though without blossoms, had sprung up between the blocks of lava, as well as scentless blue violets, and handsome ferns, sometimes eight or ten inches in height. The vegetation was more forward here than at Reikjavick, notwithstanding the short distance, for I had seen no strawberry plants or violets near that place. I believe the difference may be owing to the mighty lava walls, so abundant around Havenfiord, which afford a protection to the tender plants and herbs against the rough winds; as I observed that they flourished best in the little clefts sheltered by the huge masses of rock.

About a mile beyond Havenfiord I saw, for the first time, some birches, which were not more than two feet, or two feet and a half high, however; I also remarked some whortleberry bushes, and a number of little butterflies, all of the same size, and apparently of the same species, were fluttering around the plants and shrubs. The manifold shapes and figures into which the lava was thrown, constantly struck me with renewed astonishment; and short as this journey was,—for I reached Krisuvick with ease in ten hours,—I found the scenery indescribably beautiful, and could never tire of gazing and admiring, as I slowly rode along, unmindful of the rain and cold, suffering my horse

to pick his way at his own pace, and frequently losing sight of my guide altogether in consequence. One of the most remarkable currents of lava lay in a wide and long valley, where it appeared as if by enchantment, covering the whole centre with a broad stream half a mile in length; as there was no mountain in the neighborhood from whence it could possibly have flowed, it must have concealed some immeasurable crater; the stream did not merely consist of isolated blocks, and stones, but of large masses of porous rock, ten or twelve feet high, frequently riven in places a foot wide.

In another valley of still greater dimensions, being several miles in circumference, I saw a wavy stream, which could only be compared to a sea of stone; from its centre arose a high black hill, presenting a fine contrast to the light gray masses around it; and here I concluded, of course, that the lava had originated. But upon examination, I found that it was smooth and clean on all its sides, and its summit, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, was completely closed, as was also the case with the other mountains about this valley, so that I looked in vain for any trace of a crater.

We next came to a little lake, and soon afterwards to a larger one named Kleinfarvatne; both were shut in by high hills, which often rose so abruptly from the water's edge as to allow no foothold for the horses on their shores. We were obliged to climb several heights over fearful roads, and the descent, or the winding paths along the declivities, were equally perilous; in some places, the only safe way to proceed was to get off our horses and crawl through the crevices on our hands and knees; in short, these passes, which were sometimes half a mile (German) in length, were quite as bad as any in Syria, indeed they were occasionally worse. I was assured, however, that in all my travels

through Iceland I should not find any other road so dangerous as this one; which proved to be true; and even here the path was good, excepting in a few of the places described above.

At the end of six miles we entered at last a pleasant valley, where I soon perceived the numerous columns of smoke of various sizes, rising from the sulphur-springs and hills. Krisuvick was still at a distance of half a mile, and several small lakes lay between us and our place of destination, which I was very impatient to reach. It was evening when we arrived there, and although I had eaten nothing all day but a little bread and cheese, I could not wait till my coffee was ready, but jumping from my horse, I immediately turned my steps, with my guide, towards the smoking hills.

Our road led at first through marshes and meadow lands; but we soon reached the hills, where the soft and yielding soil made the ascent very laborious. A deep impression was made by every footprint; and it was necessary to be very careful not to break through entirely, which would have been by no means agreeable in this region of boiling springs. At last we arrived at the summit, where I saw a number of basins filled with the bubbling waters, and many columns of vapor rising from countless fissures in the hills and the plain; from one of which in particular, a mighty pillar of steam was seen to ascend. I could approach very near to these spots by keeping on the side of the wind; the ground was lukewarm in a few places, and I could hold my hand for several minutes at a time over the cracks from whence the vapor escaped. There was no crater to be seen. The roaring and hissing of the steam, and the violence of the wind together, made such a deafening noise that I was glad to escape from the place and feel

a safer soil beneath my feet. The whole mountain seemed to be boiling and seething.

There was a fine view from this height, which overlooked several valleys and ranges of hills, and far in the distance I could distinguish the isolated black peak in the midst of the sea of lava through which I had ridden six hours before.

The tumult of sounds ceased as I descended into the plain, where I also found much that was interesting; one of the basins was filled with boiling mud, which resembled nothing so much as fine clay of a light gray color, mixed with water. A column of steam burst forth with so much violence from another basin, not more than two feet in diameter, lying among the hills in one corner of the valley, that I sprang back in alarm as I approached it, expecting at every moment to see the earth split open at my feet. Several hot springs were bubbling around, but I saw no jet of water, and was assured by my conductor that such a thing had never been known here.

These spots are far more dangerous than any on the hills; in spite of the utmost caution we often sank in to our ankles and drew back our feet in affright, covered with the damp exhalations which immediately streamed from the opening, from whence steam or boiling water also escaped. I allowed my guide to feel his way in front of me with a stick, but notwithstanding his precautions, he went through in one place half way to his knee, though he was so used to the danger that he made very light of it, and stopped quite phlegmatically at the next spring to rid himself of the mud, while I followed his example, being also covered with it above my ankles. It would be very desirable to be provided with boards five or six feet long, on such occasions to lay over the most dangerous places.

It was still broad daylight when I returned to Krisuvick at nine in the evening. I now allowed myself to look about the little village more attentively, and found that it only contained a small church and a few wretched hovels, into one of which I crawled; but the light being admitted by a single narrow aperture, all was so dark within that it was some time before I could distinguish any thing around me. When I was able to see, my eyes fell upon several of those most miserable objects so common in Iceland, victims of a complaint resembling leprosy; their heads and hands were covered with the eruption, which is always fatal when it spreads over the whole body, when the sufferer gradually and hopelessly wastes away from its effects.

The churches in this country are not merely reserved for religious purposes; they are also used to store away the provisions, tools, and clothing; and are generally appropriated as night-quarters for the traveller. I doubt if so great a desecration of a sacred building would be permitted even among the most uncivilized nations. It is true that I was assured the practice was about to be forbidden; but it ought never to have been allowed, and I am by no means certain that it will be discontinued in future, for wherever I went the church was always at my service at night, and I was sure to find it half full of fish, tallow, and every other ill-savored thing.

The church at Krisuvick is twenty-two feet long, and ten feet wide; and it was very far from being in a condition to accommodate me on my arrival; but saddles, stockings, dresses, hats, and implements of every description were hastily thrown into a corner; blankets were produced, with two or three beautiful soft pillows, and my bed was made on the chest which contained the priestly garments and altar cloths.

When this was done, I would gladly have shut myself in to prepare my evening meal, and write a few lines in my journal before I lay down to rest; but such a thing was not to be thought of; all the inhabitants of the place came in a body to look at me, and I was soon surrounded by young and old, who streamed into the church and hemmed me in on all sides. Unpleasant as was their staring, I was obliged to submit to it, for it would have been impossible to drive away the crowd without giving great offence; I therefore unpacked my little valise and prepared to boil my coffee in public. Upon this my spectators all put their heads together and seemed lost in astonishment when I lighted the spirits of wine, following my every movement with their eyes. My frugal supper ended, I found their perseverance had not flagged in the least, and being determined to put it to the proof, I took out my journal and began to write. For a few moments they watched me in silence, when they all suddenly exclaimed: "She is writing, she is writing!" But still they made no sign towards leaving me, and remained perfectly motionless, every eye fixed upon me for a full hour; yes, I believe I might be sitting there still, without having been able to write them out of my presence, if it had not been too much to endure at last, and I managed to dismiss my audience by giving them to understand that I wished to go to sleep.

My night's rest was not very refreshing, for besides that there is something rather dismal in the idea of finding one's self entirely alone in a church, in the midst of a burying-ground, at midnight; there also arose a terrific storm about that hour, which shook the wooden walls around me, till they creaked as if they were about to be torn from their fastenings. The cold, too, was enough to keep me

awake; the thermometer only showing 2° of heat* inside of the church. In short, I was heartily thankful when it was morning, and the hour had arrived for continuing my journey.

June 5th.—Earlier than seven o'clock it is a moral impossibility to start a drowsy, indolent, Iceland guide; the hour of departure, however, is of less consequence here than elsewhere, as it is never dark at this season of the year.

On my return to Reikjavick, I took the road by Grundivick and Keblevick, in spite of the lengthened distance, because I wished to become acquainted with the most dreary of the habitable regions in the island.

The ride to Grundivick (three miles) was entirely through fields of lava, formed by little blocks and rolling waves which choked up the whole plain, where there was not a single green spot to be seen. I observed here a new variety of lava-streams, the effect of which was remarkably fine. They were composed of black masses eight or ten feet high, whose bases were covered with whitish moss, which surrounded them in thick circles, while the bare summits were broken into numberless sharp points, presenting the most fanciful and varied outline. The whole stream had that glossy, vitrified appearance, characterizing those which date from a late period.

Grundivick is a small green patch, lying like an oasis in the midst of this waste of cinders; and here my guide was anxious to tarry, for he maintained that there was no place between this and Keblevick, where I could find a night's lodging, and to ride the whole distance would be too much for our horses, already over-fatigued by the bad roads

* 36½° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

of yesterday. His real object, however, was to prolong our journey a day.

Fortunately, I carried an excellent map with me, by means of which I could judge of the distances with toler able accuracy; and I always made it a point to inquire where the best stopping-places would be before I set off on a tour. I insisted, therefore, on the present occasion upon going forward, and we were soon on our way through the lava-fields for Stad, a little hamlet, about three hours from Grundivick; passing a very remarkable mountain as we rode along, which was exactly the color of iron, smooth and almost shining on all its sides, and only streaked in spots with a shade of yellowish brown, resembling ochre.

Stad is the residence of a priest; and notwithstanding the assertions of my guide, I found it a much prettier and more attractive place than Grundivick. While our horses were resting, I received a visit from the priest, who conducted me, not as I had expected, to his own house, but to the church, where, stools and chairs having been provided, he introduced me to his wife and children, and regaled me with coffee, butter, cheese, &c. The wardrobe of himself and family was thrown across the chancel-rails, and was in no ways to be distinguished from that of the surrounding peasantry. My new acquaintance proved to be a very well-informed and well-read man, and as I had now made sufficient progress in the Danish language to be able to carry on a conversation with tolerable ease, we talked on a great many subjects; when he learnt that I had been in Palestine, he made a multitude of questions, from which I gathered that he was quite familiar with the geography, the natural history, and customs of that country. He accompanied me for two hours on my way, and we chatted very pleasantly as we rode along.

The distance from Krisuvick to Keblevick is about nine miles (German), and the whole road lies through a barren country, and wide, uncultivated plains, often five or six miles in circumference, without a sign of vegetation upon them, and covered through their whole extent by currents of lava—a gloomy picture of volcanic revolutions! And I only saw here, where so many traces of fire abounded, a single mountain whose top was sunken in, and might once have been a crater. The others all ended in a handsome cone, a sharp point, or formed long and narrow ridges.

Who can tell from whence these desolating streams have flowed, and how long they have lain in stony masses upon the plain!

Keblevick lies on the sea-shore, but its harbor is unsafe, and little used. The ships which visit the place remain as short a time as possible, and more than two or three are never seen here at once. A few wooden houses, two of which are owned by Mr. Knudson, and an equal number of huts, compose the whole of the little hamlet. I met with a kind reception from Mr. Siverson, the factor of Mr. Knudson, and found myself very comfortably entertained after all my fatigues.

On the next day, June 6th, I had a long ride of at least eight miles* to Reikjavick, the greater part of the distance being through fields of lava. The whole region between Grundivick and Havenfiord goes by the name of the Lava Fields of Reikanes.

Tired and stiff, I arrived in the evening at Reikjavick, with hardly a wish but to go at once to my rest. I had ridden twenty-five miles† in the last three days, and had

* Thirty-six English miles.—*Tr.*

† A hundred and twelve and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

endured a great deal from the cold, the rain, and the wind. To my surprise I had found the roads generally very good, though in some places they had been difficult and laborious to the highest degree.

But all these troubles and hardships were forgotten after the first good night's rest, whereas the magnificent scenes I had beheld remained indelibly impressed upon my mind, never, I trust, to be effaced from my recollection while I live!

From Reikjavick to Krisuvick,	8 miles.*	
From Krisuvick to Keblevick,	8¼	"†
From Keblevick to Reikjavick,	8½	"‡
	25¼	

Journey to Reikholt (Reikiadal) and the Cave of Sarthellir.

The weather continuing favorable, I determined to accomplish the rest of my tour without loss of time. The distance was nearly a hundred and thirty German miles,§ and it became necessary to provide myself with another horse as a relay, partly on account of the supplies I was obliged to take with me, consisting of rye-bread, cheese, coffee, sugar, and a pillow, but principally for the sake of changing daily from one animal to the other, as a single horse would not be equal to the fatigue of such a journey.

My former guide was not able to accompany me on this

* Thirty-six English miles.—*Tr.*

† Thirty-eight and a quarter English miles.—*Tr.*

‡ Thirty-seven and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

§ Five hundred and twenty English miles.—*Tr.*

occasion, being unacquainted with most of the road, but my kind friends, Mr. Knudson and Mr. Bernhölt, were so obliging as to look up another for me; which was no slight undertaking, as it is not easy to find a sober man, possessing the requisite qualifications, who is master of the Danish language. At last a suitable peasant was selected, who was willing to escort me for two florins, C. M.,* and a zwanziger† a day, it being also part of the bargain that he should have a second horse at his command to change from day to day, as well as myself.

On the 16th of June we were to begin our journey. My new conductor did not show himself in the best light from the very first hour of our acquaintance. His saddle had to be patched together on the morning of our departure, and he made his appearance with one horse instead of the two he had engaged to provide; though he assured me that he meant to purchase another as soon as we were at a little distance from the capital, where he could buy one cheaper. I suspected this was a pretence to escape the trouble of taking care of it, and so it proved to be; for a suitable horse was never to be found, and one poor animal had to carry not only himself but his bundle during the whole journey.

The manner of loading the horses in Iceland is exceedingly awkward; a few large pieces of dried turf are laid on the back of the animal, without being secured in any way, and a piece of wood, slightly bent in the shape of a bow and provided with two or three wooden pegs, is buckled over them; the trunks and bundles are suspended to the pegs, but if the burden be not exactly balanced it is per-

* Ninety-six cents.—*Tr.*

† Twenty kreutzers, or sixteen cents.—*Tr.*

petually slipping out of place, and it is necessary to stop and adjust it all over again.

The trunks of this country are of massive wood, covered with a rough hide and secured with iron as if they were intended to last for ever. These trunks are in themselves a heavy load, and very little additional weight can be laid on the poor beasts who carry them; the utmost amount which a horse can bear on a long journey being a hundred and fifty pounds.

How many times a day we were compelled to stop and alter the whole arrangement of our luggage, I should never be able to tell. The pieces of turf would not of course stay very long in their places, and then the whole thing would be awry again. But no power on earth can divert an Icelander from his accustomed ways; thus his ancestors packed their horses, and thus he will continue to pack his for ever.

We had ten miles before us the first day, but owing to the damaged saddle, we were not able to get off earlier than eight o'clock in the morning. The first three miles were over the great plain which surrounds Reikjavick and across some of the low hillocks scattered about it. We passed several streams, among which the Lachselv was the most remarkable, which opposed some difficulties to our progress, though they are by no means dangerous to ford at this season of the year. The valleys through which we rode to-day were mostly strewn with lava, but still they presented many pleasing prospects to the eye. A few of the hills had the appearance of extinguished volcanoes, being covered with colossal sheets of lava, beneath which the crater probably lay. The lava scattered around them was in smaller pieces, but of the same variety and shade.

We had a good view of the sea from every height for

some distance as we rode along; and this part of the country is also tolerably populous; but as we advanced we passed through a tract of more than six miles,* without seeing a human habitation. One wide plain succeeded another, and in the centre of each desolate waste, inclosed by hills of moderate height, there was generally a solitary hut, erected as a shelter for the traveller during the winter nights; but he must not flatter himself that he will find any thing in the shape of a host there, he must come provided with all that is requisite to make himself comfortable under the little roof, which only covers a single room, with four naked walls.

The lava I saw to-day was all of the same variety; it was generally broken into small stones, not very porous, of a light gray color, and in some places mixed with sand and earth.

A few miles from Thingvalla we passed a valley where the soil was excellent, although it was but scantily covered with verdure for want of cultivation; moss grew there in abundance, and I believe the inhabitants might improve this, as well as many other patches of earth, to much greater advantage, if they would only take the trouble to do so. The soil around Reikjavick is of the most unpromising character, and yet with pains and labor many a garden spot and good pasture ground has been obtained. And why should not as much be accomplished here, where nature has already done her share?

We were to sleep to-night at Thingvalla, which lies on the shores of a lake of the same name, but only appears in sight on a very near approach. The lake is more than half a mile long,† and at least as wide in some places, and

* Twenty-seven English miles.—*Tr.*

† Two and a quarter English miles.—*Tr.*

contains two small rocky islands, known by the name of Sandey and Resey.

My attention was still riveted on the lake and the dark barren hills which inclose it, when suddenly, and as if by enchantment, a chasm opened at my feet, into whose depths it was impossible to look without a shudder. Weber's "Freischütz" involuntary occurred to my mind. To add to the wonders of this prospect, you approach the abyss from this side, without the least suspicion that such a gulf exists between the valleys beyond and yourself. The chasm, which is not more than thirty or forty feet in width, is several hundred feet deep; and we were compelled to descend its steep and dangerous sides by a narrow path leading over the fragments of lava. My uneasiness increased as we went down and could see the colossal masses, in the shape of pillars or columns, tottering loosely on the brink of the precipice above our heads, threatening death and annihilation at any moment. Mute and anxious we crept along in breathless haste, scarcely venturing to raise our eyes, much less to give vent to the least expression of alarm, for fear of starting the avalanche of stone, of whose impetuous force we could form some idea by the shattered rocks around us. The echo is very remarkable, and gives back the faintest whisper with perfect distinctness. Our horses scrambled down the sides of the precipice after we had safely reached the bottom, and from thence they looked as if they were hanging to a straight wall.

The name of this pass is Almanagiau. It is about a quarter of a mile* in length, but is impassable for part of the distance, being choked by enormous blocks of lava. The rocks are parted towards the right, and form an outlet

* A little more than one English mile.—*Tr.*

leading over a rough road to the beautiful broad valley of Thingvalla. It struck me while wandering through the chasm, that it must be the depths of a crater, whose own boundless fury had raised the high walls around it, which must have been the work of ages.

The vale of Thingvalla passes for one of the most beautiful in Iceland. It contains some fine meadows, which furnish the means of support to the inhabitants of the place, and supply the necessary forage for their cattle. The Icelander considers this small green valley as the loveliest spot on the face of the earth. The little hamlet is not far from the outlet of the chasm; it is situated near the lake on the opposite side of the river Oxer, and merely consists of a cluster of huts and a small church. A few solitary farm-houses and cottages are scattered about the plain.

Thingvalla was once the most important place in Iceland; and a field near the village is still pointed out to the traveller as the spot where the yearly meeting of the Althing, or General Assembly, was held. The people and their leaders gathered together and struck their tents like the Nomadic tribes; here, many a right and many a question was settled by an appeal to arms. The chiefs assembled quietly at the head of their retainers, but not a few among them never returned to their homes, having been sent by the stroke of their opponents to that rest, which no one seeks though all must find.

One side of the valley is bounded by the sea, and the other by a range of fine mountains, some of which I observed to be still partially covered with snow. The river Oxer falls prettily over some rocks of tolerable height near the ravine.

It was still daylight when I reached Thingvalla; the clear blue heavens shone down upon the landscape; and

yet a few clouds were hovering about the sides of the hills, which at times would spread over them like a thin veil, or else form themselves in a crown around their summits, soon dissolving to appear again in another spot. This is a phenomenon which is seen in Iceland during the clearest weather, and one I had often observed near Reikjavick. At times, when the sky was bright and cloudless, a little speck would suddenly show itself on the edge of a hill, where it would increase to a cloud, and remain hanging over the spot for a while and then dissolve or float away; an effect which, however common, can never be witnessed without delight.

The pastor of Thingvalla, Mr. Bech, invited me to pass the night under his own roof; but as it was not better in any respect than the huts around, I preferred to take possession of my old quarters at the church, having only too easily obtained his permission to do so. This little church is not much larger than that at Krisuvick, but being at some distance from the village I escaped the troublesome inroad of visitors which had annoyed me so much before.

With my cold neighbors in the burying-ground I had by this time become quite familiar, and therefore spent a very quiet night on one of the wooden chests which I found in the church. The first step is the great difficulty on such occasions; and a very little practice will put to flight all the gloomy thoughts which would be apt to suggest themselves in such a situation.

June 17th.—Our destination to-day was Reikholt, or Reikiadal, which I was told was a distance of at least eleven miles.* It is not always possible to form a perfectly correct

* Forty-nine and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

idea of the distances from the map, for it sometimes happens, as was the case in this instance, that impassable places intervene, compelling the traveller to make a long circuit to avoid them. From the map one would have imagined Thingvalla to be much nearer Reikholt than Reikjavick; and yet we were fourteen hours in accomplishing the ride, which made us two hours later than we were yesterday.

As long as the road lay through the valley of Thingvalla, there was a constant variety in the scenery. We first crossed an arm of the river Oxer, then saw a fine meadow, and soon came to a small clump of what would be called trees in Iceland, though with us they would be rooted up as useless brush, as they run along the ground and rarely rise more than two or three feet above it. A sapling that rears its head as high as four feet is considered a lofty giant of the woods. The greater part of this imaginary forest grows among the lava that covers the plain.

I observed the conformation of the lava here to be somewhat different from any I had yet seen. It was not in streams, large stony masses, or rolling waves; but it covered most of the soil with enormous sheets of rock, often split to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, and the width of eight or ten. In these crevices the flowers bloom rather earlier, and the ferns grow taller and more luxuriantly, than in the rough world above.

The country beyond the valley of Thingvalla is monotonous and entirely uninhabited; we rode mile after mile without seeing a single cottage; each barren plain through which we passed being clothed in light gray or yellowish lava, mixed in spots with a beautiful fine sand, into which the horses sank at every step above their hoofs. These valleys are surrounded with low hills, and a jokul (glacier) is rarely seen among them. The hills have a polished ap-

pearance, their sides being perfectly smooth and shining; but on some of the heights the lava blocks form magnificent groups, resembling shattered columns, and the ruins of ancient buildings projecting in a peculiar manner from the straight and even walls. The hills vary in color, some being black, some brown, gray, or light yellow; and the gradual shading of these tints produces a wonderfully fine effect in the brilliant light of the sun.

After an uninterrupted ride of nine miles, we came to a very large moor, partially overgrown with thin herbage, where we stopped and rested, while our horses browsed on the scattered blades of grass; this being the only pasture-ground we had seen since we left Thingvalla. Here we were assailed by swarms of little gnats, which found their way into our eyes, mouth and nose, and made this delay a season of perfect torment.

I saw a flock of swans alight on a small sheet of water in the moor, and as they were the first of these birds I had yet observed, I watched them with great interest, though I was obliged to remain at some distance from them, as they are unfortunately so shy that they will dart off into the air with the speed of lightning on the nearest approach of a human being. They appeared to move in pairs, and the largest flock I saw consisted of four pairs.

I had considered the Icelanders as the laziest people in existence, from the first moment of my arrival in the country; and this opinion was confirmed by a trifling circumstance which occurred to-day. The moor where we stopped to rest was separated from the lava fields by a ditch, over which a bridge was formed by a few stones heaped together, but so carelessly that the horses could hardly advance without stepping into some of the holes; and they resisted so long before they could be made to ven-

ture across, that we were obliged to alight and lead them over.

We had just passed this place, and established ourselves in the meadow, when a caravan of fifteen horses loaded with boards and dried fish came along. These animals remarked the danger of the bridge, and could only be driven over it by repeated blows of the whip. There was abundance of stone not twenty paces from the spot, but sooner than turn out of their way, even for that short distance, these indolent creatures would rather cudgel their horses and let them run the risk of breaking their ankles. I felt so much compassion for the poor animals who would have to cross this bridge in future, that as soon as the other party was out of sight, I devoted part of my hours of repose to collecting some large stones, with which I filled up the holes; a labor which was easily accomplished in fifteen minutes.

It is curious to observe how the horses will find out by instinct every dangerous spot in the stones, the moors, or marshes. They drop their noses to the ground and scent around till they find a sure footing; but if there is any risk in advancing, nothing but blows can drive them forward a step.

After a halt of two hours, we continued our ride through the lava fields till nine o'clock, when we reached a tableland, from the farther end of which we could see Reikholt, or Reikiadal, lying at our feet in a broad valley three or four miles long, shut in by a range of hills, among which glistened several jokuls (glaciers) in their icy covering.

The wild and sublime scenery of Iceland never appears to greater advantage than at the hour of sunset, when a peculiar magic light is shed over the wide valleys strewn with lava, without a tree or a bush, and hemmed in by dark mountains, whose summits glitter in the last rays of the

departing sun; the jokuls are veiled by a shade of delicate rose, while the deepest shadows gather around the lower part of the hills, in striking contrast to the plains, over which floats a purple haze, imparting to them the appearance of a dark sheet of water. The silence, the perfect solitude, are still more impressive. Not a sound is heard, not a living creature is in sight, nor a village, a single cottage, a tree, or a shrub. The whole landscape is absolutely devoid of every sign of life; and as the eye wanders over the boundless and monotonous scene, it seeks in vain for any object of familiar interest on which to rest.

As we reached the extremity of the table-land this evening about eleven o'clock, I saw a sunset which I can never forget. The hills, the valleys, and the glaciers were lighted up by a brilliant red; I could not remove my eyes from the glowing mountains, although the view at my feet had many claims to my attention and admiration.

The whole long valley was almost entirely covered with meadows, and at its extreme end columns of smoke were seen to arise from the boiling springs. The atmosphere was so clear and pure, so much more transparent than I have ever seen it in any other country, that the light seemed to be very little diminished by the disappearance of the sun, and I observed that the smallest objects were distinctly visible on the plain, a circumstance which was very favorable to our progress, for the road was full of danger, leading as it did abruptly down over the stones and rocks into the valley below. A small stream on one side of us formed several pretty falls, some of which were thirty feet high.

In vain I strained my eyes to find a little church where I might pass the night; for those who have never experienced it, may rest assured that it is a serious thing to ride fourteen hours, with nothing to eat but bread and cheese,

and not be able to alight after all at the door of some hotel, *à la ville de Londres* or *de Paris*. I was not so unreasonable as to expect a porter to announce my arrival, or a butler and chambermaid to attend to my wants; I merely sighed for a hard bench in the neighborhood of my dear departed Icelanders, within some sacred edifice, where I might at least be sheltered from the cold night wind. I was suddenly aroused from these blessed contemplations by the voice of my guide, who exclaimed, "Here we are, at last!" and looking up, I saw a few of those low huts, whose grass-covered walls and roofs are hardly to be distinguished from the fields around. We halted, and turned our horses loose to graze in the neighboring pastures, while we ourselves were obliged to put up with much worse accommodations and fare. The inmates of the huts had long been buried in the deepest sleep, and were not even aroused by the loud barking of dogs which greeted our arrival. A cup of coffee would certainly have been very acceptable, but I could not think of waking any one up to prepare it; so I quieted my hunger with a piece of bread, and seeking out a sheltered spot by the side of one of the huts, I wrapped myself in my cloak and lay down on the ground, wishing with all my heart that I could fall asleep at once in the open air, and dream by broad daylight.* I was just sinking into a doze when it began to rain; and I could then no longer avoid the necessity of disturbing some of my neighbors.

I was put in possession of a store-room, the best apartment in the place, and a wooden chest was offered me for a bed. Fortunately, such a place is to be found in every little village; and although it is generally far from inviting

* Let it be remembered that at this season there was hardly any twilight, much less any night.

being filled with dried fish, blubber, tallow, and every other abominable compound to poison the air, it is still infinitely to be preferred to the sleeping-rooms of the peasants, which are without exception the most disgusting holes that can be imagined. Besides the overpowering effluvia resulting from a degree of uncleanliness which it is impossible to describe in words, such multitudes of vermin are engendered by the prevailing filth as could hardly be equalled among the Greenlanders and Laplanders.

I established myself in the store-room, and endeavored to wait with patience and resignation for the hour of leaving it.

June 11*th*.—Yesterday we made a forced march of eleven miles,* the last nine of which were through a barren and uninhabited region, where we did not see a single dwelling of any kind which could offer us a night's shelter; but our ride to-day was all the more easy for the horses, as we only had to accomplish the short distance of half a mile to Reikiadal, where I stopped to visit the celebrated springs. The little village of Reikiadal contains a church and a few houses, and is surrounded by beautiful meadows; the whole valley, indeed, is covered with rich pasture-grounds, sprinkled with cottages and farm-houses, and abounding in fine flocks of sheep; the horses and cows being somewhat less numerous, especially the latter.

The church at Reikiadal is one of the largest and neatest I had yet seen; and the small parsonage, although covered as usual with turf, is quite a comfortable and convenient dwelling. This parish is an extensive one, and more populous than some of the others.

* Forty-nine and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

My first care on arriving was to seek out the priest, Mr. Jonas Jonason, in order to procure fresh horses as soon as possible, and a guide to conduct me to the hot springs. He promised to provide me with both in half an hour; but it was full three hours before I was able to obtain what I wanted, and it was not accomplished in that time without a vast deal of trouble. The apathy and perfect listlessness of all the people with whom I had to deal while I was in Iceland was a constant source of annoyance to me; I was always obliged to make up my mind to wait for every thing I wanted ten times as long as was necessary; and even on the present occasion, I doubt if I should have succeeded in pursuing my journey to-day, if I had left the good pastor's side for a moment. But at last every difficulty was conquered, and Mr. Jonason was so kind as to accompany me to the springs himself.

We rode for three quarters of a mile over this fine valley, crossing the river Sidumule at least half a dozen times, as it wound through the fields, before we reached the first hot spring, which gushes from a rock about six feet high, lying in the midst of a marsh. The diameter of the upper opening of the caldron, where the water boils and bubbles without ceasing, may be perhaps from two to three feet. This spring flows perpetually; the stream rises to the height of two or three feet into the air, sometimes even as high as four feet, and is about a foot and a half in bulk. Its size can be increased by throwing a large stone or a clod of earth into the pool, when the spring is aroused in a moment and casts back the stone with violence, dissolving the earth by which its waters are discolored.

These springs bear a great resemblance to those at Carlsbad in Bohemia, and a perfectly correct idea of them can be formed by any one who has visited that place.

Near this first fountain there is a crevice where the waters are always boiling, though they are never thrown up in a jet. Other springs are to be seen on a rock at a little distance, immediately on the bank of the river Sidumule; three distinct sources, not more than a few feet apart, occupy the whole level surface of the rock; at its base there are several other hot springs, with a caldron of boiling water lying a little above them, which are only remarkable from the fact of their gushing out of the ground so near the cold river.

But a large rock, called Tunga-Huer, which rises from the centre of a morass, and is about twenty feet high and fifteen feet long, contains the most wonderful group of springs, sixteen of which are seen to flow from its sides and base; on the level summit of the rock there is not one.

The size of the caldron and the dimensions of the jets correspond with those I have already described. The sixteen streams are all within the compass of two sides of the rock; and it is difficult to imagine any thing more singular and impressive than the spectacle they present to those who have the courage to climb the rock, which is not difficult of access, though somewhat dangerous. Its upper stratum is soft and warm, of the consistency of mud, mixed with sand and pebbles; I could not but feel a little afraid of breaking through into the boiling caldron underneath this slight covering, where every footstep left its mark. The good priest went ahead, and sounded the dangerous footing with a stick; I did not remain far behind him, and we soon stood on the edge of the rock, where I could overlook all the fountains at once. Here the view was even more interesting and extraordinary than from below. It seemed like the effect of magic to look down upon these crowded water-spouts, and their different basins vary-

ing in shape and figure; I forgot my fears, and stood for a long time lost in admiration of this wonderful prospect, silently acknowledging the greatness of that Creator, at whose bidding they had burst forth from their dark prison to foam and rage awhile in their frothy basins, and then quietly flow away to swell the neighboring stream. My companion was obliged to remind me more than once of the perils of our position; I had ceased to think of its insecurity, and lingered there till the mighty columns of steam spread themselves around us, threatening almost instant suffocation, when we turned away our dampened faces and left the spot, where we could not have remained so long if the waters had been more strongly tainted with sulphur. The rock which contains these springs is a reddish mass, and the bed of the stream into which they flow is covered with red pebbles.

On our return, we saw another curious phenomenon near a cottage which we passed; it was a caldron where the waters were constantly boiling and seething, and in its neighborhood were two irregular cavities, from whence periodical columns of steam escaped with a loud and rushing noise; whenever the steam appeared the waters increased in the basin, though never so much as to overflow its brink or rise into the air; and when it vanished, and the uproar in both cavities had ceased, they sank again for several feet. These alternations lasted about a minute, and were renewed so punctually, that it would have been safe to risk a wager on the rise and fall of the waters and the bursting forth of the steam, which occurred without the least variation about sixty-five times in an hour. In connection with this caldron there is another one lying in a little crevice a few paces off. When the waters subside in the upper basin, they begin to roar and rise in the lower

one, and are spouted into the air to the height of two or three feet .They sink again when the upper caldron is filled; and this play continues without intermission and with the most perfect regularity.

The first-mentioned spring is provided with a vapor bath, formed by a little chamber, close to the caldron, built of stone and covered with turf; the entrance is so low that it is necessary to crawl in on one's hands and knees. The floor is of flat stones, which are very much heated, and probably lie above some hot springs. Whoever wishes to use the bath shuts himself in this room, where he is soon enveloped in a stifling heat, which covers the whole body with a dripping perspiration. It is very little frequented, however, by the peasants of the neighborhood.

I was also directed to visit a caldron and spring in a fine meadow near the church, entirely surrounded by a low stone wall to prevent the cattle from scalding themselves in their eagerness to reach the grass. About eighty paces from this spring is the bath of Snorri Sturluson, which is a round basin three or four feet deep, and about twenty in diameter; a few steps lead to the bottom, and a low stone seat surrounds the whole bath, where the waters, led from an adjacent spring, are too hot to be used without being cooled. There is no trace of a covering to this pool, which serves at present for the purpose of washing linen or wool.

I had now seen all the remarkable sources in this part of the valley; the pillars of smoke and steam on the opposite side arise from those which present nothing worthy of notice but their heat.

On our way back I was conducted by the priest to the churchyard, which lay at a little distance from his house, where he pointed out to me the most distinguished graves This was a very edifying spectacle, no doubt, but one which

was far from consolatory to me, when I remembered the coming night which I was to spend in the little church in their midst.

The grave-mounds are very high, and are generally covered by a wooden box resembling a coffin, which encloses the tomb-stone as a protection against the weather; though I could not defend myself from the idea that they also held the dead; and to assure myself of my mistake, I even begged the good pastor to remove the lid from one of them, when I saw,—not as I had half expected, the corpse, which was in fact lying many feet under ground,—but a stone such as he had already described to me, with the usual inscriptions upon it.

Directly in front of the entrance to the church is the tomb where repose the ashes of the celebrated Snorri Sturluson;* a narrow Runic stone, of the same length as the grave, lies above it, and is said to have once been covered by a Runic inscription, though every trace of it has long been effaced by the storms of five centuries, as this tomb was not sheltered, like many of the others, by a wooden covering. The stone is severed in two pieces throughout its length. The mound is often renewed, and has all the appearance of a fresh grave. I plucked every buttercup that grew around it, and preserved them carefully in a book, by which means I have it in my power to gratify any of my

* History relates that the great historian of Iceland was the means of betraying his country, which till then had been free, into the power of Norway; and in consequence of this unpopular act he only ventured to appear in public surrounded by a numerous retinue, and never attended the Althing at Thingvalla, unless accompanied by an army of five or six hundred men. But in spite of these precautions he was surprised by his enemies in his own house at Reikiadal, where he was massacred after a short resistance.

friends who may wish to own a flower from the grave of the great scholar and poet of Iceland.

June 19*th*.—I hired fresh horses to-day, and allowed my own, which were still somewhat fatigued, to accompany us unloaded, on our excursion to the cave of Surthellix, which is about seven miles from this place. The worthy priest was so kind as to attend to all my wants, and acted once more as my Mentor on this occasion.

The seven horses, my guide, the priest, and myself, rode forth together, and retraced our steps for two miles towards Reikholt, when we turned to the left, and crossed the hills to a valley, traversed by beautiful lava streams, and overgrown in places by a magnificent Iceland forest, where some of the bushes even attained a greater height than those in the valley of Thingvalla.

At Kalmannstunga we left all the horses we were not using, and hired a man to conduct us to the cave, which was still at a distance of a mile and a half. It lies in one of the most remarkable plains in Iceland, which is covered with lava of every form and color, and offers a pre-eminent picture of volcanic disturbances. The lava is sometimes crisp and glassy, and forms very handsome designs and arabesques; in other places it is in enormous sheets, either single or stretched over each other in layers, with mighty streams rushing in between them, which have been congealed on their way. The different eruptions can be traced by the shades of the currents, which vary from a light gray to black. The hills around this valley are generally dark, and stand out in bold relief against the neighboring jokuls, stretching into the distance like a sea of ice. One of these glaciers is unusually high; its summit is lost in the clouds, while its brilliant covering reaches far down into

the valley. The hills are smooth and perfectly regular, and I saw but one in the foreground whose surface was roughened by singular groups and excrescences of congealed lava. The whole scene was wrapped in the silence of death; and it presented that barren, bald, and lifeless aspect, so peculiar to this great desert of the North.

Instead of penetrating into the hills, as one would naturally expect, the grotto of Surthellix is situated in the midst of this extensive level tract, and I was quite startled when the wide round basin which forms its mouth suddenly appeared before us; it is about six fathoms deep, and fifteen in diameter; and there is something fearful in looking down upon the innumerable heaps of rock, which are piled above each other to the margin of the opening, and form the only means of access to the cave.

We found our way down on our hands and knees till we came to a broad, long alley, which at first has a slight inclination downwards and then stretches for a long distance under the plain, which formed a rocky roof over our heads. I estimated the height of this cavern to be about eighteen feet in the lowest part, and in a few places to reach the elevation of sixty feet. The roof and walls were roughened by the continual dripping, but there were no figures or indentations.

Several side-paths branch out from the principal alley, but they are not connected with each other, and we were obliged to return to the main road from every one we entered; many were short, narrow, and low; but there were a few of more respectable length and height.

In one of the most remote of these side-alleys a large heap of bones was pointed out to me, said to be the remains of slaughtered sheep and other animals; and as far as I

could understand the priest, the story runs that this cave was once the resort of a mighty band of robbers; though it must be a very long time since they frequented it, for nothing remains of their history but traditions and fables.

I was not aware that any robbers had ever existed in Iceland; pirates, indeed, had often resorted to its shores, but this place was too far from the coast to have been known to them. Neither could it have been the refuge of beasts of prey, who would have found nothing to subsist upon in a region so perfectly desolate and uninhabited. In short, I tried in vain to think of any satisfactory explanation of an apparition which struck me as so very singular; the bones were numerous, and still fresh, as if the animals had lately been devoured. Unfortunately, I was never able to ascertain with any degree of certainty how they could possibly have been collected in that spot.

The difficulties we experienced in exploring this cavern were almost enough to discourage a traveller less persevering than myself. The path was obstructed by numerous loose fragments of rock, over which it was a very toilsome effort to find our way. I could receive no assistance from my companions, who were fully engaged in taking care of themselves, as there was scarcely a spot to rest our feet where we were not obliged to hold on by our hands at the same time. In some places we were compelled to slide down the sides of the rocks, or gather ourselves up and slip sideways over the higher blocks.

We came to several enormous basins or craters, which opened from the plain above, though their walls were too steep for us to climb. The light falling from these openings was insufficient for the main entrance, much more for the other passages. I had not been able to procure any

torches in Kalmannstunga, as they are only to be found at Reikjavick, but was obliged to content myself with a few candles.

Beneath these gaps there still lay a great deal of snow, which added to the dangers of the road; it frequently gave way as we stepped upon it, causing us to jam our feet between the stones underneath, and it was not without great difficulty that we could extricate ourselves. A crust of ice covered with water was seen in all the side alleys near these craters; which disappeared as we advanced into the cavities, where we usually found a great deal of dirt, formed by a mixture of sand and water. The large blocks of lava only abounded in the main road; that in the other paths was generally broken up into small pebbles.

The rays of the sun falling perpendicularly through these craters were reflected back with dazzling brilliancy from the snow, and spread a soft-colored light round our heads when we stood within the basins. These bright points also produced a very singular effect as we advanced towards them from the dark abysses of the cave, or left them to plunge again into its gloomy alleys.

This subterranean labyrinth is said to extend for several miles beneath the plain; we only examined the main road and a few of the paths which diverge from it, and when we returned to the upper world at the end of two hours we were very tired, though we only allowed ourselves to rest for half an hour before we rode back to Kalmannstunga, at a quick trot.

Unfortunately I am no geologist, and cannot take it upon myself to decide whether this cave be the seat of an exhausted volcano or not. But in a country where every hill and mountain is lava, even an unlearned traveller will naturally look about for the source where it must once have

originated; and it is quite a relief to be able to trace some of the streams which have formed the wonderful masses scattered around in every direction, to this spot. I could not help thinking that I was exploring what was once a burning crater, for every thing which I saw, the rocks, the roof, the sides of the different basins, the whole cave, in short, was lava.

I was obliged to spend the night in one of the three huts which compose the whole village of Kalmannstunga, where there is no church. Fortunately it was rather cleaner than usual, and somewhat larger, being almost worthy of the name of a farmhouse. The inmates were so attentive as to prepare the best apartment for me, where every thing was put in order for my reception when I returned from the cave. My little room was about eleven feet by seven, and contained a single window, so small and dirty that I could hardly see to write although the sun was shining in full splendor. The walls and floor were of wood, which is a very uncommon degree of luxury in this country; the furniture consisted of a wide bed, two chests, and a little table. There were no chairs or benches, of course, any thing of the kind being entirely unknown to the Icelanders, who always seat themselves on their beds and chests; and I am sure I do not know where a chair could be placed in their crowded rooms.

My hostess, who was the widow of a wealthy peasant, presented to me her four children, who were very good looking and neatly dressed. I begged the mother to tell me what she called her little ones, that I might be able to mention some Iceland names when I returned to my own country. She was very much pleased with my request, and named them to me as follows: Sigridur, Gudrun, Ingebör and Lars.

I could have made myself very comfortable here, as I always endeavor to do, whatever my accommodations may happen to be, if I could only have been left alone; but to my great annoyance, every inhabitant, not only of this hut, but of all the others in the place, gathered round me one by one; and stationing themselves, some in my own room and some in the adjoining one, I found myself besieged even more closely than I had been at Krisuvick. There was something about my appearance entirely new to the people, who stared at me with untiring earnestness. The women soon became sufficiently familiar to touch my dress and feel every article I had on; while the children laid their dirty faces in my lap. The horrible uncleanliness of this crowd of people, their offensive perspiration, their perpetual snuff-taking (*without* pocket-handkerchiefs), their continual spitting—ah! it was truly fearful! I suffered more from these visits than from the longest fast; though that was a kind of penance to which I was often obliged to submit, for I could never taste any thing that was set before me during my travels throughout the whole country; and in fact the Iceland peasant has little to offer in the way of cookery but dried fish and sour milk, the latter often several months old; on very rare occasions they have grits, or unraised bread made of powdered Iceland moss.

I found that most of these people supposed me to possess a degree of information which is generally to be found only among men; apparently they thought the women of foreign countries must necessarily be as learned as the other sex. The priests always inquired if I spoke Latin, and seemed struck with astonishment when I replied in the negative. The common people consulted me for all manner of troubles; and once when I went into a hut during one of my solitary rambles near Reikjavick, I was led to an ob-

ject which I should hardly have known for a human being; it was one of those wretched sufferers from the leprous eruption, whose whole body, as well as his head and face, was covered with sores and boils, and almost wasted to a skeleton from the effects of the disease. Such a spectacle might have been interesting to a physician, but I turned from it with horror.

Enough of this revolting picture! Let me rather describe an angel's head I saw at Kalmannstunga—a child of ten or twelve years old—so inexpressibly sweet and lovely that I could not but wish myself a painter to carry back to my native country, at least on canvas, that soft countenance, with its expressive eyes and beautiful dimples. But perhaps it is best as it is; a malicious fate might have thrown the portrait into the hands of some susceptible youth, whose too tender feelings would perhaps have prompted him to undertake a pilgrimage through the world—like Don Sylvio de Rosalba, in Wieland's Comic Novel—in search of the enchanting original. It is not probable that he would ever have turned his steps towards Iceland, for who would expect to find so perfect an object in that remote quarter of the globe? and thus the unhappy lover would have been doomed to wander forever, and be forever disappointed.

June 20th.—The distance from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla is eleven miles, and it is one of the worst and most fatiguing roads in Iceland, through dreary plains, shut in by high hills and jokuls. Wherever the traveller turns his eye it is met by a chilled and lifeless nature; he hastens anxiously through the barren wilderness, and eagerly climbs one eminence after another, in the hope of seeing some improvement in the scene, but in vain; he be-

holds the same waste—the same desolation—the same hills.

We found many places on the table-lands still covered with snow, which we were obliged to cross although we heard the waters rushing beneath; and the icy crusts over which we rode were often thin and soft under the horses' feet, and of that light blue shade which is a symptom of danger. The horses frequently resisted with all their might before they could be driven across by hard blows. The pack-horse was cudgelled till he led the way; my guide followed, and I was the last. The poor animals often sank to their knees in the snow, and twice they went in above their saddle-girths. This was the most dangerous road I had ever travelled; my constant thought was what I should do if my guide were to sink in so deep that he could not extricate himself; I was not strong enough to offer him any assistance, and where should I turn for help in this desert? I might wander about in search of a human habitation, or in the hope of meeting with a fellow-being, till I perished with hunger, or was lost in the wilderness without a chance of escape. I approached every snow-field we were obliged to cross with feelings of intense anxiety, of which those only who have been placed in a similar situation can form any idea. If I had been in a large company my alarm would not have been so great; for, relying on the assistance of my companions, the peril would doubtless have appeared much less imminent.

This road should only be used when the snow affords a secure footing. We did not see a track of man or beast; and we were the only living creatures who traversed this region. I found great fault with my guide for having led me into so much danger; but it was then too late, for it was equally hazardous to advance or retreat.

To increase my troubles there was a change in the weather, which till to-day had been very pleasant. The heavens were clouded when we left Kalmannstunga, and we only caught an occasional glimpse of the sun; but when we reached the heights we were completely enveloped in the mists and clouds, and an icy wind from the neighboring glaciers was soon accompanied by torrents of rain. We had already ridden thirteen hours, and as we were nearly stiffened by the wet and the cold, I made up my mind to stop at the first hovel we came to; we found one, at last, about half a mile from Thingvalla; where I was under cover, it is true, though in other respects my situation was very little improved. The hut contained but a single room, with four large beds in it, which must have been occupied by the seven grown persons and three children who seemed to compose the household.

Unfortunately, a kind of influenza, called the *Kvef*, prevailed all over the country this season, and I found every inmate of this hut suffering from its effects; there was a constant hacking and coughing, and the floor was actually slippery from the incessant expectorations.

These poor people were so good as to offer me immediately one of their beds; but rather than spend the night in the midst of so much filth, I would have remained seated on the door-sill till morning. I preferred to convert the narrow passage leading from the kitchen to the dwelling-room into a sleeping apartment; it contained a rude shelf where the milk-pans were kept; and borrowing a blanket from the invalids in the next room (my own cloak being too wet to be of any service to me), I stretched myself upon it and feigned to compose myself to rest, in hopes of getting rid of the company of my curious hosts. After a while they left me alone, but I could not sleep; I was still damp

and chilled from my long exposure to the storm, and the cold wind poured down upon me from the air-holes in the roof; for this little passage, among the many purposes to which it was applied, was also used as a smoke-house; and I suffered the greatest annoyance from a long pole directly over my head, where the fish were hung up to dry, and which I was apt to forget, till I had fully satisfied myself of its existence by at least half a dozen hard knocks whenever I attempted to sit up in my comfortless bed.

June 21*st*.—At last the long wished for morning hour arrived; it had stopped raining, but the clouds still hung about the hills and threatened another deluge. Nevertheless, I determined to brave all their fury rather than tarry any longer in my present shelter, and I gave orders that the horses should be saddled.

Before we set off my hosts offered me some roast lamb and butter; I thanked them, but declined eating any thing, excusing myself on the plea of want of appetite, which was the truth; for it was enough to see these dirty creatures to take away all inclination to taste their food. As long as I had bread and cheese I confined myself to that, and never eat any thing else that was set before me.

We took our leave, therefore, without attempting to make a breakfast, and returned to Reikjavick by the same route I had come, although my original plan was different, for I had wished to strike the road to the Geiser and Hecla from Thingvalla. But the horses were already exhausted, the weather was horrible, without promising any improvement, and I resolved to go back, for the present, to my cheerful little room in the house of the worthy baker, and wait for better days.

We rode on steadily through the showers and gusts;

and what was worse, we were obliged to stop to rest in an open field, as the only hut we passed to-day was one in the lava desert, which serves as a refuge for travellers in winter. We halted at a meagre pasture-ground, where I had no choice but to walk about for two hours or seat myself on the damp ground. By way of amusement, I turned my back to the storm and watched the shifting clouds. More from ennui than hunger I eat my frugal meal; and when I was thirsty I had but to throw back my head and open my mouth.

I think I may flatter myself that I was born to be a traveller; I never take cold from any degree of exposure; on this whole tour I had not a single warm meal, nor any substantial food; I slept every night on chests or benches, and rode fifty-five miles* in six days, besides scrambling about in the grotto of Surthellix; and in spite of all these privations and hardships I returned to Reikjavick in perfect health and spirits.

First day:	From Reikjavick to Thingvalla,	10 miles	(German.)†
Second day:	From Thingvalla to Reikholt,	11 "	"
Third day:	From Reikholt to the hot springs and back to that place, -	4 "	"
Fourth day:	From Reikholt to Surthellix, and back to Kalmannstunga, -	8½ "	"
Fifth day:	From Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla, - - - -	11 "	"
Sixth day:	From Thingvalla to Reikjavick,	10 "	"
		54½ "	"

* About two hundred and forty-seven English miles.—*Tr.*

† Each of which is four and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

Journey to the Geiser and Mount Hecla.

The weather soon improved so much, that on the 24th of June I was enabled to set off for the Geiser and Hecla, riding the first day as far as Thingvalla, through a part of the country with which I was already well acquainted.

As we approached the lake of Thingvalla, I was so fortunate as to witness a most beautiful atmospherical phenomenon. A soft mist was hanging over the waters and the shores, with all the appearance of an approaching shower, and it was illuminated by a few straggling sunbeams which found their way through the dark clouds spread over one half the heavens, while the other was shining in the clearest blue. Every shade of the rainbow was distinctly visible within that vapory circle, which presented one of the most lovely apparitions I have ever beheld. It lasted for about half an hour, when it gradually became fainter, and vanished at last, to be replaced by the usual atmosphere.

June 25th.—A quarter of a mile from Thingvalla we came to a fork in the road, which branches off towards the left to Reikholt, and towards the right to the Geiser. The latter route we followed, riding for a long distance by the side of the lake; at the extremity of the valley we found a terrible pass in the rocks, similar to the great chasm at Almannagiau, which we were compelled to cross over a very bad road.

The first valley beyond this ravine bears a strong resemblance to that at Thingvalla, but the third was desolate and gloomy; it was covered with low heaps of lava entirely overgrown by whitish moss, the effect of which is very fine

when it only encircles the lower part of the rocks, leaving their sharp black summits bare; but in this instance it presented a monotonous and barren aspect.

We passed two grottoes which lay in our path; at the entrance to one of them there was a pillar of rock supporting a huge sheet of lava, which formed a dangerous looking portal. Unfortunately, I knew nothing of these caves, and had made no preparations to visit them, which I could not venture to do without torches; but from what I afterwards learned, they were not very extensive, and presented nothing worthy of interest to the traveller.

In the course of the day, we crossed several valleys far superior in beauty and cultivation to any I had yet seen in Iceland. The meadows were free from those little eminences so common throughout the island, and often extended over a distance of several miles. These rich pastures were of course more populous than usual, and we frequently rode by little clusters of huts, and saw numbers of cows, horses, and sheep, grazing in the fields. On the left of the plains was a range of hills, which struck me as containing a great deal of loam; although with my limited mineralogical knowledge, I ought hardly to pass a judgment on such subjects; in color they were brown, black, or blue, like the others; and some of them supported a colossal, isolated block of lava, which was a mysterious weight for their soft strata to sustain.

In one of the valleys we observed a lake of respectable dimensions, with a few clouds of vapor hovering over it, which proceeded from some insignificant springs on its shores.

At the end of five or six miles, we came to a stream with the most extraordinary channel I have ever beheld; it was broad and shelving, formed by layers of lava, and

cleft through its centre to the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, by a chasm, from fifteen to eighteen feet wide, into which the waters rushed impetuously with a noise which was heard from a great distance. A wooden bridge in the middle of the river leads over this abyss, and the stranger who reaches the banks is at a loss to account for its appearance among the foam, which entirely conceals the rift in the bed of the stream, and he would be likely to mistake it for the ruins of a larger bridge. It is impossible to see the guide ride into this boisterous flood without feeling some alarm and a great repugnance to follow him. The priest at Thingvalla, who had prepared me for the scene, advised me to walk over the bridge; but the waters were swollen at least two feet above it, and I was therefore obliged to ride across.

The passage of this river is so very peculiar, that it is difficult to describe in words. The waters rave with the utmost violence, and dashing wildly into the cavity they form falls on both sides of it, or shiver themselves to spray against the projecting cliffs; at the extremity of the chasm, which is not far from the bridge, the stream is precipitated in its whole breadth over rocks from thirty to forty feet in height. Our horses began to tremble, and struggled to escape when we approached the most agitated part of the torrent, where the noise was really deafening; and it was not without the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in making them obey the reins, and bear us through the foaming waves by which the bridge was washed.

The valley of this river is narrow and entirely shut in by a low range of lava-hills, and presents that silent, death-like appearance, well fitted to impress this extraordinary scene on the mind of the traveller.

This was the last obstacle in my way, and I now rode

on to the Geiser without meeting any further impediment; though this great object of my eager curiosity was concealed from my eyes by a prominent hill, till I was within half a mile of the spot where it lay. At last the mighty columns of steam were in sight, and approaching to about eighty paces from the principal caldron, we halted, not venturing to advance any farther without a guide. A peasant, who had followed us from one of the neighboring huts, now stepped forward, and perceiving my hesitation, he took me by the hand and constituted himself at once my cicerone. Unfortunately it was Sunday, and he had indulged himself so freely in his fondness for the brandy-bottle, that his gait was far from steady; but I could not pause to consider the risk, and without waiting to ascertain that he was sufficiently conscious to remember the dangers of the place, I confided myself to his directions; my Reikjavic guide being of opinion that I might trust him, and promising to accompany us to interpret his Iceland gibberish into Danish.

He led me to the edge of the basin, which lies on a gentle elevation of about ten feet. The diameter of the basin is about thirty feet, and that of the caldron six or seven. Both were full to the brim with water as clear as crystal, which was slightly boiling. In this state the neighborhood is very dangerous, as they might overflow and empty themselves at any moment, and we therefore left the spot at once and visited the different springs.

My new friend pointed out to me those which I might approach without fear, and warned me against the others. We then returned to the Geiser, where he left me in order to make some preparations for my accommodation; having first furnished me with some rules, to enable me to know

when an explosion might be expected, which I repeat for the benefit of my reader.

The column of water always rises perpendicularly into the air, and the waters invariably overflow on the same side of the basin, which it is best to avoid at all times; they run over the other side, it is true, but in irregular streams, of slender volume, which are so little dangerous that one can stand at forty paces from them in perfect safety during the most violent eruptions. The explosions are always preceded by a low rumbling, which is no sooner heard than one must hasten to the appointed spot at once, as the eruption follows immediately. The waters do not always spout into the air, and to witness a fine explosion, the traveller must sometimes wait for several days.

A French *savant*, M. P. Geimard, has generously provided a shelter for those who came after him, in two large tents which he left behind, one here and the other at Thingvalla; a piece of thoughtfulness for which all who are detained for any length of time at this place must be particularly thankful. The peasant who points out the wonders of the Geiser has this tent under his care, and receives a compensation of a few florins for attending to it.

It was put in order for me by eleven o'clock, when all took their leave and I was left alone.

For fear of missing an explosion, it is customary to watch during the whole night. An occasional vigil would present no great difficulty to many travellers, but for me it was a serious undertaking. However, there was no remedy, for an Iceland peasant is not to be depended upon, and few of them would be roused by an outbreak of Hecla itself.

I sat either beneath my tent, or in front of it, listening with stretched attention for the signs I had been told to

expect. Towards midnight—the hour for spirits—I heard a few dull sounds, like those of a distant cannon, and rushing from the tent, I waited for the subterranean rumblings and the trembling and splitting of the earth, which, according to the books I had read, were the forerunners of an eruption. I could hardly defend myself from a paroxysm of fear; it is no slight thing to be alone, at midnight, in such a scene. And many of my friends will perhaps remember how often I told them before my departure, that if my courage failed me any where during my travels in Iceland, it would be when I spent a solitary night at the Geiser.

The low rumblings were repeated thirteen times at very short intervals, the basin overflowed after each noise, and nearly emptied itself of its waters, the sounds appearing to proceed from their violent ebullition rather than from any subterranean commotion. In a minute and a half the whole was over. The waters no longer overflowed the basin and caldron, which remained nearly full; and, disappointed in every respect, I returned to my tent. This phenomenon was repeated every two or three hours; but I heard nothing further during my first watch, nor all the next day and night.

As soon as I had become familiar with these periodical outbreaks, I allowed myself to fall into a light slumber during the period which elapsed between them, or else amused myself by visiting the different springs, in hopes of discovering the boiling mud or the colored sources which have been described by travellers.

All the hot springs lie within a circle of eight or nine hundred paces; a few are well worthy of notice, but most of them presented nothing very remarkable to my observation. They are situated in the corner of an extensive

plain at the foot of a hill, behind which arises a chain of mountains. The valley is well grown with grass, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the springs, where the vegetation is somewhat thinner. Huts are plentifully scattered about, and the nearest could not have been more than seven or eight hundred paces from the springs.

Of the larger basins and caldrons I counted twelve; and the number of small ones was still greater.

Among these fountains, the most remarkable is one called the Strokker, which boils and bubbles with extraordinary violence in a basin about twenty feet deep; it frequently starts up and throws a spout into the air, sometimes as high as forty feet, the outbreaks lasting occasionally more than half an hour. I was not so fortunate as to behold one of the finest eruptions, although I witnessed many, for the highest I saw did not rise above thirty feet, and none lasted more than fifteen minutes. The Strokker is the only spring besides the Geiser which must be approached with caution. The eruptions often succeed each other with great rapidity, although an interval of several hours will sometimes occur between them; they are not preceded by any noise. There is another spring which leaps perpetually, but only to the height of three or four feet; and one, which lies in a caldron of moderate width, presents in general a deceptive appearance of perfect tranquillity, which is sometimes interrupted by a loud roar, when it boils and bubbles, throwing up at the same time a number of little jets, which do not rise above the caldron. In some of the basins I heard a rumbling, not unlike a low bellowing, but saw no water and little steam.

Two of the most remarkable springs which are perhaps to be seen in the world, lie directly above the Geiser, in two openings separated by a wall of rock, which does not

rise above the level of the ground, however, but merely penetrates beneath the surface. The water boils very gently, and has an even, measured flow. The extraordinary beauty of these springs consists in their wonderful transparency and clearness. All the prominent points and corners, the varied outline of the cavities, and the different holes, can be distinguished far within the depths, till the eye is lost in the darkness of the abyss; and the singular play of light upon the rocks lends an additional charm to the spot, which bears a resemblance to fairy-land. It is illumined by a shade of soft, pale green and blue, like a Greek fire, which only reaches a few inches from the wall, leaving the waters beyond as transparent as ever, but perfectly colorless. The light has the appearance of being reflected from the rock; but as I did not believe this to be the case, I took the trouble to visit the spring at all hours, when the sun was shining brightly, and when it was obscured by clouds, and even after it had set; but the illumination remained constantly the same, and this supernatural play of colors was always to be seen.

The spring is covered by a thin sheet of rock, sufficiently strong to permit a very near approach to its margin, where the peculiar beauty of its transparent waters, and the magic effect of the light, is seen to the greatest advantage. I thought of Schiller's Diver when I stood on this spot, and fancied I could see the goblet on one of the jagged points, and behold the monster arise from the depths of the cavity. No better place could be selected to read that fine poem.

I did not see, as I had expected, a number of caldrons containing boiling mud or colored matter; but merely found one small basin in which there was a substance of a brownish red, rather thicker than water, and a little spring of a dirty brown, which I should have overlooked entirely,

if I had not been so diligently on the look-out for every thing of the kind.

At last, after waiting till the second day of my sojourn at the Geiser, the long-desired explosion took place on the 27th of June, at half-past nine in the morning. The peasant, who came twice a day to inquire if I had yet seen an eruption, was with me when the first dull sounds which announced the event were heard. We hurried to the spot, and as the waters boiled over as usual, and the noise died away, I thought I was doomed to disappointment again; but the last tones were just expiring when the explosion suddenly took place. I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a lifetime is enough.

It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the others. After I had recovered in some degree from my first astonishment, I looked round at the tent—how small, how diminutive it seemed, compared to those pillars of water! And yet it was nearly twenty feet high; it was lying rather lower, it is true, than the basin of the Geiser; but tent might have been piled on tent,—yes, by my reckoning, which may not have been perfectly accurate, however,—five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of these jets, the largest of which I think I can affirm, without any exaggeration, to have risen at least to the height of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter.

Fortunately, I had looked at my watch when the first rumbling was heard, for I should certainly have forgotten to do so during the explosion, and by the calculation I made when it was over, I found that it lasted nearly four

minutes—the actual outbreak occupying more than half that time.

When this wonderful scene was ended, the peasant went with me to examine the basin and caldron; we could approach very near them without the least danger; but there was nothing farther to be seen. The waters had entirely disappeared from the basin, into which we entered, and walked close up to the caldron, where they had also sunk to the depth of seven or eight feet, though they were still boiling and bubbling with great violence.

I broke off a few pieces of crust from the interior of the basin and caldron with a hammer; those from the first were white, and the others brown. I tasted the water, which had no unpleasant flavor and can contain but little sulphur; the steam is also free from any sulphurous smell.

In order to ascertain how long it would be before the basin and caldron were full again, I returned to the spot every thirty minutes, and found that for the first hour I could still stand within the basin; but at my next visit, the caldron was completely filled and on the point of running over. As long as the water remained in the caldron it boiled furiously, but the ebullition subsided as it flowed into the basin, and when the latter was full there was only an occasional bubble to be seen.

After the expiration of two hours,—it was precisely twelve o'clock,—the basin was nearly full to the brim, and I was standing near it, when the waters became violently agitated again, and the distant rumblings were once more heard. I had barely time to spring back, when the jets burst forth; they continued to play as long as the sounds lasted, and were fuller than those of the former explosion, which was perhaps in consequence of their height being rather less—it was hardly more than forty or fifty feet.

After the eruption, the basin and caldron were about as full as they were before.

I had now witnessed two explosions of the Geiser, and felt amply compensated for all my watchfulness. But I was so fortunate as to see two other outbreaks, which varied a little from the former ones. At seven in the evening, the jets rose again to a greater height than at noon, throwing up some stones, which looked like black specks in the frothy waters; and on the third night the basin was filled with waves, which tossed wildly over each other, but did not spout up any streams into the air. The waters overflowed the margin, and an immense mass of steam arose, which was driven by the wind towards the spot where I stood, and wrapped me in a thick cloud, which prevented my seeing more than a few feet before me. I could perceive no odor, and felt no other inconvenience than a slight degree of heat from the steam.

June 28th.—This morning I was informed that one of the princes of Holland, who had lately arrived at Reikjavick with a large suite, in a fine frigate of war, was about to visit the Geiser, and I determined to hasten from the place at once.

My horses were ordered at nine o'clock; but half an hour before my departure I had the good fortune to behold another eruption, which was almost as fine as the first. I went down into the basin, which was again entirely emptied, and took leave of the Geiser at the very brink of its caldron, which had sunk, as on the former occasion, to the depth of six or seven feet.

During the three nights and two days which I spent in the immediate vicinity of these wonderful springs, I watched with the closest attention for every minute particular of

their outbreaks, of which I saw five in all; and I must declare, that the descriptions of the Geiser which I had read in various books are by no means correct; as I never, for instance, heard any greater uproar than what I have already mentioned in the course of my narrative, and never felt the least symptom of an earthquake, although during one of the explosions I even put my ear to the ground.

It is really singular how blindly some people will repeat what they hear; and how others again will permit their excited fancies to see and hear what does not actually occur; while not a few travellers will not scruple to add even a downright falsehood to the tale. I met at the house of Mr. Möller, the apothecary at Reikjavick, an officer of the French frigate, who asserted, as an instance of what I mean, that "he had ridden directly into the crater of Mount Vesuvius." Doubtless he was far from suspecting there was any one in the company who was likely to contradict him. But nothing provokes me so much as a deliberate invention of this nature, and I could not help asking him how he could possibly have accomplished such a feat; for I had also been to Vesuvius, and was probably as reckless of danger as he was, but I had been compelled to leave my donkey when I reached the top of the mountain and advance into the crater on foot." At this he was a little embarrassed, and explained himself, saying he "only meant us to understand he had ridden *nearly* into the crater;" and yet I would wager that he has told the same story many a time, and ended by believing it himself.

Before I take my departure from the Geiser, I must beg the indulgence of my reader while I relate a few little incidents which happened to me while I was there; for such trifles are sometimes of interest when they relate to a country so little known, and the most correct opinion can

often be formed of the peculiar habits of a people from very insignificant occurrences of this nature.

I have already spoken of my drunken cicerone; it is still a mystery to me how he managed to conduct me in safety over so many dangerous places; and if he had not been the only guide to be procured, I should have hesitated a great while before I trusted myself to his care. After he had put my tent in order, he brought a pillow and blanket to make a bed for me on the moist ground; but, good luck to him! they added very little to my comfort. A small worm crawled out of the pillow, which I seized at first as a valuable addition to my collection of specimens; but to my horror, I suddenly discovered, on a closer investigation, that it was a maggot; and as it was soon followed by a number of others, of course I threw the pillow and blanket immediately out of the tent.

Cleanliness is a virtue which is absolutely unknown to the Icelanders; their habits are all nasty to an incredible degree. A little girl of twelve years old, who brought my supply of cream and fresh water while I was here, once took the stopper from the decanter in my presence, and after wiping the cream from it with her tongue, was on the point of returning it to the decanter, when I prevented her.

She would often sit for hours at a time by my side, and it sometimes happened that the vermin in her head were rather troublesome, when she would coolly hunt them out, and after looking at them quite composedly, very likely throw them alive on the floor. On this point, the Greenlanders have a decided advantage, for they devour the little creatures, and put a stop at once to all danger of inheriting them. The Icelanders are also entirely devoid of every idea and feeling of propriety. It is perfectly impossible to

relate many of the disgusting practices to which I was a witness.

I cannot believe that this people was once renowned for its civilization, its opulence, and its valor. The Arabs and Bedouins are far superior to the inhabitants of this island, in my opinion, in a sense of decency and refinement.

We rode to-day to Skalholt, which is six miles from the Geiser; for the first mile we retraced our steps over the road by which we came, and then turning to the left, we crossed the whole beautiful long valley which contains the springs, whose columns of steam were visible from this side at a distance of several miles. The road was only good when it ran along the sides of the hills and hillocks; in the plain it was generally swampy and full of water, and every trace of a path was often lost in the soft soil where we rode, in fear of sinking in at every step.

No excuse can be made for the indolence of the Iceland peasantry; if they would but unite and take the trouble to drain the marshes through which we passed to-day, they would be well rewarded for their pains, as even in their present state the swamps are well covered with grass, which grows luxuriantly on the declivities wherever the waters can run off; and meadow-flowers, herbs and clover, are also found there. On these slopes there are generally a few cottages.

Before we reached the little hamlet of Thorfastadir, Hecla was already visible in the distance, surrounded by fine jokuls. Here I witnessed a funeral. When I entered the church, I found the mourners in the act of comforting themselves with a drink of brandy; which is against the regulations, it is true, but if nobody ever broke the laws, where would be the use of a judge? Doubtless the Ice-

landers reason thus, or they would not be guilty of such a misdemeanor. When the priest arrived, a psalm or prayer was screamed, under his direction, by a chosen number of the congregation at the top of their voices, till the performers became very much heated and completely out of breath; but as the chant was in the Icelandic tongue, I could not understand a word of its meaning. The priest next stood by the coffin, which for want of room was resting on the back of the seats, and read in a loud tone a prayer which lasted more than half an hour. This terminated the services at the church, and the body was then borne to the grave, which was the deepest I have ever seen. When the coffin was lowered, earth was thrown upon it three times by the priest, while the mourners looked on without taking any further part in the ceremonies. I observed four skulls, several bones, and a piece of a decayed coffin among the earth, all of which were shovelled into the new grave and trodden down by the assistants, when a mound was raised and sodded at once with turf prepared for the purpose, the whole being accomplished in an incredibly short space of time.

The little village of Skalholt, which was our destination to-day, once claimed the same station in a religious point of view which Thingvalla held in the political world. Here was established the first bishoprick, after the introduction of Christianity, in the year 1098; and the former church in this village is said to have been not only large but handsome. Skalholt is now a wretched hamlet, with a wooden church, which could not accommodate more than a hundred people, and two or three huts. It does not even possess a priest of its own, but is under the spiritual care of the pastor of Thorfästadir.

Immediately after my arrival I was invited to examine all that is left of the past greatness of the place; and I was first shown an oil painting which hangs in the church, and is said to be a likeness of Thorlakur, the earliest bishop of Skalholt, whose austere and pious life has caused his memory to be held in the greatest reverence.

Preparations were then made to remove the high steps in front of the altar, and several planks were displaced from the floor. I looked on with great expectations, and thought I should certainly be required to descend into the vault where the embalmed remains of the bishop were preserved; and I must confess that I did not feel much elated at the prospect, when I reflected that I was to pass the night in the church, and perhaps directly above the saintly skeleton. I had been already too much in the company of the dead to-day, and could not rid myself of the foul odors I had inhaled at Thorfastādir;* and I was therefore greatly relieved when, instead of the supposed relic, I only saw a marble slab, on which were inscribed, as usual, the life, death, &c., of the saint.

An old embroidered robe was next exhibited, and a plain gold chalice, both dating from the same period; after which we went down into what is called the lumber-room, under the church, and only divided from the lower part of it by a few boards. Here are kept the clock and organ, when the parish happens to possess either, besides provisions

* The practice prevails in Iceland as well as in Denmark, of leaving the dead unburied for a week; and it is easy to imagine that when a corpse has lain for eight days in summer in a warm, close hovel, it requires the organs of smell of an Icelander to attend the funeral services from beginning to end without disgust; though I will not affirm that my feelings on that occasion were not somewhat under the control of my imagination.

and utensils of various kinds. A good sized chest was opened, and when some large lumps of tallow, shaped like cheeses, had been removed, the library came to light, where I made some interesting discoveries. Among a number of very old books in the Iceland dialect, I came across three thick folios which I could read with great ease, for they were in German, and contained the doctrines, letters, epistles, &c., of Luther.

I had now seen every thing, and could allow myself to bestow a little attention upon my bodily wants. I asked for some hot water to make my coffee, when the united population of the village immediately collected around the door, where they planted themselves no doubt with the view of increasing their knowledge of human nature by a close study of my habits and actions. But I soon shut them out, and prepared a delightful bed for myself on some sheep's wool, which had attracted my attention the moment I entered the church; a long partition was entirely filled with it, and here I settled myself with my pillow, and lay on as soft and warm a couch as could be desired. In the morning I shook up the wool, and it would have been impossible to tell in what particular spot I had passed the night.

The most amusing part of this adventure was the curiosity manifested by the community, who rushed in as usual the next morning when I unfastened the door. The first question they put to each other, was: "*Kvar hefur hun sovid?*" (where *has* she slept?) and I think they imagined from my spending a night entirely alone in a church, surrounded only by the dead, that I was a sorceress or half a ghost myself, and would have been glad to know where such a curious creature had been stowed away.

When I saw their puzzled countenances I was obliged to turn away my own face to conceal my laughter.

June 29th.—Very early the next morning I continued my journey. At a short distance from Skalholt we came to the river Thiorsa, a rather deep and very rapid stream, which we crossed in a boat; the horses swimming after us. It is often very difficult to force these animals into such a torrent; they know at once that they must swim across, and the guide and boatman cannot leave the shore till they have been driven into the stream, when they must still be pursued with the whip or stones, and frightened by loud cries and noises, or they will be apt to turn about even then.

After riding for about three miles through a marshy country we reached the fine water-fall of the Huitha, less remarkable for its height, which is not more than fifteen or twenty feet, than for its breadth and the volume of its waters. The stream is divided into three distinct falls by a few fragments of rock lying on the brink of the precipice, which are reunited, however, a little lower down; the bed of the river as well as its shores are lava. The waters foam to such a snowy whiteness, that when the sun shines upon them it does not require a very strong imagination to fancy that the whole stream is milk.

A short quarter of a mile beyond this fall we crossed the Huitha, which is one of the largest rivers in Iceland, in a skiff. The road then led through fields, rather less swampy than the preceding ones, to a large current of lava, which reminded me of my near approach to the terrible fire streams of Hecla, although I had not passed over any part of the country, during all my travels in Iceland, so

free from lava as the distance from here to the Geiser; and even in this neighborhood the streams had apparently spared many a fair meadow, frequently parting into two branches, and leaving the smiling fields between them untouched. But as we advanced we soon came to a region where the destructive torrents had swept every thing before them with irresistible violence, carrying death and annihilation wherever they went. Our road was painful and laborious, in consequence of the dark sand by which the plains were covered, and the steep hillocks which lay between them, till we reached the little village of Struvellix, where we stopped and allowed our poor animals to rest for a few hours.

Here we met a great assemblage of men and horses.* It was Sunday, and being a bright, warm morning, divine service was very numerously attended in the handsome church. When it was over I saw a pleasant country scene. The people streamed from the church—I counted ninety-six, an extraordinary multitude for Iceland,—and separating into groups, they chatted and laughed, not forgetting to moisten their throats occasionally with a little brandy, of which they had, of course, a stock on hand. They then collected their horses, and a general leave-taking began; kisses rained on all sides, as if the poor creatures could not feel sure of ever meeting again.

All over Iceland the universal mode of salutation, at meeting and parting, is a loud kiss—a practice which is far from agreeable to the non-resident who allows his eyes to glance at the hideous dirty faces, the snuffy noses of the old, and the ——— of the children. But all this is disregarded by the Icelander. On the present occasion the

* Every one rides in Iceland.

priest was kissed by every individual of his congregation, and he embraced each one of them in return; they then kissed one another, without any regard to sex or station; and I was not a little astonished to see my guide, who was a common countryman, salute half a dozen daughters of the Sysselmann,* or the wife and children of the pastor, or the Sysselmann, the priest or the Provost† himself, and to find his greeting most cordially returned by them all. Every country has its customs.

The ceremonies at the church usually begin about noon, and last two or three hours. The animation at breaking up is owing to the fact of there being no inn nor stable to put up the horses, which are always left in the open air.

When the service was over I went to see the priest, Mr. Horfuson, who was so good as to offer to bear me company for a few miles to the village of Sälsun, in order to inquire for a guide to conduct me to Mount Hecla. I was particularly glad to have him with me on account of a dangerous and rapid stream we were to pass, which was so deep that it reached to the breasts of our horses; and although we held our feet as high as we could, they were thoroughly wet before we reached the opposite shore. This is as disagreeable an incident as can be well imagined; the horse swims rather than walks, and his gait produces a most unpleasant sensation. I did not know where to look; if my eyes fell on the river it made me dizzy, and if on the shores it was not much better, for they seemed to be in motion in consequence of the horse's being

* The officer who collects the royal revenues and superintends the affairs of the crown in the particular syssel, or district, under his jurisdiction.

† A dignitary in the church, who has the charge of one of the ecclesiastical districts into which the diocese of Iceland is divided.

carried away by the force of the current. To my great comfort the priest did not leave me, and rode close by my side to hold me up if I should lose my seat. Fortunately I stood this fiery—no—this watery trial; and when we had reached the other bank, Mr. H. made me observe how far we had been borne by the stream from the place where we started.

The valley in which lie Sälsun and Hecla contains the most conspicuous contrasts, and offers one of those pictures which are only to be seen in Iceland. On one hand are beautiful fields spread with herbage of a velvet green; and on the other, hills of black and shining lava. The meadows are traversed by lava-streams and patches of sand. Hecla is known to pour forth the blackest lava and the blackest sand; and as every thing we now saw had flowed from that one source, it is easy to imagine how singular must have been the effect. A single hill to the left was of a shade of brown, and entirely covered with sand and lava of the same color; it is very much sunken in at the centre, and seems to have been once a mighty crater.

Hecla itself is inclosed in a circle of lava-hills, and towers high above them all. It is surrounded by several glaciers, whose dazzling snow-fields extend to a great distance, and have never been trod by a human foot. Several of the side-walls are also covered with snow. On the left of the valley near Sälsun, and at the foot of a hill, is a pretty lake, on whose shores reposed a flock of sheep. Not far from thence is a fine hill perfectly solitary and severed from the rest, as if it were banished and discarded by its neighbors. The whole of this landscape is completely Icelandic, and so peculiar and striking that it will be impressed for ever upon my recollection.

The little village of Sälsun lies at the foot of the first

rise which leads to Hecla; but it was not in sight till we were very near it. When we arrived there my first step was to secure a guide, and make every preparation to ascend the mountain. The guide was to find a horse for me, and accompany my former conductor and myself, for which service he demanded the outrageous price of five dollars and two marks, or in our money five florins and twenty kreuzers,* C. M; reckoning his own trouble to be worth five florins, and only counting twenty kreuzers for the horse. I am sure he could live a month on the former sum. But what could I do? There was no other guide to be had, and he knew it well; so I was obliged to accede to his terms. When it was all settled my kind protector took his leave, wishing me good luck in my difficult enterprise.

I then looked about me for a place to spend the night. Alas! my only choice was a loathsome hole containing a chest somewhat shorter than myself, which was to be my bedstead; and near it hung a half-spoiled fish, which had already so poisoned the air of the room that I could hardly breathe, and was fain to leave the door ajar, although by so doing I appeared to encourage the inroads of the inhabitants, who flocked as usual to look at me. Truly a delightful preparation against the fatigues of the morrow!

The whole region at the foot of Hecla, and especially at this place, appears to be undermined, and the heavy footsteps of the peasants were echoed in hollow, menacing tones, such as I had never heard at Vesuvius or any where else. These sounds appeared very awful to me when I was alone at night, shut up in my dark retreat.

My Hecla guide—I call him so to distinguish him from

* Two dollars and fifty-six cents.—*Tr.*

the one who had accompanied me from Reikjavick—announced to me that we must be off by two o'clock. I readily agreed, though I felt very certain that it would be five before we were on our way; and so it proved. In fact it was past six when we were completely ready to set out. Besides a store of bread and cheese, a bottle of water for myself and one of brandy for the guide, we also provided ourselves with long sticks, ending in a sharp iron point, which we were to lean upon and use to sound the snow before we ventured to tread on it.

It was a beautiful warm morning, and we galloped gayly over the meadows and the adjacent sand plains. This fine weather was considered a very favorable omen by my guide, who told me that Mr. Geimard, the French naturalist already mentioned, had been delayed three days by a storm before he could ascend the mountain; this was nine years ago, and no one had made the attempt since that time. A Danish prince who travelled through Iceland a few years since, had been here indeed, but for some unexplained reason he had left the place without undertaking to visit Hecla.

The road led at first, as I have already said, through rich fields, and then across the patches of black sand which are surrounded on all sides by streams, hills and hillocks of lava, whose fearful masses gradually approach each other, and frequently afford no other passage than a narrow defile, where we scrambled over the blocks and piles with scarcely a spot to rest our feet. The lava rolled around and behind us, and it was necessary to be constantly on the watch to prevent ourselves from stumbling or to avoid coming in contact with the rolling rocks. But the danger was even greater in the gorges filled with snow already softened by the heat of the season; where we frequently broke

through, or what was worse, slid backwards at every step almost as far as we had advanced. I do not believe there is another mountain in the world whose ascent offers as many difficulties as this one.

After a toilsome struggle of three hours and a half we reached the place where it became necessary to leave the horses behind; which I should have done long before, as I felt compassion for the poor animals, if my Hecla guide would have allowed it; but he maintained that there were still spots where we might need them, and advised me, moreover, to ride as long as possible in order to reserve my strength for what was still before me. And he was right; I hardly think I could have completed the whole distance on foot; for when I thought I had attained the last peak, I still found streams and hillocks between me and my goal, which seemed constantly more remote than ever. My guide assured me that he had never led any one so far on horseback, and I readily believe it. The walking was already horrible—but to ride was fearful!

From every height new scenes of the most melancholy desolation appeared in sight; the whole prospect was rigid and inanimate, and burnt, black lava was spread around us wherever we looked. It was not without a painful sensation that I gazed about me, and saw nothing but the immeasurable chaos of this stonny desert.

We had still three heights to climb; they were the last, but also the most perilous. The road led abruptly over the rocks by which the whole summit of the mountain was covered; I had more falls than I could count, and frequently tore my hands on the sharp points of lava. It was, to be sure, a terrible expedition.

The dazzling whiteness of the snow was almost blinding contrasted with the shining black lava along side of it.

When I had to cross a field of snow I did not venture to look at the lava, for I had tried it once and could hardly see in consequence. I was snow blind.

At last the summit was attained, after two more hours of laborious climbing, and I stood upon the highest peak of Hecla; but I looked in vain for a crater—there was no trace of any to be found; at which I was all the more astonished, as I had read minute accounts of it in several books of travels.

I walked around the whole summit of the mountain, and clambered to the jokul which lies next to it, but still I saw no opening or crevice, no sunken wall, or any sign whatever, in fact, of a crater. Much lower down on the sides of the mountain I found some wide rents and chinks, from whence the streams of lava must have flowed. The height of this mountain is said to be 4,300 feet.

The sun had been obscured during the last hour of our ascent, and thick clouds now rushed down upon us from the neighboring glaciers, which concealed the whole prospect from our sight, and prevented our distinguishing any thing for more than ten paces before us. After awhile they dissolved, fortunately not in rain, but in snow, which soon covered the dark, crisp lava with large and innumerable flakes; they did not melt, and the thermometer showed 1° of cold.*

Gradually the clear and inimitable blue of the heavens reappeared, and the sun once more rejoiced us with his presence. I remained on the top of the mountain till the clouds had opened in the distance and afforded a welcome and extensive view, which I fear my pen is much too feeble to describe. I despair of conveying to my readers a dis-

* 29¾° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

tinct idea of the immense waste which lay displayed before me, with its accumulated masses of lava, and its peculiar appearance of lifeless desolation. I seemed to stand in the midst of an exhausted fire. The blocks were piled in heaps above each other, till they formed high hills; the valleys were choked by vast streams of rock, whose length and breadth I was not able to distinguish, although the course of the last eruption could be plainly traced among them.

I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, caves, streams, hills and valleys; I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with a feeling of horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruin.

Here, on the highest peak of Hecla, I could look down far and wide upon the uninhabited land,—the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate,—and yet sublime; an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all the toils and difficulties I had endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes, were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man had never yet ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude. What must have been the fury of the resistless element which has produced all these effects! And is its rage now silenced for ever—will it be satisfied with the ruin it has worked—or does it only slumber like the hundred-headed Hydra, to burst forth anew with redoubled strength, and lay waste those few cultivated spots which are already scattered so sparingly throughout the land? I thank my God that he has allowed me to see this chaos of his creation; and I doubly thank him that my lot was cast in those fair plains

where the sun does more than divide the day from the night; where it warms and animates plants and animals, and excites the heart of man to happiness and gratitude towards his Maker.*

The Westmann Islands, which are said to be distinctly visible from Hecla, must have been hidden by the clouds when I was there, for I could not perceive them at all. On our way up the mountain, I had frequently displaced the lava, either involuntarily when I fell, or purposely, in hopes of discovering some traces of heat; but I was never successful in finding any spot which was even warm. The snow was a great annoyance to me, as it interfered with my researches on this point. Neither did I see any smoke, although my whole attention was fixed on the mountain for several hours, and from its summit I could overlook all that lay beneath me.

On our way down, I found that the snow had not melted for the first five or six hundred feet. Below that distance the whole hill was smoking, which I attributed to the sudden re-appearance of the sun, as my thermometer now showed 9° of heat.† I carefully examined the side of the

* I cannot refrain from mentioning here a singular coincidence which occurred to me during my travels. In the year 1842, when I was at the foot of Etna, I found its dangerous crater at rest; and it was not till some months afterwards that it blazed up with new violence. On my return to Reikjavick, I jestingly remarked that it would be singular if this Etna of the North should now pour forth another eruption; and I had not been gone from Iceland five weeks before such an event actually occurred, and it broke out with greater fury than ever. This was the more remarkable, as there had been no eruption for eighty years, and Hecla had long been regarded as an exhausted crater. Were I to find my way back to Iceland, I fear I should be received as a "bad prophetess," and it might go hard with me in consequence.

† 52¼° Fahrenheit.—*Tr.*

mountain and satisfied myself that the smoke did not proceed from fire, as the soil was cold wherever it was seen.

That peculiar glossy, coal-black, shining lava, which is never porous, is only found at Hecla and in its immediate vicinity; but the other varieties, jagged, porous and vitrified, are also seen there, though they are always black, as well as the sand which covers one side of the mountain. As the distance from this volcano increases, the lava loses that remarkable jet-like color, and assumes a shade resembling an iron-gray, or perhaps a little lighter, though it sometimes retains the gloss and brilliancy of the black.

After a very fatiguing descent, I reached Sälsun again, having been absent twelve hours; and I was on the point of returning, somewhat discouraged, to my former quarters, shuddering at the thought of spending another night there, when my guide surprised me by inquiring if I did not wish to ride back to Struvellix to-day? The horses were sufficiently rested, and there I might find a comfortable room in the house of the priest. Quick as thought, every thing was gathered together, and in a few minutes I was on horseback again. When I rode up to the Rangaa, I crossed it this second time without the least alarm, although I had no longer a protector by my side. Such is our nature; dangers once passed have no longer the power to terrify us; we meet them with scarcely a thought, and are only surprised to remember how much uneasiness we may have suffered at first.

Near this river I observed a very wonderful spectacle; no less than five small trees standing together in a meadow. Their stems were crooked and knotty, it is true, but they were about five or six feet high, and perhaps four or five inches in diameter.

My guide was right in assuring me that I should find a

nice little room and a good bed at the parsonage. Mr. Horfuson is one of the most worthy men I have ever known; he took the greatest pains to gratify me, and go beyond my wishes in every respect. I owe him my particular thanks for several minerals, and an Iceland book dating from the year 1601. May he be rewarded for all his kindness to me.

July 1*st*.—We now returned to the river Huitha, and were ferried across, when our road branched off in a new direction, through beautiful valleys, generally overgrown with grass, which was unfortunately mixed up with so much moss, that these great plains do not afford any good forage, and can only boast of the merit of offering an agreeable variety to the eye of the traveller. They are free from marshes, however, and dry throughout.

The valley in which lies Hjalmholm, whither we turned our steps to-day, is traversed by a great lava-stream, which has been so considerate as not to choke up the whole plain, but allows a space for a pretty little rivulèt, called the Elvas, and a few meadows and eminences, the latter being the site of an unusual number of huts. In fact, this valley was the most populous of any I had yet seen in Iceland.

Hjalmholm is situated on one of the heights. The Sysselmann of the Rangaarsyssel has his residence here, which was the largest and handsomest house I had seen since I had left Reikjavick. I was most kindly and hospitably received by his daughters, he himself being absent in attendance at the Althing, which was then assembled at the capital.

We chatted and talked a great deal. I endeavored to make as grand a display as possible of my knowledge of the Danish language, and probably committed a great many ridiculous blunders, for my young companions often found

it rather difficult to command their countenances. But I did not allow myself to be disconcerted, and generally joined in the laugh; I produced the vocabulary which was my constant companion, and conversed more fluently than ever. My personal appearance, I regret to say, was not calculated to convey a very favorable idea of the attractions of my countrywomen, upon whose mercy I must throw myself, assuring them that no one could deplore the circumstance more sincerely than I did. But our worthy mother Nature is apt to deal rather spitefully with persons of my age, and sets a terrible example to youth in that respect; instead of the regard and consideration we might with reason expect from her, she usually sides with the young folks, and gives the advantage to every child of sixteen years old over us venerable matrons. And this was not all; the keen air and the rough winds, to which I had constantly been exposed of late, had made sad havoc with my face, which was more disfigured than it had ever been by the glowing heat of the East. I was very brown, my lips were chapped, and my nose was just beginning to rebel against its unnatural color, and being bent apparently on possessing a new and tender skin of dazzling white, it was in the act of shedding its old covering piecemeal.

I was only redeemed in the eyes of my young hostesses by accidentally shoving back my hair rather farther than usual, when a lighter spot made its appearance, and they all exclaimed as if with one voice: "Hún er quit!" (she is white). I could not help laughing, and drew up my sleeve to prove to them that I did not actually belong to the Arab race.

I was not a little surprised myself at a discovery which I made in this house. While I was rummaging the bookshelves of the Sysselmann, I found there Rotteck's Uni-

versal History, a German dictionary, and several poems and other writings by different German authors.

July 2d.—We had as little variety in our road to-day as on a former occasion from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla; then we rode through continued fields of lava, and here we saw nothing but morasses; we had hardly left one behind when another presented itself before us. Still, even this marshy district was not entirely free from lava, and little patches of that rock occasionally rose like islets from the surrounding bogs.

The prospect was gradually becoming less confined; the glaciers disappeared from our view, and the high hills towards the left sank in the distance to the rank of hillocks, while those in our immediate neighborhood no longer exceeded that height. After a ride of about two miles, we crossed the Elvas, a tolerably full stream, in a boat, and thence traced our careful steps over a narrow and very long dike, leading across a meadow which is entirely under water. Had we met a traveller here, I really do not know what we should have done, for it is equally dangerous to turn back or descend into the morass. Fortunately, one never meets any thing in Iceland.

We then skirted the dark lava-hills and hillocks for several miles; the rocks on these eminences are loose and tottering, and many a colossal fragment lay in the fields below, which must have been precipitated from their heights; while others looked as if on the verge of rushing down, though we accomplished this dangerous pass without being eye-witnesses to such a spectacle.

I frequently heard a dull rumbling in the hills, which sounded to me at first so much like distant thunder, that I looked round at the horizon in the expectation of behold-

ing the lightning and some threatening clouds; but nothing of the kind was to be seen, and I then decided that the hollow sounds must have their origin very near me, and most probably in the hills.

The high range to the left fades gradually from the prospect, and the river Elvas expands and parts into so many branches, that it bears a likeness to a large lake with a great number of islands, before it empties itself into the sea, which was now in sight.

The valley of Reikum, like that of Reikholt, is the seat of a great many hot springs, which lie together in the plain, or among the heights, within a circumference of half a mile. When we had reached Reikum, I ordered my few effects to be immediately deposited in the church, and engaged a guide to conduct me at once to these boiling fountains. I found that although very numerous, there were but two worthy of my attention, and those two were among the most remarkable sources of this kind in the world. One is called the little Geiser, and the other the Arched Spring.

The former has a caldron about three feet in diameter; the water boils violently at the depth of two or three feet, and remains within those bounds till it begins to leap, when it throws up a full stream from twenty to forty feet into the air.

I was not obliged to watch here as long as I had done at the great Geiser, but was so fortunate as to witness a fine eruption, at half-past eight o'clock, on the very evening of my arrival. It lasted for some time, and was tolerably uniform, the jet only sinking occasionally to be thrown up again with greater power than before. It did not subside entirely in the caldron for forty minutes. The stones we threw in were either rejected immediately, or else shivered

to fragments and cast up, at the end of a few seconds, to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. The column may have been from a foot to a foot and a half in diameter. My guide assured me that more than three explosions of this spring never occurred within the twenty-four hours, and consequently they do not happen every few minutes, as I had read in some book. I remained on the spot till midnight, and saw no other outbreak. This spring may be aptly compared to the Strokker, with the single difference, that in the latter the water sinks much deeper into the caldron.

The otherremarkable fountain, called the Arched Spring, is not far from the little Geiser, on the slope of a hill which we were obliged to climb. I have never seen such an extraordinary basin to any spring; it possesses no caldron, but lies half open in a little grotto divided into various holes and cavities, and nearly surrounded by a circular wall, which gently leans above it for about two feet, and then rises perpendicularly for ten or twelve more. The spring is hardly ever at rest for a moment; it rises rapidly, boils and throws up a thick spout, which dashes against the inclined wall and is scattered, before it streams up into the air, like an arched and outstretched fan. The height of this wonderful column is about twelve feet, and it describes an arc of fifteen or twenty feet, its breadth being perhaps from three to eight. The period of the eruption is often longer than that of repose, and when it is over the waters always sink for a few seconds into the cavity, affording a short glimpse of its conformation. But they soon mount again into the basin or grotto, boil, and are thrown up into another jet.

I lingered for more than an hour at this wonderful

spring, which is entirely peculiar of its kind, and afforded me far more pleasure than the little Geiser.

There is still another, bearing the name of the roaring Geiser, which is nothing but an irregular hole, where the waters are heard to boil though they are never seen. The noise is quite insignificant.

July 3*d*.—Near Reikum we crossed the little rivulet which receives all these springs, where it forms a pretty fall. We then went up a hill in the neighborhood, and rode, for at least three miles, in an elevated plain, presenting in itself a very monotonous aspect, being entirely covered with waves of lava, but affording a varied and delightful prospect of the land and sea; and as the latter lay stretched out before me, I saw—what the clouds had invidiously concealed from my eyes at Hecla—a fine range of hills in the distance, which I knew to be the Westmann Islands. A few small houses lay at our feet, forming the little harbor of Eierbach, not far from whence the Elvas flows into the sea.

At the extremity of this table-land was a valley filled with lava, of that black and jagged kind which produces so very singular an effect; it traversed the plain in a mighty current, and presented the appearance of a black lake shut in from the ocean by a ridge of the same color.

We went on our way through this dark valley over fragments of rock, and patches of snow, through valleys and gorges, lava-fields and meadow-flats, by blackened hills and hillocks, till we reached Reikjavick, my head-quarters during my residence in Iceland.

The whole country between the capital and Reikum, a distance of ten miles (German),* is perfectly uninhabited;

* Ninety English miles.—*Tr.*

the only sign of life being the little pyramids of lava-stones piled up in the fields, to point out the road to the traveller; and two sheds erected at different stations as a refuge during a winter journey. We met with a great many living creatures on this road, however, frequently passing caravans of fifteen or twenty horses. It was now July, and that month is the great period for trade and traffic in Iceland. The country people then flock to Reikjavick from a distance of twenty miles or more in order to sell their produce, and provide themselves with the necessaries of life. The merchants and factors are hardly able to attend to them all; they have not hands enough to barter their goods or settle the accounts, which are often wound up for a year on such occasions.

An unparalleled degree of animation prevails at Reikjavick during this busy season. Numerous groups of men and horses are every where to be seen. Wares are loading or unloading in one direction; and friends who have not met for a year or longer, are embracing in another. Some are taking their leave and others striking their tents;* here children are scuffling and tumbling about, and there staggers a drunkard, whose fruitless attempts to mount his horse you watch with some anxiety, expecting at every moment to see him roll over on the ground.

Unfortunately this life and excitement lasts but five or six days; the hay-harvest is at hand for the farmers, and the merchant must hasten to put order in his affairs and freight his ships, that he may sail for his distant haven before the gales of the autumnal equinox set in.

* Every countryman, in tolerable circumstances, who absents himself from his own house for a few days, carries a little tent with him which he sets up wherever he may happen to stop. These tents are not more than three feet high, five or six feet long and three feet wide.

arrived than I was assailed by a crowd of persons offering for sale the commonest kind of specimens, such as can be found any where; for which a high price was always asked. At first I bought a great many of them from pure compassion, or to get rid of my pursuers, and generally threw them away again immediately; but I was soon compelled to stop making purchases, or I should have been besieged at all hours by a throng of every age and sex. It was not with their wish to earn money by such an easy process that I found so much fault, but the effrontery with which they tried to impose upon me by exacting the highest price. For a beetle, that could be picked up under any stone, they would ask five kreuzers, C. M.,* the same for a snail, when thousands were lying about the coasts; and for a common bird's egg, ten or twelve kreuzers.† It is true they would often take off two thirds of the price, if they found I refused to buy; but this did not raise them much in my estimation, or go to prove that they were more than usually honest. The baker, at whose house I lived, mentioned to me a striking instance of the national covetousness. He had hired a poor day-laborer to spread a coat of tar over his house. In the midst of his work the man had a chance to do another job, and without considering it worth while to ascertain if it were convenient for the baker to spare him for a few days, he went off, and did not return for a week to finish what he had begun, this conduct being all the more inexcusable as Mr. Bernhöft was in the habit of supplying his children twice a week with bread, and often gave them, butter too.

I had the good fortune to experience something of the same nature myself. Mr. Knudson had engaged a guide

* Four cents.—*Tr.* † Eight or ten cents.—*Tr.*

for me, and one of my excursions was to begin in a few days, when the Stiftsamtmann, wishing to make a journey at the same time, sent for my conductor, who immediately agreed to accompany him, in the expectation of rather higher wages. He did not even take the trouble to come and make his excuses to me, but merely sent me word the day before I intended to set off, that he was sick and could not go with me. I could relate innumerable instances of the same kind, which are by no means creditable to the Icelanders.

But I still allowed myself to think that I should meet with greater simplicity and uprightness in the more remote regions I was about to visit, and looked forward with great satisfaction to my journey into the interior of the island. Here I found much that was praiseworthy, it is true, but, sad to relate, the dark side of the picture was also very conspicuous, and I am compelled to acknowledge that the Iceland peasantry, upon the whole, are far from being worthy to be held up as models.

The most pre-eminent of their good qualities is their trustworthiness. I could leave my things lying about any where, for hours at a time, and never missed the least trifle. They never touched any thing that belonged to me themselves, nor suffered their children to do so. On this point they are so conscientious that when a countryman comes from a distance, and wishes to enter a hut, he will not fail to knock at the door even if it be open. If no one says "come in," he goes off again without offering to intrude. It would be perfectly safe to sleep here without either bar or bolt.

Crimes are of such rare occurrence in the country that the building erected for a jail at Reikjavick has long been converted into a residence for the Stiftsamtmann (or

governor.) Small misdemeanors are punished at once either at the capital or wherever the Sysselmann may happen to be sitting. Great criminals are sent to Copenhagen to be tried and punished there.

My landlord at Reikjavick, Mr. Bernhöft, informed me that during the thirteen years he had spent in Iceland, only one great crime had been committed. A married peasant, having become the father of an illegitimate child by his servant maid, had burnt the infant immediately after its birth. The small offences generally consist in cattle stealing.

As for the information possessed by the Icelanders, I was struck with astonishment to find, that almost without an exception, they could read and write; though the latter accomplishment is rather more uncommon among the female sex, than with the men. These last, as well as the boys, often write firm, good hands. Books I found wherever I went; at least the Bible, and often poems and tales; some of which are in the Danish tongue.

Their understandings are generally very good. When I unrolled my map they would look at it intelligently, and apparently form a tolerably correct idea of its use. Their acquirements are all the more surprising when it is remembered that every father of a family instructs his own children as well as the orphans of his neighborhood. This takes place during the long winters, which last eight months of the year, and are consequently quite sufficient for the purposes of education.

There is but one school in the island, at Bessestadt (which was removed in 1846 to Reikjavick). Boys only are received at this establishment who can read and write. They can go through a course of preparatory instruction for the priesthood or the bar; but those who choose the latter

profession, as well as the future physicians, apothecaries, or Sysselmanns, must finish their studies in Copenhagen.

In addition to the theological course, geometry, geography, and history are also taught at this institution, as well as several languages, such as Latin and Danish; and since the year 1846, also French and German.

The principal occupation of the Iceland peasantry consists in the fisheries, which are conducted with the greatest activity during the months of February, March and April. The people from the interior then crowd the harbors and enter into a bargain with the dwellers on the coast, who are the fishermen proper, to help them for a share of the profits. The fisheries are also carried on at other seasons, but generally by the coast population. During the months of July and August many of the latter go in their turn to the inland country, and lend their services during the haying time, for which they are paid in butter, wool, and salted lamb. Others resort to the mountains and gather the Iceland moss, which they use as a decoction, mixed with milk; or they sometimes grind it to meal and make unraised cakes with it, which serve them in lieu of bread. The labors of the female sex consist in preparing the fish for drying, smoking, or salting; in attending to the cattle, in knitting and collecting moss. Both men and women knit during the winter season.

The hospitality for which the Icelanders are so celebrated has been greatly overrated, in my opinion, as I do not consider them entitled to much credit on that score. It is true that the priests and peasants will readily receive any traveller from Europe, and entertain him to the best of their abilities. But they are well aware that neither adventurers nor beggars are likely to intrude upon them, and feel pretty sure that they will be well paid for their

trouble. The compensation I offered on such occasions was always received, without the least hesitation, by peasant and priest; though I must mention, to the credit of the latter, that I found them universally obliging and disposed to be of use; they always appeared perfectly contented with my presents, and their demands, when I employed their horses on any of my excursions, were very moderate. Not so with the peasants; whose charges were exorbitant in those parts of the country where a traveller is rarely seen.

For ferrying me across a river they usually asked twenty or thirty kreuzers,* and then only myself and the guide were rowed over in a skiff; our horses were obliged to swim. The guide who accompanied me to Hecla demanded five florins and twenty kreuzers, and seemed to be conferring a great favor upon me at that. He knew that I had no choice, and I was not likely to turn back for such a cause.

From all these facts it must be admitted that the Iceland character is not remarkably disinterested, and that the people here know just as well how to take advantage of the traveller as the landlords and servants on the Continent.

One great passion of the Icelanders is drinking; they would be much better off if they were only a little less partial to brandy, and rather more industrious. But it is horrible to think what deep root this vice has taken here. Not only on Sundays, but often during the week, I met with countrymen so drunk that I could not understand how they managed to keep their seats on horseback; but, thank Heaven! I did not see a single woman in that condition.

Snuff-taking is another of their master-passions; and

* From sixteen to twenty-four cents.—*Tr.*

this habit seems to have as great a charm for them as smoking has with us. They also chew incessantly. Their manner of taking snuff is so peculiar that I must be forgiven for describing it. Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no boxes, but they make use instead of a piece of bone, turned in the shape of a little powder-horn; and when they wish to indulge themselves in a pinch, they throw back their heads, and putting the point of the horn to their nostril, shake out the snuff; and these genuine sons of nature are so little fastidious that they frequently exchange horns from nose to nose, without considering it at all necessary to wipe or cleanse them in any way.

Upon the whole, I doubt if the Icelanders can claim to be much in advance of the Greenlanders, Esquimaux, or Laplanders, in point of cleanliness. I am sure the stomachs of my gentle readers would be turned were I to relate half of what took place directly under my eyes while I was in that country; and I should lay myself open to the charge of deliberate exaggeration, besides; but I defy the most powerful imagination to conceive any thing in the way of filth and disgusting practices, which I have not witnessed in an Iceland household.

In addition to these unenviable characteristics, they are extraordinarily lazy. There are many extensive meadow-lands, at a little distance from the coast, completely covered with bog, which can only be crossed with the greatest caution, and for which the people are more in fault than the soil. A few ditches would drain the fields, and excellent grass would spring up in abundance; for it is well proved that such will grow in Iceland, as the little eminences which rise above the swamps are luxuriously overgrown with forage, herbs, and wild clover. I also saw many places where the earth seemed of an excellent quality, and others where it was mixed with sand.

I often conversed on this subject with a gentleman by the name of Boge, who has resided in Iceland for forty years, and possesses no little knowledge of husbandry. Of him I inquired, if by labor and industry it were not possible to cultivate the fields and meadows to much greater advantage; and he not only assented, but thought good potato-fields, as well as fine pasture grounds, might be obtained if the people were not so thoroughly inactive as to endure hunger, and deny themselves every luxury in the shape of cleanliness and comfort, rather than acquire it by work. What nature freely yields must suffice; to force any thing from her never occurs to them. I only wish I could see a few German peasants settled here, and things would soon look very differently.

The north side of the island is said to afford the best soil. Potatoes grow there, and also a few trees, which reach the height of seven or eight feet, without any particular pains or culture. Mr. Boge, who lived in that part of the country for thirty years, had set out a few sorb-apple and pear trees, which even grew to the height of sixteen feet.

In this northern region, the principal occupation is breeding cattle, particularly in the interior, where some of the farmers own three or four hundred sheep, ten or fifteen cows, and a dozen horses. Not many are in such flourishing circumstances, it is true; but as a general thing, they are better off than the miserable population of the coast, who have to contend with an indifferent soil, and are, moreover, almost entirely engaged in the fisheries.

Before I take my leave of Iceland, I must relate a wonderful circumstance which I heard from a great many different quarters, and which is received as the truth not

only by the country people, but by those who are considered the well-informed classes of the community.

It is affirmed that the inland and inhospitable regions of this island are not, as is generally supposed, uninhabited, but that a singular race resides there, who are acquainted with all the pathways among these barren wastes. They are savages who hold no intercourse with their countrymen, excepting in the month of July, when they present themselves for a day at one of the harbors, where they lay in a store of the various necessaries of life, for which they always pay in ready money. This is no sooner done than they suddenly vanish, and no one can tell where they are gone. Nobody knows them; they never bring their wives and children with them, and never answer any questions which are put to them about their residence or their mode of life. Their speech is said to be somewhat more difficult to understand than that of the other inhabitants of Iceland. A gentleman, for whom I have too much regard to mention his name, once expressed a wish in my presence that he had twenty or twenty-five armed men at his command, when he would soon follow up this mysterious people to their secret recesses.

Those who profess to have seen them, maintain that they are taller and larger than the other Icelanders; that their horses are shod with horn, and that they have a great deal of money in their possession, which can only have been obtained by unfair means. But when I inquired who had ever been robbed by them, and when and where any such event had occurred, no one could tell. And as I doubt if a single individual could make a comfortable living in Iceland by rapine, much less do I believe that it would furnish the necessary support for a whole tribe.

Departure from Iceland.

PASSAGE TO COPENHAGEN.

I had now visited every part of Iceland which possessed any claims to my attention, and having happily concluded all my travels in that country, I had nothing farther to do but to wait with inexpressible impatience till some vessel should sail which could bear me nearer to my beloved home. Alas! I was detained week after week in Reikjavick, and my patience was daily put to the proof, till at last, after a long delay, I availed myself with eagerness of the first opportunity which offered.

Several ships went to sea during that period, it is true; and Mr. Knudson, with whom I had made the passage from Copenhagen, invited me to accompany him on his return; but they were all bound for Spain or England, and I was not inclined to follow that route at present. I was anxious to visit Sweden and Norway, as I was determined, if possible, to take at least a short look at those picturesque countries.

At last I heard of two sloops which were to leave Reikjavick about the end of July; one was bound for Altona, and the other for Copenhagen; but I tried in vain to procure a passage in the former, which was the best, as the only state-room had already been secured by a merchant from Reikjavick, and more than one passenger cannot be accommodated with any degree of comfort in these small vessels. I was therefore obliged to consider myself very fortunate at being able to obtain a berth in the second; although my friend Mr. Bernhöft was of opinion that it

was not in a fit condition for me to venture on so long a voyage, and offered to inspect it carefully before I trusted myself on board. But this I declined, for I had made up my mind to go; and as I preferred to remain in ignorance if I were about to run any particular risk, I begged him to dispense with his proposed examination, and enter into a negotiation for me at once with the captain.

Finally, we were informed that a Danish girl, who had been living here at service, was also desirous of embarking in this vessel; she had become so thoroughly home-sick that she was resolved to return to her own country, let what would happen. And that settled the question with me; for if home-sickness could make a girl like this so perfectly reckless of danger, my own eager longings to escape could surely do as much for me; and I immediately determined not to be left behind.

Our sloop bore the consolatory appellation of "Haabet" (the Hope), and was owned by a merchant named Fromm in Copenhagen. Her departure was fixed for the 26th, and from that day I hardly ventured to leave the house for fear of missing a summons to embark, which might be sent to me at any hour; but unfortunately a heavy storm prevented our sailing till the 29th, and then came the oft-repeated trial of leave-taking.

It cost me little to bid farewell to the country; although I had seen so much that was wonderful, new, and interesting, I still pined to behold once more my native plains, where nature is less grand and striking, it is true, but infinitely more pleasing and attractive. But it was much harder to part with Mr. Knudson and the Bernhöft family, from whom I had received so much real kindness, and to whom I owed every facility and assistance I had enjoyed during my travels. A grateful remembrance of these excellent people will live in my heart for ever.

At noon I found myself on board the Hope, and could admire at my leisure all the flags and streamers displayed by the French frigate, which lay at anchor in the harbor, to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of July. It was my best policy to divert my attention as much as possible from the ship; for what I saw against my will convinced me that there must be a great deal to wish for in all the arrangements, and I determined not to inspect the cabin at all till we were fairly at sea and had parted with the pilots; and with them every possible means of retreat was cut off.

Our crew consisted, besides the captain and the mate, of two sailors and a lad who bore the title of cook; but as it was also part of his duty to wait upon us, we employed him during the passage in the capacity of a valet.

When the pilots had bid us farewell, I looked about me for the cabin, which was to be our common apartment, as it was the only one, and discovered that the entrance was a hole about two feet wide, which opened at my feet and revealed a perpendicular ladder of five steps. I stood before it for some time, meditating upon the best way to descend, and at last thought it advisable to apply to our host, the captain, for information. He solved the mystery by seating himself on the deck and letting his feet down into the hole. Conceive of such an undertaking for us women, with our long dresses, while the ship was rolling and pitching during the bad weather! However, a great many worse things might have happened to us; and this was the consolation to which I always clung on such occasions. I soon managed to reason myself into the persuasion that I was of the same clay as my companions, only rather more spoilt and indulged; therefore I ought to be able to accommodate myself to any inconvenience which they endured;

and with that I took my seat at the entrance, and soon found myself at the foot of the ladder.

At first, I could not distinguish any thing around me on account of the prevailing darkness; but I saw only too much when my eyes had become accustomed to the dim light, for dirt, disorder and discomfort, were reigning paramount in the little cabin. I shall endeavor to convey some idea of the scene to those of my dear countrywomen who intend to accompany me through my travels in this book, as so few of them have ever enjoyed any opportunity of making a sea-voyage, and upon them a minute and detailed description will not be entirely thrown away; and I call any one who is used to a sea-life to witness that my account is true.

This delightful sloop vied with myself in point of age, for we both dated from the past century. Unfortunately, in those days very little consideration was paid to human comfort in ship-building, and as much as possible of the space was reserved for the cargo; which was perfectly natural, after all, as the life of the sailor is properly spent on deck, and this vessel was never intended to accommodate passengers. The whole length of the cabin measured ten feet from one state-room to another, and its width was six; the latter being encroached upon, moreover, by a chest on one side and a little table and two benches on the other, leaving barely room enough to pass between them.

At dinner and supper we ladies, that is, the Danish girl and myself, were seated upon the benches, where we were squeezed so tight that we could hardly move. Our two cavaliers, the captain and mate, were forced to eat their meals standing, and the table was so small that they were obliged to hold their plates in their hands. In short, every thing about this ship was proportioned to its class, and not calculattd for the convenience of travellers.

The air of the cabin was naturally rather close, as, besides being used for our eating, sleeping, and reception room, it was also appropriated to the purposes of storage, provisions of every kind being kept in the side-closets, besides oil-colors and many other things. I generally preferred sitting on deck, where I was exposed to the storms and cold, and frequently wet through by the waves, to remaining in the stifling air below. But I was sometimes driven down by a violent gale, or when the ship pitched so furiously that it was not safe for me to remain on deck. My Danish companion and myself could often neither sit nor stand; we passed many a long day lying in our miserable berths; and I could not help envying my fellow traveller, who could sleep uninterruptedly from morning to night, while I remained wide awake to count the tedious hours. The hatches were always closed when it rained, and we were left to breathe an oppressive atmosphere in Egyptian darkness.

The fare on board this ship was exactly the same for passengers, captain, mate and crew. For our morning's meal we had wretched tea, or more properly dirty water of the color of tea, which the common hands drank without any sugar; the officers making use of a small lump of candy, which they hold in their mouths, where it melted rather slower than refined sugar, while they poured down cup after cup to moisten the ship biscuit and butter which composed our breakfast.

The dinners varied from day to day; first we had a piece of salted meat, which having been soaked all night in sea-water, and cooked the next day in the same, was so intolerably hard, tough, and over-salted, that it required a seaman's palate to relish it. Instead of soup, vegetables, or dessert, we had barley grits, plainly boiled, without salt

or butter, and eaten with syrup and vinegar. This dish was considered delicious by my companions, who could never cease wondering at my perverted taste when I pronounced it uneatable.

The second day produced a piece of bacon, boiled in salt water, and the barley grits again. On the third we had codfish and peas; and although the latter were hard, and cooked without butter, I found them more palatable than any thing I had yet tasted. The first dinner was repeated on the fourth day, and so it went on during the whole passage; a cup of coffee without milk always closing our noonday meal. The evening's repast was like that of the morning, tea-water and ship biscuit.

I would gladly have provided myself in Reikjavick with a few fowls and some eggs and potatoes, but I found it impossible to buy any thing of the kind. Chickens are only raised by the great people of the place; the eggs of the eider ducks and other birds are to be had, it is true, but a sufficient quantity is barely obtained for daily use, and that only in the spring during the breeding time; and potatoes were not yet in season. It may readily be imagined, therefore, what a luxurious life I led on board this vessel. Had I been rather more comfortable, and better fed, I think I should have escaped sea-sickness altogether; but in consequence of the bad air in the cabin, and the miserable table, I suffered a great deal the first day; though I was well again the next morning, and felt so hungry, that I attacked a piece of salt meat, and some bacon and peas, as heartily as if I had been a sailor; but the codfish, grits, tea and coffee, I never could meddle with.

A genuine seaman never drinks water; and I observed that our captain and mate, having neither wine nor beer, made use of tea in their stead, swallowing a vast quantity of it cold between their meals.

On Sunday evenings we had a grand supper; eight eggs were cooked for us four people, being some the captain had brought with him from Denmark; and the men were allowed a few drops of punch-essence in their tea.

Having made my female readers sufficiently acquainted with our sumptuous fare, I must now enlighten them a little about the table-linen, and the usual method of cleansing it. The cloth was a piece of an old sail, and it was so soiled and dirty that I never sat down to table without thinking what a pity it was that our appetites should receive the additional shock of such a sight, and imagined that it would be infinitely preferable to have our dinner set out on the uncovered board; but like most people who are apt to fancy themselves a great deal wiser than their neighbors, I found myself very much mistaken. One day I saw our valet belaboring a piece of sail-cloth, which was stretched on the floor under his feet, and was receiving a good sweeping from the ship's broom. By the manifold spots of dirt and grease, I immediately recognized my old acquaintance; and that evening the table was bare. But the consequence was, that no sooner had the tea-pot been placed upon it, than it began to slide, and nothing but the adroitness of the captain prevented the whole contents from being poured into our laps. It was the same with all the other dishes; and I was obliged to acknowledge that, bad as our table-cloth had been, it was better than none at all.

Enough has been said, I think, to convince my readers that the hours I spent on board this ship must have dragged very heavily; but another circumstance soon came to light that added a great deal of uneasiness to my other discomforts. I found out, after a few days, that the vessel was leaking incessantly, and that it was necessary to pump it out every five or six hours. The captain tried to reassure

me, by maintaining that this was the case with every ship, and that ours only leaked rather more than usual because it was old. I thought it best to believe him, since there was no escape for me; and fortunately we had no serious gales, or else we might have been in real danger.

We were twenty days at sea, and for twelve we were out of sight of land. The wind drove us so far to the westward, that we saw neither the Färoe nor the Shetland Isles. This I regretted less than I did our meeting so few whales and sharks, for I should have enjoyed very much falling in with more of these monsters of the deep. We were only fortunate enough to see the spout of a single whale in the distance, which rose in the air exactly like the jet of a fountain; but the animal itself was too far off for its bulky form to be distinguished. One shark had the gallantry to swim round us for a few minutes, which afforded us an opportunity of observing it quite closely; and we thought its length might have been from sixteen to eighteen feet.

I was very much amused with watching the flying-fish, with which the sea was completely covered for two evenings, as far as the eye could reach. The nights were calm and mild, and we sat on deck by a brilliant moonlight, and looked at the happy little creatures at play all around us. We could easily tell the young fish by their high leaps. They were three or four feet long, and jumped five or six feet out of the water. Their springs resembled a little an attempt at flying, though their fins made but poor substitutes for wings, and they fell back almost instantaneously into the sea. The older fish seemed to have lost the power of flying, and only described a semicircle like the dolphins, not more than half their bodies appearing above the surface of the water. These flying fish are never caught, as they are not fit to eat, and have no oil.

On the thirteenth day, land was at last in sight again. We were then in the Skaggerack, with the peninsula of Jutland and the little town of Skaggen on our right. The former presents a very barren appearance from this side, being low and almost entirely covered with sand.

On the sixteenth day we were in the Cattegat, where we were becalmed or driven about by head winds for nearly a week, being hardly able to accomplish more than fifteen or twenty sea miles a day.* When the weather was still, I amused myself with fishing, but I cannot say that I was particularly successful; and although fish are generally said to be rather a stupid kind of animal, I found them quite cunning enough to decline biting at my hook. I was in daily hopes of having a good mess of mackerel for my dinner, but with all my efforts I only caught,—one.

It also afforded me some entertainment to watch the numerous ships sailing from all directions into the Cattegat; I counted more than seventy; and as we approached the Sound, and they all thronged together through that narrow passage, the sight became still finer and more imposing. We were favored with a glorious moonlight, otherwise I think we should hardly have escaped coming in collision with some of our neighbors, in spite of all our care and caution.

We southern people can form very little conception of the extraordinary clearness and brilliancy of the moonlight at the north, where part of the light of day seems blended with the evening stars. All the lovely nights I have ever beheld in the Mediterranean, and on the coast of Asia, were far surpassed by those I saw in these Scandinavian seas.

* Nearly the same number of English miles.—*Tr.*

I fancied myself in the midst of a large fleet of merchantmen, and remained all night on deck to enjoy the rare spectacle of the crowd of sails pressing at once towards the entrance of the Sound.

On our twentieth day out, at three o'clock in the morning, we entered the harbor of Elsinore, where a toll is exacted, or as the sailors call it, the ship must be "made clear." This is a very troublesome interruption, and generally occasions a delay of several hours. The captain must go on shore, and before he returns the wind has often fallen; and, thanks to this detention, it is later by many hours when the ship arrives at Copenhagen than it would otherwise be. Those vessels which reach Elsinore on a dark night must anchor in the Cattegat till daylight; and those which arrive there earlier than four o'clock in the morning, must wait till that hour before the toll-office is opened.

The sailor is at liberty, indeed, to run by this passage without stopping; but the privilege costs him five dollars more when he arrives at Copenhagen, where the toll can be adjusted as well as at Elsinore; the vexatious detention at the latter place seems, therefore, to be only a pretext for exacting a higher tribute, as any officer who is pressed for time, and is favored by a good wind, would willingly sacrifice that sum for the sake of sailing on his way unmolested.

Our good captain, however, took neither time nor money into the account, but he laboriously settled the transaction by making the ship "clear" according to rule; and the consequence was, that it was two o'clock before we hailed the good city of Copenhagen, which seemed almost like home to me, and struck me, in comparison with the land I had just left, as infinitely superior to any other place I had ever seen. After having been cooped up so long in the

ship, where I had hardly room to move, I could have thrown myself on the ground when I landed, and rapturously kissed the earth, like Columbus.

Departure from Copenhagen.

CHRISTIANIA.

The 19th of August, the very day after my arrival from Iceland, I embarked again on board the fine royal Norwegian steamer "Christiania," bound for the port of the same name, a distance of three hundred and four sea miles. We rapidly swept through the Sound, and reaching the Cattegat in safety, we turned to the right, and drew near to those shores which I had only seen as yet from afar.

The fine chain of mountains, which forms the eastern boundary of the Cattegat, was soon in sight, and its extreme point, the Kulm, could be distinguished, stretching far out into the sea, with its light-house, the first of a long line of fires which reveal the manifold dangers to which the navigator is exposed on the rocky shores of Sweden and Denmark.

August 20th.—Bad weather is a very great trial for a traveller, and more especially when he is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, as was the case with us to-day, when it rained in torrents while we were sailing by a very interesting part of the Swedish coast, and into the little "fiord" which leads to the harbor of Gottenburg. The sea resembled a wide stream at this point, shut in by noble cliffs, and interspersed with single rocks and reefs of various heights, over which the foaming surf was breaking with a

wonderfully fine effect. Scattered about among the cliffs near the town are the different buildings belonging to the royal Swedish iron-works; and even American ships are attracted to the place in great numbers in search of that metal.

The steamer remains at Gottenburg rather more than four hours, affording an opportunity of visiting the town proper, which is at a distance of about a short half mile (German), although its suburbs extend to the port. Very near the landing-place there resides a captain, who always keeps a carriage and horses in readiness to convey travellers to the city; one-horse vehicles can also be obtained, or a seat in an omnibus, though the latter is said to move so slowly that nearly all the time is consumed in the drive; and on the present occasion, all the former were engaged. Two of my fellow-passengers and myself, therefore, agreed to hire the captain's equipage, and we set off on our excursion with the rain pouring down upon our heads in streams; an inconvenience of which we made very light, as my companions were entirely engrossed by the thoughts of their business, and I by my usual eager curiosity. I was not then aware that I should visit this place again, and to be so near such a pretty little town without seeing something more of it, was perfectly out of the question.

The suburbs are built throughout of wood, and contain a great many pretty houses of a single story, which are generally surrounded by little gardens. Great rocks are scattered along the streets, and some of them have even been blasted to admit a thoroughfare; small fields and meadows also lie among the houses. There is a magnificent view from one of the heights, where we looked between two gigantic cliffs, which formed a striking foreground to the picture, and saw the North sea stretched out beyond.

The town has two fine squares, in the smallest of which

is situated a large cathedral, while the other contains the town-house, the post-office, and a number of handsome dwelling-houses, of which there are also many to be seen in the other streets. All the buildings in Gottenburg are of bricks.

The large square is divided by the river Ham, which is crowded with ships and barges loaded with provisions and fuel, adding greatly to the animation of this part of the town. The fish-market is worth visiting; the greatest abundance of fish is seen there; and some of them are of remarkable size.

Here I found myself for the first time in a Swedish room, where I observed that the floor was strewn with the small, fine leaves of the fir-trees, which spread around a fresh and pleasant smell, much more wholesome, I have no doubt, than any perfume produced by art. This custom prevails throughout Sweden and Norway, but it is confined, unfortunately, to the taverns and the houses of the poor.

At about eleven A. M., we continued our journey. Slipping carefully through the numerous rocks and reefs, we were soon once more in the open sea, though we continued near enough to the coast to observe the telegraphs standing out on the prominent cliffs. In the evening we reached the fortress of Friedrichsver, but it was too late to see it very distinctly. Here begins a ridge of cliffs called the "Scheren," which extends uninterruptedly for more than sixty sea miles, and forms the boundary of the Christian Sound. As far as the failing light would permit us to decide, the scenery in this gulf appeared to be wonderfully beautiful. Islets without number were scattered about, some of them showing a rocky, barren surface, and others overgrown by tall and slender firs. We took a pilot on board, who understood his craft perfectly well, and brought

us safely to the port of Sandesund, where we anchored, as the intense darkness made it dangerous to advance any farther; and we were also to wait for the steamer from Bergen, which was to take off some of our passengers in exchange for some of her own. Unfortunately, the sea ran very high, and there was great difficulty in accomplishing the removal, as neither of the steamers was willing to lower a boat till nearly midnight, when one was let down from our side. I pitied the poor passengers from my heart, for they were evidently terribly frightened; though, thank God! no accident occurred, and they were soon safely deposited in the other steamer.

August 21*st*.—When I had an opportunity of taking a look at Sandesund by daylight, I found that it only contained a few houses. The sea is confined by steep walls of rock at this place, and barely retains the breadth of a good-sized stream, though it soon widens, and gains in beauty as the shores retreat. The bay resembles a magnificent lake, the islands being in some places so close to the background of mountains that they might be mistaken for part of the continent, while the creeks are like the mouths of so many rivers.

A little farther on a whole chain of lakes appears to be in sight; and we thought ourselves at the end of our journey, till a narrow passage among the crowded islands revealed another lovely scene beyond. A range of high hills stretches along the shores, clothed in dark woods to their very summits; the rising hillocks are covered with rich fields and meadows, scattered with cottages and farm-houses, the whole forming an indescribably beautiful prospect on the mainland; while an equally attractive variety exists among the islets, some of which were barren, some merely

sprinkled with a few firs, and others again clad in fine woods and pastures. Occasionally the mountains are parted, and display a beautiful perspective through the ravines and valleys. The course of a bay could often be followed till it was lost in the distance, where it seemed almost to mingle with the clouds; and the lovely valleys were frequently enlivened with little villages and hamlets. Were I but capable of doing justice to this rich and glorious Nature! But I can hardly hope to convey an idea of my own enthusiasm, much less to lay such a description of the scene before my readers as will induce them to share it.

At the little village of Walloe the country loses much of its beauty; the mountains sink to hills, and the groups of islands disappear from the bay. The village itself is partly concealed by the hills, though a row of huts and wooden houses appears in sight, which all belong to the salt-works, that article being here obtained from the sea. In order to reach the town of Moss, we made a stretch into one of the bays, which are so numerous on both sides; that little town is built like an amphitheatre, and stands in a beautiful position. A large house with a conspicuous portico, near the shore, attracted our attention, and proved to be a bathing establishment.

Near the village of Horten, which also lies in a very picturesque situation, there is a dock where ships are built for the government; but their number must be small, for I saw but one at anchor, and none on the stocks. During the sail to Dröback, we often passed groups of islands, through which a glimpse of the high seas was obtained. About eight sea miles beyond Horten, there is a mountain which forms a very striking object in the view; it stretches out into the sea, which is divided here into two streams, and only reunited beyond.

Christiania was not in sight till we were within ten sea miles of the place. This town and its suburbs, the fortress, the lately erected royal castle, the freemason's lodge and other buildings, surround the harbor in a handsome semicircle, which is inclosed in its turn by fields, meadows, woods, and hills. The sea, reluctant to leave this enchanting region, winds in small creeks through the fields and hills, to quite a distance behind the town.

We reached Christiania by eleven o'clock, having accomplished the distance from Sandesund in seven hours, although we had stopped four times. But as every arrangement was made beforehand on such occasions, they caused very little delay, and we had soon exchanged passengers, sent our mails and merchandise on shore, and were generally on our way again in a few minutes.

CHRISTIANIA.

I had no sooner arrived here, than I went in search of one of my countrywomen, who is married to a lawyer, and resides in this place; which proves that the saying, so often thrown in the teeth of the Viennese women, that "they cannot exist out of sight of their beloved St. Stephen's steeple," is not founded on fact; for I have never seen a couple who appeared happier or more contented than this husband and wife, and yet Christiania is above two hundred miles* from the tower of Saint Stephen's.

On my way from the port to the hotel, and from thence to the house of my friend, I crossed the whole city, which did not strike me as either very large or very handsome. The best part of it is that which has been lately built, where there are some wide streets of tolerable length, with a num-

* Nine hundred English miles.—*Tr.*

ber of very good houses both of stone and brick. The other thoroughfares abound in wooden tenements, which seem to be on the eve of a downfall. The square is large, but irregular, and as it contains the market, where every thing that can be imagined is for sale, it is also very dirty.

The suburbs are generally built of wood. Among the public edifices there are a few which are rather handsome, particularly the new castle and the fortress, which are the finest buildings in the place. They are both most beautifully situated on a slight elevation, and command an enchanting view. The old royal residence is in the town, and has nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary private dwelling. The building in which the "Storthing" (or National Assembly) is held, is large, with a conspicuous entrance supported by pillars; but the steps, like those of every stone house in these countries, are of wood. The theatre struck me as being of a good size for a place like this; on the outside, at least, for I was never in it. The Freemason's Lodge is a handsome edifice, and contains two halls, which are also used for scientific meetings and public assemblies. The University appeared to be planned on altogether too large a scale; it is not yet finished, but from its style and dimensions it would be an ornament to any of the great capitals.

The situation of the butchers' stalls is very convenient; they are built in a semicircle, and surrounded by an arcade, where purchasers can be sheltered at all times from the weather. The building is of brick left in its natural condition, without mortar or cement. No other edifices of any consequence are to be seen, and most of the houses are of a single story.

The custom, which is so common in all the Scandinavian cities, of putting the name at the corner of every street,

is a very great convenience to strangers, who are never obliged to go very far without being able to find out exactly where they are.

This town has open canals, and, like many others, no lamps are lighted when the moon is, or ought to be, visible. Round the port there are wooden quays, and a number of large warehouses, also of wood, but roofed, as is generally the case, with tiles. The shops are simple and unpretending, but the goods are handsome, though few are of domestic manufacture; there is little enterprise of this kind here, and almost every commodity in use is imported from foreign countries.

I was grieved to see the number of ragged, ill-clad people who crowd the streets; the young lads had a particularly bad expression, I thought; and though they did not beg, I should have been sorry to have met any of them alone in a solitary part of the town.

I was so fortunate as to arrive at Christiania during the session of the Storthing, which only occurs once in three years. It meets in January or February, and usually adjourns at the end of three months; but on this occasion an accumulation of important business had induced the king to prolong the session, and it was this fortunate circumstance that afforded me an opportunity of attending several of the meetings. The sovereign himself was not present, however, and was only expected in September to close the Assembly.

The room where this body meets is of an oblong shape, and of respectable dimensions. Four rows of cushioned benches, rising one above the other, are stretched along the wall, where more than eighty members can be accommodated. Opposite these benches there is a table on an elevated platform where the president and secretary are seated;

and a gallery surrounds the rest of the hall, to which any one who chooses may obtain admittance.

Although my knowledge of the Norwegian language was very limited, I still made it a point to pass an hour in this Assembly every day during my residence in Christiania. I could judge, at least, of the fluency and length of the speeches; but unfortunately the only orators I had an opportunity of hearing, dropped their words in such a slow and formal manner, that it was easy to see they did not possess the gift of eloquence. I was informed there were not more than three or four speakers who could make any pretensions to that art; and during my attendance no occasion seemed to present itself to call forth their powers.

I have never seen any where so great a variety of conveyances as I found in this place. The most common, but at the same time the least convenient, are those which are called *carriols;* they consist of a very narrow, long, and uncovered box, reposing between two enormously high wheels, and provided with a very small seat, into which you must squeeze yourself, with your feet stretched out before you, a leathern apron drawn over your lap; and there you must stay, without moving an inch, from the moment you get in till you get out again. There is a place behind for the coachman, in case the person who occupies the *carriol* should not be inclined to drive himself; but as it is by no means agreeable to have the reins shaking about your head, and the whip constantly flourishing in your ears, the services of a driver are generally dispensed with, even by women. Besides these curious vehicles, there are also phaetons, droschkis, chariots, and other light conveyances, but no covered carriages are to be seen.

The beer carts struck me as very peculiar; but I must mention first that there is a great deal of beer consumed in

Christiania, and that it is not conveyed to the different houses in barrels, but in bottles. The carts are large covered waggons, not more than a foot and a half in height, and divided into numerous compartments, each one of which contains a beer bottle. I observed that tin baskets with handles were used by the servants of this place to carry fish, meat, or vegetables; straw baskets being only employed for clean and dry articles, such as bread, &c.

There are no public gardens in Christiania, but the deficiency is compensated by all the roads leading into the country, which not only furnish delightful walks, but present a series of lovely views from every height in the neighborhood.

Laadegardoen is the only resort much frequented by the citizens, either in carriages or on foot; this place commands a magnificent prospect of the sea, with its innumerable islands, the surrounding hills, villages, and woods of fir and pine. There are also a great many country-seats scattered about, which are generally small but very neat, and pleasantly situated amidst their gardens and orchards. Every thing about me looked so green and blooming that it wore a very southern aspect to my eyes; it was only by the cornfields that I recognized the North. Not that the grain was poor; on the contrary, I noticed many ears of wheat so full, that they were bowed to the ground with their own weight; but it was now the end of August, and the harvest was hardly begun.

The woods are traversed by delightful roads, where many a ravishing picture opens to the eye which one might pause for hours at a time to admire. These woods contain two monuments, neither of which is of much interest, however; one is erected to the memory of Christian Augustus, crown prince of Sweden, and the other to that of Hermann Wedel, Count Jarlsberg.

Journey to Delemarken.

I was so much delighted with that part of Norway I had already seen, that I found it impossible to resist my desire to visit the wild and romantic region of Delemarken; although I was frequently assured that for a woman, alone, and possessing so little knowledge of the language, it was an undertaking which presented great difficulties. But as no one seemed inclined to accompany me, and I was determined to go, I did not hesitate to trust to my usual good fortune, and set off alone.

Upon inquiry I found that I must not expect much in the way of accommodations or conveniences for travelling, during my journey. It was necessary to provide myself with a conveyance, and hire a horse from station to station, for although a little chariot can be procured at any of the villages, it is nothing more than a wretched and uncomfortable cart. I therefore engaged a *carriol* at Christiania for the whole tour, and a horse for the first five miles to the little town of Drammen.

I left Christiania on the 25th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon: seated in my little vehicle, with the reins in my hand, after the fashion of the Norwegian women, I drove off as rapidly as if I had followed this occupation from my childhood, flourishing my whip to the right and left, to the evident astonishment of my horse, who plunged and ran in a surprising manner.

The road to Drammen is beautiful beyond description; every landscape painter should visit a spot so highly favored by nature, where all her charms are blended to entrance the spectator; every prospect would furnish a number of

pictures unsurpassed in loveliness. The vegetation was much more luxuriant than I had expected to find it so far North. Every hillock, yes, every rock or stone, was shaded by fir-trees; the verdure was of the most lively shade; the rich grass mingled with herbs and flowers; and at this season the fields were swelling with the full and ripening ears of grain.

I have seen many countries, and gazed upon many a lovely view; I have been in Italy, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, and at Salzburg; but I have never been more enraptured than I was at the scene which was now displayed before my eyes. On one hand was the sea, which followed us with its numerous creeks and bays as far as the Drammen; here it formed a pretty lake with a few boats on its still waters, and there again a stream which forced its way through hills and fields; it next appeared like a wide and extensive plain, crossed by tall ships, which looked in the distance like gigantic swans; and sprinkled with its countless islands varying from isolated rocks to smooth meadows, enlivened by a number of cottages half buried among the trees. Thus I drove on for five hours, through wood and dale, with the most romantic prospects to attract my eyes on every side, till I reached the little town of Drammen, situated on the sea-shore, near the bank of the river Storri Elb, and surrounded by country-seats, many of which I passed as I approached the place.

The river is spanned by a long and beautiful wooden bridge, which is provided with a very handsome iron railing. Drammen is a well built town of 6,000 inhabitants. The hotel where I alighted was exceedingly neat and comfortable; I was shown to a room which might have satisfied the most fastidious traveller in every respect; but my supper, on the other hand, was rather a slender one, for it merely

consisted of a few eggs, boiled very soft, without bread or salt; and I was expected to eat them with a knife and fork!

August 25th.—Having hired a fresh horse I drove on to Kongsberg, four miles from Drammen. For the first mile and a half I saw a continuation of the romantic scenery of yesterday; the sea had now vanished from the view, but my road lay by the side of the river till I reached a little eminence, from whence I could overlook a large and well cultivated plain, where clusters of houses, or solitary cottages, were scattered about. It is singular that throughout Norway there are so few towns or villages; every peasant prefers to build his house in the midst of his own field.

From this point the prospect becomes rather more monotonous; it loses especially from the disappearance of the sea. The mountains are less elevated, the valley is narrower, and rocks and woods now surrounded me on all sides. The Norwegian rocks have a peculiarity which I have never observed elsewhere,—they are always wet, the water trickles down their sides, which are covered with just sufficient moisture to make them shine like mirrors in the sun; they are very abundant among the woods, and are often of a great size.

This part of Norway, which bears the name of Delemarken, appears to be tolerably populous; even in the extensive, dark, and wooded tract which I crossed to-day, I saw a number of solitary cottages, which gave some life to the otherwise inanimate landscape. The Norwegian peasants are industrious, and every spot of ground, even on the steepest declivities, is covered with potatoes, barley, or oats. Their houses are cheerful and pleasant, and are generally colored of a brick-red.

The roads were very good, particularly between Christiania and Drammen; though I had little fault to find with

those from the latter place to Kongsberg. There is such an abundance of wood in Norway, that the roads are inclosed on both sides by a fence, and every field or pasture is guarded in the same way from the inroads of the cattle; in the woods, large logs are often placed across the worst places in the road.

The dress of the peasantry in this part of the country is not in any way remarkable; the only thing about the costume of the women which I particularly observed, was their absurd head-dress, which resembles an old-fashioned bonnet, shaped like a small turban, with an enormous front. It is made of any old material, and generally with the remains of worn-out dresses; though the Sunday bonnets are sometimes a little more elegant, and I even occasionally saw one of silk.

This head-dress is not worn in the neighborhood of Kongsberg, where the women have small caps like the female peasants of Suabia, and petticoats which fall from their shoulders, with very short waists,—a most unbecoming attire, which ruins the whole appearance of their forms.

Kongsberg is rather a large place, most beautifully situated on a little elevation in the midst of an extensive and finely-wooded valley. The whole town is built of wood, which is used for that purpose all over Norway, Christiania being the only exception I have seen. The streets are wide, and many of the houses are very pretty. The church is particularly handsome, and stands on a conspicuous eminence above the rest of the town.

The river Storri Elb runs by the place, and a short distance below the bridge it forms a pretty little fall. When I visited the spot at noon, I found the waters lighted up by the bright sun, and as they dashed against the rocks they appeared to be of the color of the clearest amber.

There are two objects of especial interest near Kongsberg,—the rich silver mines, and the beautiful cataract of Labrafoss. As my time did not admit of my visiting both, I decided in favor of the water-fall, taking all the wonders of the mines upon hearsay. I was assured that the deepest shaft is sunk eight hundred feet into the ground, and that it is exceedingly difficult for those who are accustomed to the light and air, to endure the cold, the damp, and the strong gunpowder smell of those subterranean regions.*

I therefore hired a horse and drove to the falls, which are situated in a wooded valley about a mile from Kongsberg. A short distance above the cataract the stream is perfectly calm and tranquil; but it suddenly rushes towards the precipice, and is thrown in its whole width from a great height. A huge rock, standing like a wall in the basin below, offers an impediment to the progress of the waters, which are heaped up behind it till they overflow this boundary, and form several other smaller falls beyond.

I stood on a high rock, but was not out of reach of the spray, by which I was almost blinded. My conductor also led me to the foot of the cataract, and made me look at it from every side. I was equally impressed with the variety and grandeur of the spectacle wherever I saw it. I observed in these waters that same transparent yellow shade I had already noticed at Kongsberg, and which was probably owing to the color of the rocks, as they are of a reddish-brown, although the stream itself is clear and colorless.

At four in the afternoon I left Kongsberg, and drove to the little village of Bolkesoe, four miles from that place. This part of my journey was not particularly agreeable.

* In the mines of Sweden and Norway the ore is generally blasted with gunpowder.

The roads were generally very bad, and we were surprised by a dark night, among the steep hills and wooded ravines. I could not help fancying how easy it would have been for my guide, who sat close behind me in the waggon, to send me out of the world by one quiet blow, and possess himself of my effects. But, relying on the excellent character of the Norwegian peasantry, I dismissed the thought, and devoted my whole attention to guiding my horse in safety over all the dangers of our road. I heard no sound but the loud roar of a torrent, which at times seemed to be very near, and then again was lost in the distance.

It was ten o'clock before we arrived at Bolkesoe. We drove up to the door of a mean-looking hut; and all the uncomfortable nights I had spent in Iceland being still fresh in my memory, I was seized with horror at the prospect of undergoing something of the same kind again. How agreeable was my surprise, therefore, when my hostess led me up stairs to a large, neat room, containing several good beds, besides benches, a table, chests, and even an iron stove. Wherever I went in this country I found the accommodations equally good.

In those parts of Norway which are rarely visited by travellers, there are no regular inns or post-houses; the peasants who are sufficiently well off, open their cottages to the wayfarer, and supply him with horses. But it is advisable that those who undertake a journey through this part of the country, should carry a store of bread with them, and other provisions, if possible, for there is not much to be obtained from the larders of these peasant landlords. Their cows are sent for the summer to the mountain pastures, fowls are too great a luxury for them to pretend to, and their bread which is rolled out into large round cakes not more than an inch thick, and sometimes even less, is very

hard, and for those who are not used to it, scarcely eatable. Fish and potatoes can always be counted upon, however; and when there is sufficient time to send to the hills, very excellent milk can also be procured.

This scarcity of food was not the greatest annoyance to which I was exposed, by any means; it was still worse with my other wants; but as I shall have more to say on this chapter by-and-by, when I have had greater experience, I shall dismiss the subject for the present.

August 26th.—It was not till this morning that I could form an idea of the situation of Bolkesoe, as it was too dark for me to see any thing of the place last night. It lies in a pleasant, wooded valley, on a little eminence, near the pretty lake of the same name.

There is no carriage-road from here to Tindersoe (three and a half miles), and I was therefore compelled to leave my conveyance behind me and ride the rest of the distance on horseback. This region is quite still and uninhabited; the valleys are narrowed to ravines, and two lakes of some extent lie among the mountains; the larger one, called Foelsoe, is of a regular outline, being about half a mile (German) in diameter, and encircled by a fine range of hills. The dark shadows cast by the fir-clad summits of the hills on its smooth waters have a very fine effect. I rode for more than one hour by the shores of this lake, and had ample time to examine it very minutely, for it is a slow process to accomplish a journey on horseback in this part of the world. The guide always accompanies you on foot, and the horse, who knows his master's pace of old, is only too willing to accommodate his own gait to that of his owner. We were five hours on our way to Tindersoe, where we were obliged to cross a large lake in order to reach the water-fall, which was the object of my day's ride.

It had been raining steadily for the last mile, and the sky looked any thing but promising; nevertheless I determined to proceed at once, and hired a boat with two men to row me across the lake. I was afraid of a storm, when I knew it would be impossible to find any one to accompany me to the falls. Every thing being in readiness in an hour or two, I set off in a pelting shower, though the clouds were not so thick, fortunately, as to prevent my seeing something of the beautiful scenery around me. The lake is four miles* long, and in places not more than half a mile in width. It is entirely shut in by mountains, many of which are terraced, and effectually exclude every glimpse of the prospect beyond. The waters are dark, almost black, from the deep shadows of the firs by which these hills are generally clothed; and the numerous rocks, rising perpendicularly from the bosom of the lake, are very dangerous during a gale, when a boat could hardly escape being dashed to pieces against some of them, and the adventurous traveller would be very likely to find his grave on this distant strand. We had a favorable wind, which bore us safely to our destination. One of the ridges of rock affords a very remarkable echo.

This lake is divided at its centre by an island, about a quarter of a mile (German) in length; here the hills press forward and form many beautiful little bays, few of which we could enter, however, on account of the rocks and cliffs which abound there, and make it impossible to approach the shore.

The little patches of fields and meadows spread out among the cliffs, and the cottages, frequently lying on the brink of the most dangerous precipices, often arrested my

* Eighteen English miles.—*Tr.*

attention; the latter were sometimes situated immediately beneath a hanging rock, which looked as if it might have rushed down into the lake at any moment, carrying with it every thing which lay in its way; and I was completely at a loss to know whether to attribute the choice of such a perilous position to the recklessness or the stupidity of their inhabitants.

A great many beautiful falls are formed by the countless streams flowing into the lake, though their number was probably increased to-day by the torrents of rain, which trickled in slender, silvery rills, down all the cliffs and precipices. This was a fine sight, but one I would willingly have dispensed with for the sake of feeling the sun again. It is rather a serious thing to be exposed to such a deluge from morning till night. I was wet through; and seeing no chance of improvement in the weather, as the heavy clouds were now spread over the whole sky, my courage nearly failed me, and I was on the point of turning back, without having obtained a sight of the finest cataract in Norway, when it suddenly occurred to me that every drop of rain must add to its beauty,—and I resolved to go on at any cost.

At the end of three miles and a half, we reached Haukaness, a place where it is customary to pass the night, as there is a very comfortable farm-house there, and the falls are still at a considerable distance.

August 27th.—When I looked out at the sky this morning, alas! it was as dark as yesterday, and my weather-wise hosts assured me that it was not likely to amend. Nevertheless, as I was willing neither to turn back nor to wait, I had but one course, which was to go on. So I ordered my boat, wrapped myself in my damp cloak, and re-embarked in spite of the threatened showers.

I was well rewarded for my resolution by the beauties of this end of the lake; a wide mountain boldly advances and divides it into two deep bays; we steered for the one to the left, and landed at the little village of Mael, at the mouth of the river Rykaness, and half a mile from the place we had just left.

Here I engaged a horse for the other two miles and a hal. to the cataract; the road leads through a very narrow valley, constantly decreasing in width till there is only room for the bed of the stream, when the path winds up the heights and along the sides of the cliffs and precipices. The foaming torrent is generally in sight, but we were sometimes at so great a distance that we could neither see nor hear it. The last half mile we were obliged to walk, as there were so many dangerous places that it was impossible to proceed on horseback. We crossed a number of little falls on a bridge of logs, and the path was sometimes not more than a foot wide. But I leaned fearlessly on the arm of my guide, who led me safely through all these perils.

On a pleasant day, this ride from Haukaness must be perfectly delightful; and even in spite of the rain and my soaking garments, I was lost in enthusiastic admiration of the wild and romantic scene, and would not have abandoned my enterprise for any consideration. Unfortunately, the weather became less favorable every hour, the valley was shrouded in the thickest mists, and the rain streamed from the hills till our path became a perfect brook, and we often walked up to our ankles in water.

At last we reached the spot where the falls are seen to the best advantage. At that moment the clouds had broken away, and I was so fortunate as to obtain a single glimpse, though it was but a short one, of the vast rocky mountain which divides the plain, and the wide torrent rushing over

it, dashing against the projecting cliffs, and filling the air with spray,—when an impenetrable veil sank once more over the wild ravine and hid the whole scene from my eyes. I seated myself on a rock, and remained there two hours, waiting for the clouds to disperse again, but in vain; and had it not been for the deafening noise and the trembling of the rocks beneath my feet, I should not have known I was so near this magnificent fall.

After long tarrying and hoping—straining my eyes without success for the sight of a solitary sunbeam, I was reluctantly compelled to leave the spot. I could hardly refrain from tears as I turned away; and had the sky become only a shade lighter, I should not have been able to make up my mind to go.

But I could not flatter myself with the least symptom of improvement, and was therefore obliged to follow my guide to Mael, where I sorrowfully entered my boat, and proceeded to Tindersoe without interruption. It was ten o'clock when I arrived there. The cold, the rain, and above all, my disappointed hopes, had affected me so much that I went to bed quite feverish, and felt convinced I should not be able to continue my journey the next day. My hardy nature prevailed, however, and at five on the following morning I was ready to mount my horse for Bolkesoe.

I had not a moment to lose on account of the departure of the steamer from Christiania; this excursion had taken more of my time than I had been led to expect, which was principally owing to the constantly recurring difficulties and delays in procuring horses, boats and guides.

August 28th.—My horse had been ordered this morning at five, but it was seven o'clock before it was brought to the door.

A short tour through the interior of this country was sufficient to make me somewhat acquainted with the annoyances and extortion to which a stranger is exposed in Norway. I think there is no country in Europe where the arrangements for travelling are so completely in their infancy as this. Horses, boats, and wagons can be procured every where, it is true; and the price is settled by law; but the peasants and landlords who manage the whole thing, know how to wear out the patience of the traveller by their intentional delays, till he is ready to pay double or triple the sum they ask, for the sake of hurrying their movements a little. The stations are very short, not often more than a mile, or a mile and a quarter (German); which makes it necessary to be constantly changing horses. When you arrive, there is generally no horse to be had, or the landlord will try to make you believe there is none; you are informed that one must be brought from the mountains, and that it will be an hour or two before it is ready. Thus you travel an hour and wait two. It is also absolutely necessary to have with you an authentic list of charges, as every trifling service, such as fetching the horse, or the saddle and bridle, must be paid for separately, as well as the boat or the carriage. If you do not happen to know the regular sum allowed by the law, you will be very much imposed upon; and although it is all set down in a book kept at every station, this is not of much use to strangers, as it is in the language of the country, with which so few are familar. Complaints can be entered in this book, which is examined once a month by the nearest justice; but the peasants and hosts appeared to stand little in awe of that tribunal; the guide, for instance, who accompanied me to the falls of the Rykanfoss, tried to impose upon me by exacting eight times as much as he was entitled to for the use of a saddle, and

six times as much for bringing my horse to the door. I threatened him with the book, but to no purpose, for he insisted on his demand, which I was finally obliged to pay. When I arrived at Mael, however, I kept my word, and entered a formal complaint in the presence of a number of peasants. It was not that the amount was so exorbitant, but I was provoked by his extortion; and I am of opinion that we should all endeavor to seek redress when we are wronged; for even if we are not benefited thereby ourselves, those who come after us may be.

I must mention to the credit of the peasants at Haukaness, that when I informed them of the misconduct of their companion, they were very indignant, and made no effort to prevent my writing down his imposition in the book.

I had my choice of two roads to conclude my journey; one of which was said to offer the most beautiful scenery in Norway, particularly at Kroxleben, where there is a magnificent view. But although the rain had ceased, the sky was still lowering, and heavy mists hung about the valleys; for which reason I preferred to return to Christiania by the shorter route, or the same I had already travelled.

When I reached a little village called Muni, about a mile beyond Kongsberg, where I arrived at seven in the evening, the accommodating landlord found means to keep me waiting three hours for a horse. As the same thing was likely to happen at every station, I hired one for the whole distance, paying three times the usual amount; I then lay down to rest for a few hours, got up again at one, and drove the six miles* to Christiania, in eleven hours, having arrived there safely the next day at two o'clock.

During this short trip, I found the people exceedingly

* Twenty-seven English miles.—*Tr.*

kind and obliging whenever I had no occasion to hire their services; but the whole race of innkeepers, boatmen, guides, and drivers, was selfish and covetous, as is usually the case all over the world. To find perfect uprightness and honesty in that class of people, I believe one should be the first traveller who has ever appeared among them.

This excursion was quite an expensive one; but I think I could have accomplished it more reasonably by taking the steamer to Hammerfast, and purchasing a horse and chariot there; when I could have driven about the country without any trouble, or annoyance. But it would be a very dear way of travelling for a family, with a covered carriage, and in some places it would be out of the question to proceed in that manner.

The Norwegian peasants are strong and vigorous, but they are by no means handsome; their faces are not even agreeable. They do not seem to be very thriving, and pay little regard to cleanliness. They are barefooted, and generally poorly clad. Their cottages, which are built of wood, and usually roofed with tiles, are larger than those of the Icelanders, but almost as dirty and comfortless. The Norwegians seem to have a great weakness for coffee, which they drink without sugar or milk. The old women smoke their pipes in the morning and evening, as well as the men.

From Christiania to Kongsberg,	9	miles,	(German.)
From Kongsberg to the falls of Lakafoss,	1	"	"
From Kongsberg to Bolkosoe,	3	"	"
From Bolkosoe to Tindosoe,	3½	"	"
From Tindosoe by the Lake to Maelen,	3½	"	"
From Maelen to the cataract of Rykanfoss,	2½	"	"
	22½	miles.*	

* Ninety-nine English miles.—*Tr.*

Journey from Christiania to Stockholm.

August 30*th.*—Followed by the good wishes of my kind countrywoman and her husband, Mr. M., I left Christiania at seven in the morning for Gottenburg, in the same steamer which had brought me there a few days before. On this occasion I was able to see much of the fine scenery in the Christiansund or "fiord," which had been concealed by the darkness during my former trip. In the afternoon we reached the little town of Lauervig, beautifully situated on a natural terrace, with a range of high hills in the background. The fortress of Friedricksver lies on a rock before the town, and is encircled by cliffs, among which are scattered a number of sentry-boxes. The sea is spread out to the left.

Here we were detained an hour, in order to surrender the passengers for Bergen to the steamer which awaited them. This spot is the keystone of the "fiord;" we now steered for the open sea, and the land soon disappearing from the view, nothing but sky and water were in sight till we reached the "Scheren," or cliffs, the next morning, and shortly afterwards entered the harbor of Gottenburg.

August 31*st.*—We had a high sea in the night, which delayed us several hours, though the same circumstance added much to the beauties of the scene as we approached the fort, near which the breakers were still dashing wildly over the cliffs and islands. The few passengers who could keep their feet, and were not too sea-sick to remain on deck, had a great deal to say of the dangers of the late gale.

My astonishment has often been excited by the wonder-

ful accounts of terrific storms I have received from people, who have never made a longer trip than fifty or sixty miles, perhaps, on some canal or other; but I began to understand what their stories were worth when I heard my fellow-travellers call the sharp breeze of last night, which made rather a rough sea for us, I must admit, a violent gale; and no doubt they all made the most of it when they returned to their homes. But storms, thank Heaven! are not quite so frequent. In all my sea voyages I have been exposed but to one when there was real danger (for I do not consider that I ran any serious risk during my tempestuous passage to Iceland), and that was when I was crossing the Black Sea to Constantinople, in the year 1842.

It was nine o'clock before we arrived at Gottenburg, though we should have been there at six. I was rowed to the town at once, in order to take the first steamer for Stockholm by the great ship canal, which unites the river Götha to several inland lakes, and opens a communication between the North Sea and the Baltic.

I found the city of Gottenburg in an unusual state of excitement; the king of Sweden was there on his return from Christiania, where he had been to close the session of the Storthing. It happened to be Sunday, and the king had just gone to church with his son; the streets were thronged with dutiful subjects on the watch for their sovereign when he left the cathedral. Of course I immediately mingled with the crowd, and was so fortunate as to behold the royal pair come out of church and get into their carriage, which drove directly by the place where I stood. The appearance of both father and son was very prepossessing; and the crowd could never tire of gazing and striving to catch the friendly salutations which they dispensed to the right and left, as they returned to their dwelling, followed by the whole con-

course of people who surrounded the palace when they alighted, and impatiently waited for the moment when they would show themselves again at the window.

I could not have seen the inhabitants of the place to greater advantage, as every one was dressed in their best attire; soldiers, clergy, officials, burghers, and populace, all being desirous of doing honor to the presence of their sovereign.

Among the crowds of country people, I observed two women whose costume was rather peculiar. They wore black petticoats, reaching half way up to their knees, red stockings, a bodice of the same color, and white chemises with long full sleeves. A handkerchief was tied round their heads. A few of the burghers' wives had little caps like those worn in Suabia, with a small, black embroidered veil thrown over them, which did not conceal their faces, however.

I noticed here, what had already struck me in Copenhagen, a number of boys among the drummers and musicians, who could not have been more than ten or twelve years old.

The king remained two days at Gottenburg, and during that time all the windows were illuminated, and festooned with fresh flowers, every evening. A few transparencies were also exhibited at some of the houses, but they did little credit to the ingenuity of the worthy Gottenburgers, being all exactly alike, with an enormous "O" (for Oscar), surmounted by the royal crown.

I was detained here till Thursday, and found to my sorrow, that I must not expect to travel much more expeditiously in Sweden than I had done in Norway. A steamer had left the place for Stockholm the day I arrived, but unfortunately it had gone before I landed; and at this season

there are but two a week. Thus I lost four days. The time seemed very tedious to me, as I had already seen the town and all the fine views from the suburbs, when I was here before; and the other environs of the place afford little variety, as it is entirely surrounded by bare cliffs and rocks.

September 4th.—The crowd of passengers was so great, that it was impossible to obtain a berth on board the steamer two days before it left Gottenburg; and many gentlemen and ladies who were unwilling to wait till the next opportunity, were obliged to content themselves with a place on deck. This was also my case, for I had not thought of such a contingency, and made no attempt to take my passage till it was too late to secure the best accommodations. Whenever we stopped we added to our numbers, and it was amusing enough to see the disconcerted looks of the new-comers when they found where they were to pass the night. It was evident that most of them were quite unaccustomed to the discomforts of travelling. Every nook and corner was appropriated as a sleeping place; a few favored ones got possession of the tiny cabins of the engineer and mate; and others ensconced themselves on the stairs, or in the passages. I was offered a little corner in the engineer's state-room, which was intended for one person, and already held three or four; but I preferred spending the night on deck, and one of the gentlemen having been so kind as to offer me a large cloak, I rolled myself in it, and slept more comfortably than my companions in their close quarters.

The accommodations on board the steamers which ply on the Götha Canal, are not very delightful at the best; the first class state-rooms are well enough, and each contains two or three berths. But the second cabin is very inferior,

hammocks are swung in the saloon which is used in the day time for an eating-room. The arrangements for the luggage are worse yet; the boats are small, and somewhat crowded for space, and the trunks, chests, portmanteaus, &c., are piled up on deck, with nothing to keep them in their places, and no protection from the weather. The sequel will show the result of this culpable carelessness. The rain and the high waves of some of the inland seas covered the lower deck with water, and most of the trunks were wet through before we reached the end of our journey; and during a storm on the lake of Wenner, the boat pitched so much that the passengers were often threatened with the downfall of the whole pile, or came occasionally very near having a trunk or two roll over on their heads. The fare, on the other hand, is very reasonable, which surprised me not a little, as the numerous locks must make this canal a very expensive one.

But now to my journey. We were off by five in the morning, and soon found ourselves in the River Götha, whose shores are flat and uncultivated, and its valley bounded with a chain of barren, stony hills. At the end of two miles (German) we reached the little town of Kongelf, which has about 1,000 inhabitants; it lies among rocks which partially conceal it from the view; the ruins of the old fortress of Bogas are seen on a cliff opposite the town. From here the prospect improves in beauty. Patches of wood are seen among the cliffs; little valleys open on both sides, and the river itself, which is divided by an island, expands a little beyond this place to a considerable width. The cottages of the peasants appeared larger and neater than they were in Norway; they were generally of a brick-red, and often grouped together in clusters.

At Lilla Edet we came to the first lock, of which there

are five at this place, and while the boat was passing through them, we had an opportunity of seeing the falls of the Götha, which are broad and full, though rather low.

The canal then sweeps for some distance behind the fall, and is either dug through the rock or confined within stone walls. The scenery around Akerstrom resembles a beautiful park; the valley is narrowed by fine hills, and the stream occupies its whole width, barely allowing space enough for a few little paths leading through the fir-woods which skirt the shores.

In the afternoon we reached the celebrated locks of Trolhatta, a magnificent work, well worthy of the most powerful nations, and much beyond what one would expect from a country like Sweden. The eleven locks rise by gradations to the height of a hundred and twelve feet in the distance of three thousand five hundred feet. Their channel is wide and deep, dug through the rock, and paved with flags; they rise like the solitary steps of a gigantic stairway, under which name they might take their place among the wonders of the world. Each lock is closed by a heavy gate, while the boat is slowly lifted to the level of the next. The scenery around is wild and romantic.

As soon as we arrived at this spot, we were assailed by a crowd of boys, who offered themselves as guides to conduct us to the Falls of Trolhatta. There is ample time for this excursion, as the steamer is detained here four hours, and it can be accomplished with ease in two. But the traveller should first take a bird's-eye view of the locks from a pavilion standing on a high rock which overlooks them all.

The road through the woods to Trolhatta is exceedingly pretty, and the village itself is beautifully situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by hills and woodland, on the

bank of the river, whose white and foaming waters are strongly contrasted with its dark fringe of evergreens. The canal is only partially visible from this point, the last locks being concealed behind a small group of rocks; and it was not without astonishment that we saw first the masts and then the boat itself appear above them, as if it were shoved into our sight by invisible hands.

This fall is less remarkable for its height, than for its variety and the great volume of its waters. The principal stream is divided into two nearly equal cataracts by a rocky island on the extreme edge of the precipice, which is approached by a long and narrow chain bridge, so frail that only one person can cross it at a time. It is kept locked by the owner, who charges ten kreuzers C. M.,* for admittance.

I must confess myself to have been very much frightened while I crossed the foaming torrent alone, and hardly ventured to look to the right or left, till I reached the island, where I could stand in a place of safety and look down upon the two falls on either side of me, and four or five others above and below the bridge. It was a sight upon which I could have gazed for ever.

The stream expands almost to the midst of a lake beyond Trolhatta, being divided into several arms by a number of islands. But the banks soon lose most of their beauties, and become quite flat and uninteresting. We reached the fine lake of Wenner (ten or twelve miles† long and several wide), too late in the evening to pass judgment upon its scenery; and at the insignificant little borough of Wennersborg we were detained several hours. In the course of

* Eight cents.—*Tr.*

† From forty-five to fifty-four miles.

the day we had met at least six or eight steamers all owned by Swedish and Norwegian merchants, and it was a curious and interesting spectacle to watch these boats as they passed up and down through the different locks.

September 5th.—We were overtaken by a storm shortly after we left Wennersborg, quite late in the evening, and our captain, after driving about the lake all night, considered it prudent to return to his anchorage till the wind abated, as our steamer was none of the strongest, and we had already lost a boat during the gale, which was carried off by a large wave, having been probably no better secured than our luggage.

At nine in the morning, the captain gave notice that we should proceed no further to-day. If all went well we might resume our course towards midnight. Fortunately a fisherman's skiff lay near us, and a few of the passengers took the opportunity of going on shore. I was among the number, and to kill time I visited some of the cottages lying on the edge of a wood near the water. They showed traces of poverty, but generally contained two rooms, with several beds and other articles of furniture. The inhabitants were rather better clothed than in Norway, and they seemed to be making a tolerable meal of coarse black flour, boiled to a thick pap, and eaten with sweet milk.

September 6th.—Shortly after midnight we were on our way again, and five hours afterwards we reached the little rocky island of Eken, which is surrounded by others of still smaller size. This is one of the most important landings of the lake. A wooden warehouse of respectable size near the shore, contains the produce of the neighborhood, which is shipped on board the steamers at this place, where there are always several boats at anchor.

Passing through the group of islands we found ourselves

once more in the wide lake, which has little to distinguish it beyond its size. The shores are generally bare and monotonous, only displaying a few hills and woodlands, and the back-ground is equally tame. The Castle of Leko occupies one of the best situations, lying on a rock surrounded with thick woods. A little farther on is the Kinne Kulle (kulle is the Swedish for hill), commanding an extensive prospect, not only of the lake but the adjacent country; and it is said to contain a remarkable cave; but unfortunately we flew by all these wonders, without being permitted to pause and visit them.

At Bromoe there is a large glass manufactory, exclusively devoted to window panes; we stopped here and took a great quantity on board. The buildings of the factory and other small houses, are very pleasantly situated on a height among the woods.

At Sjotorp we passed through several locks out of the lake into the river again. The sail across Lake Wenner had occupied above eleven hours. The stream winds through woodlands, and while the boat is toiling through the locks, we were able to enjoy an agreeable variety by walking part of the distance over a shady road. The wide valleys beyond this place offer nothing remarkable to the eye.

September 7th.—Early this morning we passed through the pretty little Vikensoe, which, like all the other Swedish lakes, is rich in islands, and sprinkled with rocks and cliffs. The islets are generally overgrown with trees, which give an additional charm to their appearance. This little sheet of water lies three hundred and six feet above the level of the North Sea; we had now reached the highest point, and we began to descend at every lock; the whole number through which we passed was seventy.

A short canal leads to the Bottensee, resembling a glassy mirror, broken by a few islets. The sail through this little lake is exceedingly pleasant; the shores are diversified by ranges of hills, woods, valleys, fields and meadows. Lake Wetter, the next in the chain, is guarded by the fortress of Karlsborg, and possesses two peculiarities; one is the extraordinary clearness of its waters, and the other the frequent storms by which it is agitated, when the immediate neighborhood is quiet and undisturbed. The gales are said to spring up so unexpectedly, that it is often impossible to escape them, and many wonderful stories are told of the misdeeds of the genius of this little lake; but we defied his malice and p assedgayly on without feeling its effects. Wadstenâ is a beautiful building on the shores of the lake, used as a convent, or chapter, for single ladies of noble birth. Near Mount Omberg a celebrated battle was once fought.

The next canal is short, and leads through pleasant woodlands to the little lake of Norrby. Travellers often walk this distance for the sake of seeing the monument of Count Platen, who conceived the plan of this gigantic enterprise. It is inclosed within an iron railing; the tomb is covered with a marble slab, on which there is a simple inscription, with his name, and the date of his birth and death, in Swedish. On the opposite side of the canal is the little town of Motala, with its great manufactory of iron ware.

There are fifteen locks between the lakes of Norrby and Roxen, and the descent is a hundred and sixteen feet. The canal leads here through a pleasant country, crossed by fine roads and enlivened by neat houses and a few large buildings. The steeples of the village of Norrby are seen, though the place itself is nearly concealed by the woods; and we only caught an occasional glimpse of it as we hurried along. The

waters of this canal were of a bright, transparent green, and shone in the sun like the purest chrysolite.

There is a very fine view from a height near lake Roxen, overlooking a large plain, scattered with woods, rocks and hillocks; a deep bay stretches far into the woodlands, and on its shores lies a little town, whose varnished roofs glistened in the last rays of the evening sun. While the boat was making its way through the locks we visited the church of Vretakloster, where the remains of several Swedish kings are preserved in handsomely wrought metallic coffins. We then crossed the lake, which is at least a mile in width, and stopped for the night at the entrance of the last canal, which was to lead us on the following morning into the waters of the Baltic.

September 8th.—This canal is one of the longest, and crosses a large and rather handsome plain, where the little town of Söderköping lies among a group of picturesque rocks, extending to a great distance, in several directions.

In Sweden, as well as in Norway, every valley, and every spot of earth is inhabited, and industriously cultivated. The country people seemed to be tolerably well dressed, and their houses were generally very comfortable; many of the windows were ornamented with neat white curtains. I had ample time to visit a number of cottages, during the journey, which was a very tedious one; I really believe I could have walked the whole distance from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and arrived as soon as the steamer; for we not only lost a great deal of time in passing the locks, but we were also obliged to stop every night, because it is impossible to go through in the dark, and consequently we were five whole days in accomplishing less than forty-five German miles.

It was not till afternoon that we reached the shores of the Baltic, which bear a perfect resemblance to those of the North Sea; the same islands and reefs, the same cliffs and rocks, and we were as much at a loss as before to imagine how we could steer our course unharmed through so many impediments. The shores are indented by bays and rivers, lakes of various sizes are formed among the islands and woodlands, shut in by fine hills. The site of the castle of Storry Husby, on a high mountain in the bosom of one of the bays, is unsurpassed. A beautiful meadow is spread like a carpet from the rocky prominence to the water, and the back ground is filled in with magnificent fir-woods. Not far from this beautiful scene is a wooded islet, with a tower belonging to the great ruin of Stegeborg. It is not easy to imagine a more romantic prospect than the whole sail through this fiord, which presents an incessant variety of lovely views.

Gradually, however, the hills decrease in size, the islands become less frequent, and the sea, repulsing every other object of attraction, appears desirous to engage alone the attention of the traveller; nothing remaining in sight but the sky and water, excepting the numerous cliffs, which it requires all the skill of a careful pilot to avoid.

September 9th.—To-day we left the sea again, and sailed through a short canal into the lake of Mälar, celebrated for the number of its islands. The little town of Sotulje is beautifully situated in a valley at its outlet, at the foot of a steep hill. The lake at first is like a broad river, but it soon widens to a great extent; we were four hours crossing it, and were in constant raptures at the beauty of the scenery. There are said to be a thousand islands scattered about in these waters, which we could readily believe when we observed how they were crowded in ever-changing groups,

forming streams and bays and a chain of smaller lakes, like those in the magnificent fiord we had just left.

The shores are equally attractive; the hills and mountains sometimes press close to the water, and dangerous ramparts are formed in places by their steep and rocky sides; the same beautiful variety, which I have already described so often, of dark woods and smiling valleys, meadows, fields, villages and farm-houses, rapidly succeed each other. Many of my fellow-passengers thought there was something monotonous in these very changes, but I could not agree with them; and I could have crossed this lake times without number and not have been satiated with admiring its beauties. The majestic accessories of the Swiss lakes were wanting, it is true; but no other sheet of water possesses the peculiar charm lent to this one by its thousand islands.

On the summit of a steep declivity, such as there are several around the lake, a high pole is erected to which is fastened the hat of the unfortunate Eric. History relates that this king having fled from the field of battle was overtaken by a soldier on this spot, and, overwhelmed with shame at the reproaches of his subject, he desperately put spurs to his horse, and, clearing the precipice with one bound, disappeared for ever beneath the waters of the lake. His hat, which fell from his head as he made the plunge, was preserved to commemorate the event.

Not far from this point the suburbs of Stockholm first appear in sight, stretching along an arm of the lake; they are built like an amphitheatre on the rocky shores. Many pleasant country-houses are scattered about the slopes and hillocks; and the magnificent royal castle, built in the Italian style, and the Ritterholmer Church, with its towers of cast-iron and filagree-work, are already conspicuous in

the distance, while the city itself, which covers the whole extremity of the lake, is spread beyond the suburbs on both sides.

We had hardly anchored in the haven of Stockholm, when several herculean women stepped forward and offered us their services as porters. They were Dalecarlians,* who abound in this capital, and earn their living by carrying luggage or water, rowing boats, and other occupations usually appropriated by the stronger sex. They have no lack of employment, being honest, industrious, and as strong and capable of enduring fatigue as any man.

They wear short black petticoats, red bodices, white chemises with long sleeves, short and narrow aprons of two colors, red stockings, and shoes with very thick wooden soles. They generally bind a handkerchief around their heads, or else they have a very small black cap which merely covers the back of their hair.

It is easy to procure furnished apartments in Stockholm, or even single rooms, which can be hired from day to day at a moderate price, and they are consequently in great demand. I looked out for such a little chamber, and found a neat and cheerful one, which I engaged for a rix dollar a day, or, according to our money, thirty-two kreuzers;† my morning's coffee being also supplied for that sum.

Stockholm.

As the principal object of the journey I am now relating was my visit to Iceland, and my hurried excursion through

* Dalecarlia is a Swedish province, twenty German miles north of Stockholm.

† About twenty-five cents.—*Tr.*

this small part of Scandinavia was a secondary consideration, I shall no doubt be forgiven if my account of it is as short as possible; and these countries have also been so well described by other travellers, that my relation can possess but little interest for most readers.

I remained at Stockholm six days, and did not lose one moment of that time. The town is situated at the junction of the Baltic and the lake of Mälar, or, more properly, these waters are united here by a short canal, on whose banks are many of the finest buildings of the place.

My first visit was to the magnificent Ritterholm Church, which is more like a vault and an armory than a religious edifice. The lower part is devoted to the royal sepulchres, and the monuments of the departed sovereigns are in the side-chapels. Equestrian statues of armed knights are ranged on both sides of the nave, whose equipments were once worn by different kings of Sweden. The walls and corners of the upper part of the church are adorned with flags and standards, said to number as many as five thousand. The keys of conquered fortresses and towns are suspended in the side-chapels, and drums and kettle-drums are piled on the floors, all of which trophies have been wrung from the enemies of Sweden on the field of battle.

Besides these warlike ornaments, the chapels contain, inclosed in glass cases, parts of the dress and accoutrements worn by some of the Swedish monarchs. The uniform worn by Charles XII. at the time of his death, and the hat through which passed the bullet that killed him, were particularly interesting to me; his riding-boots are near them on the floor. Not less remarkable is the contrast presented by the modish attire and the hat covered with gold and feathers which once belonged to the late king, the founder of the present dynasty.

The Church of Saint Nicholas, on the same side of the

canal, is the handsomest Protestant place of worship I have ever seen. Traces of the former Catholic times in which it was built are plainly visible, and its ancient ornaments have been left in a great measure as they were in those days. Several oil paintings, a number of monuments of different ages, and a great deal of gilding, adorn the interior. The organ is large and handsome. The entrance of the church is embellished by bas-reliefs in stone, and above it is a wooden statue, larger than life, of the archangel Michael on horseback, with the vanquished dragon at his feet.

Not far from this edifice is the royal palace, which I shall not attempt to describe, for my pen could not do justice to the magnificence and splendor not only of its exterior but of the decorations of the apartments inside. It is enough to mention, that I have seen nothing to equal it in all my travels, with the exception of the residences of the King of Naples, in which I include Caserta. It is not without astonishment that I beheld such a profusion of luxury and ornament in this northern kingdom, which is by no means endowed with a superfluity of riches.

The Schifferholm Church is only remarkable for its situation and its temple form. It stands on a rock nearly opposite the palace, on a bay of the Baltic, which reaches to this spot and is crossed by a long bridge of boats. Saint Catharine's is another large and handsome church, near which is a stone where one of the Sturre brothers* was beheaded.

* The Sturre family was one of the most distinguished in Sweden. Sten Sturre introduced printing into Sweden, endowed the University of Upsala, and attracted many learned men to the country. He was mortally wounded in a battle with the Danes, and died in 1520.

His two successors in the regency, Suante Nilson Sturre and the son of the latter, Sten Sturre the younger, also live in the grateful remembrance of their countrymen for their patriotic exploits.

The Ritterplace contains the Ritterhouse, a remarkably fine structure, the old royal castle, and several other private and princely residences, by no means to be compared, however, either in size or numbers, with those at Copenhagen. The streets and squares are also much inferior to those in that town.

Gross-Mossbecken, one of the hills in the suburbs, affords the finest view of Stockholm. It overlooks the sea and the lake, the town and its suburbs, extending to the tops of the rocky hillocks, and the pleasant country-houses, which lie in all directions on the banks of the water. The rocks and islands crowded in among the houses, and included within the limits of the city, offer a peculiarity which Stockholm possesses alone, and the situation of that place is certainly unsurpassed by that of any other capital in the world. The whole scene is inclosed in ranges of rock and wood-covered hills, stretching far out of sight in the distance; few meadows or fields are mingled with this grand and magnificent picture.

On leaving this hill one should not fail to visit the enormous iron-warehouses of Södermalm; the metal is plied in huge bars in two large squares. The corn-market is not remarkable. Among the other edifices deserving of notice, are the bank, the mint, the guard-house, the palace of the crown-prince, the theatre, and a few others. The last mentioned building is interesting from having been the scene of the murder of Gustavus III., who was shot at a great masked ball given in this theatre, and survived but a few hours.

The theatre is not open every night. The evening I visited it, a great festivity also took place at the Museum of Ancient Art: the distinguished artist, Vogelberg, a native of Sweden, had finished three colossal statues of the

heathen deities, Thor, Valdor, and Odin, which had lately arrived from Rome, and they were to be exhibited for his benefit in the great saloon, which was lighted up for the occasion. A numerous company had been asked to attend, and hymns were to be sung when the statues were uncovered. I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation to this ceremony, which was to commence at seven o'clock; but first I went to the theatre. I was told it would open at half-past six, and thought I could spend half an hour there before I met my friends at the palace, from whence we were to go to the fête. I was at the theatre by six, and waited impatiently for the first stroke of the overture; but at half-past six there were still no signs of its beginning. Upon examining my bill I then discovered, to my great dismay, that the opera would not commence till seven; but as I was unwilling to go without having at least seen the curtain rise, I amused myself for another half hour with observing the decorations and arrangements of the house. It is rather large, and consists of five stories, but is not conspicuous for ornament or luxury. The price of the tickets is very high, and there is a great difference in the seats; I counted twenty-six of various kinds, each of which had a settled price.

At last the overture began,—I heard it through,—the curtain rolled up, and I saw the fatal spot where the king had fallen. This satisfied me, and as soon as the first air was finished, I rose to go. The person who sold the tickets hastened after me, and, seizing me by the arm, wished to supply me with a return-ticket; but when I told him that I did not need it, as I had no intention of coming back, he insisted that the performance had just begun, and I had thrown away my money if I did not stay. Unfortunately, I knew so little Swedish I could not plainly set

before him all the important reasons which hurried me away; so, without explaining myself, I silently took my leave. As I went, I overheard him telling an acquaintance, "Well, here is a woman who has sat for half an hour before the curtain, and as soon as it is raised she hurries off." I turned round, and saw him lay his finger significantly on his forehead and shake his head in a doubtful manner. I smiled, and considered this adventure as the second act of the dumb guest in Mozart's Don Juan.

Having joined my friends at the royal palace, we proceeded to our engagement, and I spent a delightful evening in the illuminated hall of the antiques and in the picture-gallery. I also had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Vogelberg, whose modest and unassuming deportment would have prepossessed me in his favor, even had it not been for the additional claim which his remarkable talents confer upon the admiration of all who know him.

The royal park near Stockholm is a place well worth visiting, as it is difficult to imagine any thing finer of its kind. Nature has done every thing for the place, which abounds in beautiful woodlands, meadows, rocks, and hills; and among them are scattered delightful country-houses, surrounded with flower-gardens and tasteful cafés and hotels, which are crowded with visitors from the city on Sundays. The park is traversed by excellent roads, and numerous paths lead in every direction to the most beautiful sites and views.

A bust of the celebrated and favorite poet Bellmann is placed in a pleasant spot, where a festival is held in his memory every year.

The Vale of Roses, a favorite part of this park, is a perfect little Eden. This resort was much beloved by the

late king, who is said to have passed many hours in the small pleasure-castle which lies in a retired spot among the woodlands and flower-beds. There is a magnificent basin, cut out of a single piece of porphyry, in front of the castle. I was assured that it was the largest in Europe, but I am of opinion there is one in the Museum at Naples of much greater size.

In the garden I passed the last agreeable hours which I was destined to spend with a most amiable family from Finland, called Boje, whose acquaintance I had made during the passage from Gottenburg to Stockholm; and the place will always be doubly dear to my recollection on their account.

I made another very pleasant excursion to one of the King's palaces at Haga, and visited at the same time the great cemetery and the military school at Karlberg. Haga is surrounded by a fine park, to which art could add but few attractions; it is beautifully diversified by patches of woodland, meadow, majestic alleys, and lovely hills, the whole crossed by a number of roads and paths in excellent order. The castle itself is not large, and bears witness to the simple tastes of the reigning family. It is said to be the smallest of their country-seats.

Opposite this park is the cemetery, which, having only been planned about seventeen years ago, still presents rather a new appearance. This would be of little consequence in any other land, but in Sweden the burying-grounds are used as public walks, and have fine alleys, with arbors and seats. This one is surrounded by dark woods, which shut it in completely from the outer world. It is the only burying-place outside of the city, the others all lying near the churches, and amid the houses, whose fronts often form their walls. Interments are still allowed to take place

there, which is certainly familiarizing oneself very thoroughly with the presence of the dead.

A fine road leads from the great cemetery through a wood to Karlberg, where cadets and midshipmen receive their education. The large building appropriated for the school is situated on a rocky hill, washed on one side by an arm of the sea, and surrounded on the other by a handsome park.

Before I left Stockholm, I had the honor of being presented to her Majesty, the reigning queen, who had heard of my travels, and took an especial interest in my journey to the Holy Land. In consequence of this distinction, I was allowed the uncommon privilege of visiting the interior of the palace, when not only the state apartments, but even the private rooms of the whole court were laid open to my inspection, although they were occupied at the time. I should hardly know how to begin, were I to attempt a description of the splendid furniture, the treasures of art, and the exquisite taste which prevailed every where throughout the building. I was bewildered by the number of rare and costly objects I saw; but the friendly and gracious interest which her Majesty expressed in my wanderings, made a still deeper impression, and the moments I was permitted to spend in her presence will always form a bright spot among the recollections of my northern tour.

Excursion to the old Royal Castle of Gripsholm, on the Lake of Malar.

Every Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, a small steamboat leaves Stockholm for this castle, and accomplishes the distance of eight German miles in four hours; after re-

maining at that place for the same length of time, it returns to the capital in the evening. I found this excursion a very interesting one, although the only part of the scenery which was new to me was the deep bay, at the extreme end of which is situated the castle of Gripsholm; equally remarkable for its size, and its architecture, and above all, for its colossal projecting towers. Unfortunately, the building is greatly disfigured by being colored of that favorite shade of brick-red so common all over Sweden.

The fore-court contains two enormous guns very handsomely wrought, which were captured in one of the wars with Russia. The apartments in the castle, which are still in good order, are not furnished with any degree of prodigality or splendor; though the beautiful theatre may perhaps be considered an exception, as its walls are covered with mirrors from top to bottom; the pillars are gilded, and the royal box is lined throughout with costly red velvet. It has not been used since the days of Gustavus III.

The walls of this ancient building are extraordinarily massive; those of the lower stories are at least three ells in thickness. The upper rooms are large and high, and most of the windows command a very fine view of the sea. With a sigh we turned from these lovely pictures, and reverted to the sad events which had taken place in this castle.

King John III. and King Eric XIV. spent many years in close confinement within its walls; the latter was accompanied by four of his councillors, who afterwards lost their heads on the scaffold.

The imprisonment of John III. was far from rigorous, as he was allowed the use of a large and handsome room, and enjoyed the society of his wife, who occupied two small apartments near his own. She was a voluntary captive,

and was at liberty to leave the castle whenever she chose. Sigismund, son of this royal pair, was born here in 1566, and the room where he first saw the light was pointed out to me. The monarch was not permitted to cross the threshold of his magnificent saloon, which he would no doubt have gladly exchanged for any peasant's hut, for the sake of calling himself free.

Eric XIV. endured a much harder fate; he was confined to a small, dark room, in one of the towers, with grated windows and a heavy oak door, through an opening in which he daily received his meals; for greater security, there was also an iron door beyond. The room was surrounded by a narrow gallery, where guards kept watch over the king by day and by night. The unhappy prisoner is said to have stood for hours at a time at one of the little windows, with his head resting on his hands, gazing at the beautiful scene without. What must have been his feelings, when he looked upon the bright heavens, the smooth green turf, and the glistening sea? How many of his sighs must have mingled with the breath of heaven,—how many sleepless nights,—how many days of anxious solicitude for the future,—did he wear away during the two long years he spent in this narrow room!

Our guide assured us that the floor was more worn in that particular spot, and even the window-sill showed marks of his repeated visits; but I cannot say that I observed any such traces. After two years of close captivity in this place, Eric was removed to another dungeon.

The castle of Gripsholm has a picture-gallery of some extent, containing many royal portraits not only of the Swedish monarchs, but those of other countries, from the middle ages to our own time. There are also likenesses of distinguished statesmen, generals, painters, poets, historians, and

men of science; every Swede, in short, who has gained any reputation for himself or his country, and the most celebrated beauties of the nation, are also allowed a place in this distinguished band. The name and the date of the birth of each individual is placed on their portrait, and it is easy to seek out one's favorites without having recourse to a catalogue or a cicerone. For correctness of design or beauty of coloring, these pictures are certainly not remarkable; let us hope, however, that the fidelity of the likeness atones for their want of merit in those respects.

On my return several interesting sites were pointed out to me by some of my obliging fellow-passengers. Among them was Kakeholm, where the lake attains its greatest width; the rocky island of Esmoi, on which a battle was won by a noted Swedish heroine; Norsberg, where an engagement also took place; and Sturrehof, the fine estate of a great Swedish family. A simple cross at Bjarkesoe is stationed on the spot where Christianity is said to have been first preached in Sweden. The lake of Mälar is equally remarkable for its historical reminiscences and for the constant variety of its natural beauties, in which two respects it is not surpassed by any sheet of water in Europe.

Journey to Upsala and the Iron Works of Dannemora.

September 12*th*.—Between Stockholm and Upsala there is a constant intercourse; a little steamboat plies daily (Sundays excepted) between the two places, the distance being nine German miles,* which is accomplished in six hours.

* Forty and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

Attracted by this facility for visiting so renowned a city, I took my passage one beautiful evening in the steamer for Upsala, and found myself very unpleasantly surprised the next morning by torrents of rain. However, I was too old a traveller to allow myself to be much disconcerted, and embarking at half-past seven, I was conveyed to my destination exactly as if I had been a bale of merchandise; being obliged to remain quietly seated in the crowded cabin, without even enjoying the privilege of looking out of the window, for the rain without and the heat within made it impossible to distinguish any thing through the moistened panes. Contrary to my custom, I did not go on deck, because I relied on being able to see all I was now losing, on my return.

At three o'clock, after I had been an hour at Upsala, the weather began to clear up, and I immediately went out to explore the town.

My first visit was to the beautiful cathedral. I paused at the main entrance and admired the high roof, which rests on two rows of pillars, and covers the whole church in one unbroken line. The interior of the building is devoid of ornament, with the exception of a chapel near the principal altar, where the remains of Gustavus I. are deposited between those of his two consorts; the ceiling of this chapel is blue and sprinkled with golden stars, and the monument which covers his tomb is of marble, but in no way remarkable excepting from its size; it consists of a sarcophagus on which repose the three figures as large as life, and is surmounted by a marble baldaquin. The walls of the chapel are covered with fresco paintings commemorating the most important events in the life of this monarch; one of the pictures represents him in a peasant's dress, on the point of entering a hut at the very moment when eager in-

quiries about him are addressed to its owner; and another when, in the same attire, he is standing on a barrel and haranguing his subjects. The pictures are all explained in two large tablets, framed in gold and painted in fresco; but, unfortunately for stangers, they are in the Swedish language, and not, as is generally the case on such occasions, in Latin. Thus every native has an opportunity of becoming familiar with the history of this king.

The most remarkable monuments in the other chapels are those of Catherine Magelone, John III., Gustavus Erickson, who was beheaded, and the brothers Sturre, who were murdered. That of Archbishop Menander, is a specimen of more modern art; it is of white marble and in very good taste. The great Linnæus also rests under a plain stone in this church; his monument is not above his grave, but is placed in one of the side chapels, and consists of a remarkably beautiful slab of dark brown porphyry, on which his likeness is cut in high relief. The organ in this church is uncommonly fine and nearly reaches to the ceiling. A few precious relics are kept in a separate room, where I saw in a glass box the blood-stained garments of the unfortunate brothers Sturre, and observed the rents made by the blows of the poniard by which they were laid low. A wooden image of the heathen god Thor, is also preserved here, which appears to have been originally an Ecce Homo, and probably adorned some village chapel, from whence it was torn by the unbelievers, who have mutilated and disfigured it even beyond the attempts of the first artist, who must have possessed no small talent in that way, and it is now an absolute scarecrow.

The burying-ground, not far from the church, is remarkable for its beauty and extent; it is surrounded by a stone wall, surmounted by an iron railing, each about two

feet high, with a row of stone pillars at equal distances. This cemetery, like that of Stockholm, resembles a pleasant garden, with wide alleys, arbors, and grass-plots; but it has the advantage of being much older, and in a more finished condition. The graves are half concealed by shrubbery; many are adorned with flowers and wreaths, or encircled by hedges of roses. The whole place is much more like an agreeable resort for the living than a place of repose for the dead.

There are only two tomb-stones that are at all conspicuous, and these are formed by huge rocks left in their natural state, which stand erect above the grave. One of them is exactly like a mountain; it covers the ashes of a general, and is certainly large enough to accommodate those of all his host; his survivors must have heard of the Trojan mounds. The inscription on the enormous tablet is peculiar, and appears to be in the Runic character; this extraordinary monument thus uniting two vestiges of the ancient times from very different quarters of the globe.

The University of Upsala is a large and handsome building, situated on a hillock and offering a fine façade to the town; a park has been lately inclosed in its rear. Near this edifice, and upon the same eminence, is a royal castle conspicuous for its red walls; it is very large, and has two massive towers at the corners in front. In the centre of the vestibule is a bust of Gustavus I., larger than life; a few artificial mounds like bastions are mounted with guns, and this spot, which is the highest in the neighborhood, commands a very fine view.

The little town itself is built of wood and stone; it is a pretty place, intersected by three fine wide streets, and adorned with a great many handsome garden spots; but I could not admire the dark brownish-red with which the

houses were colored, as I thought it gave a sombre appearance to the place even during the brightest sunshine.

The environs are agreeable; a wide and fruitful plain was sprinkled with light green meadows and yellow stubble-fields, contrasting with the dark woodlands; the silver course of the river Fyris can be traced in the distance, and in the background are deep woods, in whose shades the eye is completely lost. The plain is crossed by excellent roads.

Before I left my post on the bastion, I cast a look at the garden stretched out at my feet and separated by a street from the castle; it was not large, but appeared to be beautifully laid out.

I should have been glad to visit the botanical gardens which were the favorite resort of Linnæus, where a fine bust of that great botanist is to be seen; but the sun had now sunk behind the hills, and I repaired to my little chamber, to prepare for my journey to Danemora on the morrow.

September 13th.—I left Upsala at four o'clock in the morning, on my way to the celebrated mines which are seven miles from that place, having set off so early in the hope of being present when a rock was blasted in the pits, which were closed as soon as it was over. I had been told so often of the perpetual delays I must expect in travelling through this country, that I was resolved to have time enough before me on this occasion.

About half a mile beyond Upsala lies Gamla, or old Upsala. I only saw the ancient church and burying-ground, containing a few large mounds, though most of them were small and insignificant. It is conjectured that these mounds contain the bones of several Swedish kings. I have seen tumuli of the same description in Greece, and also on the

spot where Troy once stood. The church is not allowed to go to decay; it is still in use, and I saw with regret the traces of fresh plastering among its gray and aged walls.

Half way between Upsala and Danemora, there is a large castle, which has nothing but its size to recommend it. The river Tyris was then seen, and the long and remarkable lake of Danemora; both were covered with sedge and reeds, and their shores flat and tame. The whole drive was through an uninteresting plain, where I observed nothing worthy of notice save some rocks, which attracted my attention, because I could not imagine how they came there. The hills and mountains were far removed, and the surface of the plain is by no means stony.

The little village of Danemora lies in the woods, and contains a small church and a few scattered houses of various sizes; the usual mining apparatus appeared in sight as we approached, and I found I was so fortunate as to have arrived exactly at the right moment, and in time to witness the blasting of the ore. From the wide opening of the largest mine it is easy to see what is going on below; and it is a rare and wonderful spectacle to look down into this abyss, four hundred and eighty feet deep, and observe the colossal gates and entrances, which lead to the different pits; the rocky bridges, projections, arches, and caverns formed in the walls of the mine, some of which extend to the upper world. The miners appear like puppets; their movements can hardly be distinguished, till the eye has become somewhat accustomed to the darkness, and to their diminutive size; the dim light was sufficient, however, to enable me to see several ladders, which seemed like playthings.

It was nearly noon, and most of the workmen were leaving the mines; they were drawn up in little casks by means

of a pully, and it was really a fearful sight to see them suspended in the air in those small vehicles, each one of which often held three miners, one standing in the middle and the other two seated on the edge. I should have been glad to go down into the pit myself, but it was too late for to-day. The descent had no terrors for me, as I had been let down into the celebrated salt mines of Wieliczka and Bochnia in Galicia, many years ago, by a single rope, in a conveyance quite as dangerous as this one.

On the stroke of twelve, a match was applied to four trains; the man who lighted them immediately sprang back and hid himself behind a wall of rock. In a minute or two we saw the powder flash, a few stones were cast into the air, and immediately afterwards a loud detonation was heard, and the blasted mass fell in fragments around; the tremendous explosion was caught up by the echo, and resounded to the farthest extremity of the mine; and to add to the terrors of the scene, one rock was hardly shivered before another crash was heard, and immediately afterwards a third and a fourth. These trains are laid every day in the different mines.

The other pits are still deeper, one of them being six hundred feet beneath the ground; but their openings are smaller, and as they are not always perpendicular, the eye is soon lost in their depths, which produces a dismal effect upon the spectator. I would not be a miner on any account; life would be unendurable to me, shut out from the light and sun, and I turned my eyes from the dark caverns, to gaze with new delight on the bright and cheerful landscape around me.

I returned to Upsala the same day. On this short excursion I had travelled post; and having no carriage of my own, I found it necessary to engage a conveyance at every

station, which was nothing more than a common cart with two wheels; the seat being a bundle of hay covered with a horse-blanket. If the roads were not remarkably good, a drive in such a wagon would give one a serious shaking, though I certainly preferred them to the Norwegian carriols, where I was obliged to sit so long in the same position.

The stations are unequal, some longer and some shorter. The post-horses are owned, as in Norway, by the country people, who go by the name of *Dschus* peasants; every evening they are obliged to collect a certain number of horses, and when a traveller presents himself, he can ascertain from a book how many horses a peasant owns, how many are then in use, and how many still in the stable; he must, on his side, enter his name on the book, as well as the hour of his departure, and the number of animals he requires; in this manner the whole thing is easily settled, and if any difficulty arise it is soon adjusted.

There are also demands upon the patience of the traveller here, but by no means as many as in Norway. At every station there was a delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, to prepare the wagon and harness the horse, but never longer; and I must do the Swedish postmasters the justice to say, that they never exacted a double price, or endeavored to tire me into offering it. The speed naturally depends upon the quality of the horse and the inclination of the driver; but as a general thing, the animals have a very easy time of it. It is really ridiculous to see the small loads they are required to draw, be it grain, bricks, wood, or any thing else, and the slow pace at which they move.

The innumerable wooden gates in the road are a terrible nuisance to travellers; the roads are all cut up into short divisions, and the driver is sometimes obliged to alight six

or eight times in an hour to open and close the gates; this happens even on the great post-routes, though rather less frequently than in the by-roads. Wood is as abundant here as in Norway; every thing is inclosed, even to scraps of land, which certainly do not seem worthy of the labor bestowed upon the fence.

The little villages through which I drove, or saw at a distance, were generally very pleasant and neat; and the huts I visited, while the horses were changing, I found tolerably clean and comfortably furnished.

The peasants of this part of the country wear a singular costume. The men, and often the boys, have long overcoats of a dark-blue cloth, and cloth caps; at a distance, they might almost be mistaken for gentlemen in their travelling dress; and it is curious to see so many persons apparently of that class following the plough, or mowing hay. Upon examination, however, the resemblance is not so striking, as their clothes are apt to be ragged and dirty, and under their surtouts they wear leathern aprons like those used by carpenters with us. I observed nothing peculiar about the dress of the women, excepting that they were generally poorly clad and often very ragged. As far as regards their clothing, the Swedes and Norwegians are much behind the Icelanders, although they have greatly the advantage in the comfort of their dwellings.

September 14*th.*—I returned to Stockholm to-day by the lake of Mälar, and as the weather was favorable, I remained on deck to observe the country. For the first mile we followed the course of the River Fyris, which winds between its level banks through woodlands and meadows to the sea.

The large plain, in which lie New and Old Upsala, was soon lost in the distance, and after having passed two

bridges, we found ourselves once more in the lake, which is here a wide and expansive sheet of water, without islands. The shores are surrounded by a range of low and wooded hills. We soon reached the region of islands, where the scenery became much more interesting; several fine country-seats were pointed out to me, among which were the pretty little Castle of Krusenberg, lying most picturesquely on a beautiful height, and the magnificent Castle of Skukloster, a large, handsome, regular building, flanked by four mighty towers, which is situated close to the water's edge in the midst of a splendid garden.

This part of the lake abounds in all those varied beauties which I have described before; rocks and islands are scattered about, and in some places the latter are so crowded as apparently to offer no further outlet for the waters; or so near the shores as to seem a part of the mainland. The little town of Sixtuna lies in a small but lovely valley, scattered with ruins, said to be the remains of the old Roman town of Sixtun; among them are several round towers. The Latin name is revived in that of the new place. The rocks and cliffs at this point are not without danger during a storm. We saw several other castles, one of which was unusually large for a private residence; that of Rouse was only revealed by three fine cupolas rising above the trees; the building itself was concealed by a low and bare hillock. The bridge of Nokeby is said to be one of the longest in Sweden. Here Stockholm appears in sight again, and steering towards that place, we landed once more, at two o'clock, in the capital of Sweden.

From Stockholm to Travemund and Hamburgh.

On the 18th of September I bid farewell to Stockholm, and embarked at noon in the steamer "Svithiold," of a hundred horse power, for Travemund.

The fare for this passage was enormous; the distance is about five hundred sea miles, the time three days, and the price of the second cabin, without any meals, was forty dollars, or, according to our money, thirty-five florins C. M.* The table is, moreover, exorbitantly high, and as it is under the control of the captain, there is no one to whom one can complain of the extortion, which must be submitted to without any hopes of redress.

One of the poorer passengers, who suffered exceedingly from sea-sickness, was anxious to obtain a bowl of soup from the steward, who referred him to our amiable commander; he was informed that no deduction would be made, and if he wanted some soup, he must pay for his whole dinner; this he could not afford to do, without scraping together every kreuzer he possessed, as the charge was several rix-dollars every day; fortunately a few benevolent persons compassionated his case and paid for his meal. Some of the gentlemen had a few bottles of wine with them, which were taxed at almost as much as they were worth.

The Swedish steamers do not appear to be remarkable for the strength of their machinery; at least, in the opinion of some of my fellow travellers, no other reason could be assigned for our running into port whenever the wind or sea was high. We were detained twenty-four hours between Stock-

* Sixteen dollars and eighty cents.—*Tr.*

holm and Calmar, and at the latter place we anchored, and waited for a more favorable breeze. Several gentlemen who had important business in Lubeck, left the steamer here, and pursued their journey by land.

The scenery of this part of the Baltic bears the same character as that of lake Mälar. One of the islands is united to the mainland by an extraordinarily long bridge, called Lindenbrog. We stopped at the little town of Wachsholm, in one of the bays, and saw a fine fortress, on a rocky islet opposite that place, with a colossal round tower, and from the formidable number of cannon, it must be considered a fortification of the first class. A few hours later we observed another, called Friedricksborg, which does not stand out so boldly as the one we had seen before, being partly surrounded by woods, as is also the case with the large castle on the opposite side.

The only object now visible on our right was the craggy group of rocks on which lies the fortress of Dolero, and a sufficient number of houses to form a little village.

September 19*th.*—To-day we were in the rough and open sea. About noon we reached the Gulf of Calmar, formed by the peninsula of Scholand, and a long island called Oland. The "Jungfrau," a high mountain, of which the Swedes are very proud, was visible; it stands on an island, but only appears so striking on account of the level scenery around it; compared with its proud, and gigantic namesake in Switzerland, it is a mere insignificant hillock.

September 20*th.*—Last night we anchored on account of the head-wind, and it was not till to-day at ten o'clock that we arrived at Calmar. This little town lies on an immense plain, and possesses no object of sufficient interest to induce

a delay, excepting, perhaps, its fine church and its old castle; these we had only too good an opportunity to examine, as our captain gave us notice that we should remain here for an indefinite period; at first the sea was so rough that he declined sending us on shore, but after a while a boat was lowered, and the most curious among us were permitted to land.

From its exterior, the church might be mistaken for a fine old specimen of ancient architecture, and it looks much more like a castle than a church. It has large corner towers, and its dome, as well as the other tower, are too low to attract attention. The inside of the building is remarkable for its extent, its height, and its extraordinary echo, which is said to lend a wonderfully fine effect to the tones of the organ. We sent for the organist, but unfortunately he was not to be found, and we were obliged to content ourselves with trying the echo with our own voices. From hence we went to the castle, which is not more than a ten minutes' walk from the church; it was built in the reign of Queen Margaret, during the sixteenth century, and internally it is in such a state of dilapidation, that we considered it by no means advisable to remain very long in the upper rooms. The lower story has been kept in repair, and is now used as a prison; many hands were stretched out of the grated windows, and piteous voices begged an alms from us as we went by. More than a hundred and forty criminals are confined here.

The wind abated a little in the afternoon, and at three o'clock we continued our journey. The Gulf of Calmar is tame; its shores are flat, and without wood.

Sept. 21*st.*—When I came on deck to-day, the gulf was far behind us; nothing but the open sea was visible on our

right, and to the left was the barren Schmoland, and still more barren Schonen, which last showed no signs of life but a few fishing villages.

At nine we cast our anchor in the haven of Ystadt; this town is rather pretty, and has a large square which contains the house of the governor, the theatre, and the town hall. The streets are wide, some of the houses being of wood and some of stone. The old church is the most interesting object in the place; it possesses an altar-piece carved in wood, which is preserved in the vestry, the composition and carving of which are admirable, although the figures are rather clumsy and irregular. The reliefs on the chancel, and a fine monument by the side of the high altar, must not be overlooked; both of them are in carved wood.

In the afternoon we had passed the Danish island of Malmoe, and at last, having been nearly four days on the journey, instead of two and a half, we happily reached the harbor of Travemund on the 22d of September, at two o'clock in the morning. My sea voyages were now at an end, to my great regret; for I love the sea. Whether it be calm or ruffled, there is always something to admire in its boundless surface; to me it was equally delightful to glide along smoothly on the still waters, or to be rocked on the restless waves, which I have often watched for hours at a time during a storm, till I was wet to the skin by the rain and the sea. I had now become so good a sailor, that I was no longer troubled with sea-sickness, and there was no further drawback to interfere with my admiration of this element, so grand and so fearfully beautiful when it is roused, and so peculiarly fitted to raise our minds to the Creator.

We had hardly anchored, when we were accosted by a whole host of drivers, each anxious to induce us to engage his services to conduct us across the country by Lubeck to

Hamburgh, a distance of eight miles (German),* which is usually accomplished in nine hours.

Travemund is a neat little village, with a single street, in which almost every house is a hotel. The drive to Lubeck (two miles) is perfectly delightful; the road is excellent, and leads through a pleasant wood, by a cemetery almost equal to that of Upsala in beauty, as it might be mistaken for a magnificent park if it were not for the monuments it contains.

I regretted exceedingly my not being able to devote one day to Lubeck; this old Hanse town, with its time-honored cathedral, and other churches, its handsome square and pyramidical houses, held out many temptations to detain me. But I could not stop; and could only gaze and admire, as I hurried through the place. The side-walks and pavements are superior to those in any other northern city; and the houses are generally provided with wooden balconies, where the inhabitants apparently spend the pleasant evenings. The dazzling Hamburgh plate-glass windows reappeared here. The Trave, which we had crossed between Travemund and Lubeck, encircles the latter town on one side.

Near Oldeslo we saw the innumerable smoke columns and fine buildings of the salt-works; and in the neighborhood of Arensberg an old and romantic castle, entirely surrounded by water. From this place to Hamburgh the country becomes flat and uninteresting, although it was rich in fruitful fields and meadows.

This short excursion from Lubeck to Hamburgh is rather an expensive one; and there are an incredible number of taxes and tolls, which the driver pays. First, it cost him a florin

* Thirty-six and a half English miles.

and sixteen kreuzers to obtain a permit to pass from the territory of Lubeck to that of Hamburgh; he then paid double at the gates of Lubeck, because we left the city before five o'clock, at which hour they are first opened; and at almost every mile he was obliged to hand over five or six kreuzers for the turnpike.

This last annoyance is unknown in Sweden and Norway, where, after a certain sum has been paid yearly for every horse, they can go all over the country without restriction.

The houses of the peasants are very large in this part of the country, which is explained by the fact that stables, sheds and barns, are all under the same roof; the frames are generally of wood filled in with brick.

The towers of Wandsbeck and Hamburgh appeared in sight soon after we left Arensberg, both of those places being like a single town, as they are only separated by the grounds of some pleasant country-houses; though in comparison with Hamburgh, Wandsbeck cannot be ranked above a village.

At two in the afternoon I reached the residence of my kind relatives, who received me with as much astonishment as if I had been raised from the dead. When I left Iceland I had forwarded to my cousin in Hamburgh a little box of minerals, by a ship which sailed at the same time for Altona; and the sailor who had charge of it gave such an indifferent account of the vessel in which I had taken my passage, that as no news had ever reached him of my safe arrival in Copenhagen, although I had written from that place, he took it for granted I had gone to the bottom; and hence his unlimited surprise at my re-appearance.

From Hamburgh to Berlin.

My time was now very short; and after spending a few plasant days with my relations, I took leave of them on the 26th of September, and set off in a small steamer on the Elbe for Haarburg, which place I reached in three quarters of an hour, when I changed my conveyance to the stage-coach, and proceeded to Celle (fourteen miles). There is little to be said of the scenery; the country is flat and marshy, with a few fruitful fields and pastures scattered about.

Sept. 27th.—We arrived at Celle in the night. Here I was obliged to hire a private conveyance for Lehrte (a mile and a half), where I took the cars for Berlin, passing a number of towns and villages by the way, though they were too far from the railroad to see any thing of them, as we flew rapidly by.

The first was Brunswick, with its pretty ducal castle, built in the Gothic style, and lying just out of the town in a fine park. Wolfenbüttel appears to be a large place, from the number of its houses and churches; it possesses a handsome wooden bridge over the Ocker, with an elegant iron railing. There is a delightful public walk near this town, leading to a gentle eminence, crowned by a fine building, which is used as a coffee-house.

Upon leaving the confines of Hanover, the swamps and heaths also disappeared, and were succeeded by a well cultivated country, with a number of villages and pretty little towns, which I was loth to pass so rapidly.

We soon came to Schepenstadt, Jersheim, and Wegersleben, which last belongs to Prussia. At Aschersleben we changed cars, as well as at Magdeburgh. At Salze I ob-

served the fine buildings belonging to the extensive salt-works in that place. Jernandau is the seat of a Moravian settlement. I should have been glad to visit Köthen, as nothing can be more delightful than the situation of that little town, in the midst of blooming gardens; but unfortunately, we only stopped for a few minutes. The environs of Dessau are also very pleasant. There are several bridges here over different branches of the Elbe; and that over the river itself rests on mighty pillars. Of Wittenburg and Jüterbog we saw nothing but a mass of roofs and steeples; the last-mentioned place has a very new appearance, as if it had lately sprung up. The sandy region begins at Lukewalde, and stretches uninterruptedly to Berlin, with the exception of a short range of wooded hills in the neighborhood of Trebbin.

I had accomplished forty-six miles* to-day, between the hours of six in the morning and seven at night. In that distance the cars had been changed repeatedly; there was an extraordinary number of travellers, in consequence of the Leipsic fair, and the train often consisted of thirty-five or forty cars, three locomotives, and at least seven or eight hundred passengers. Every thing was conducted with the greatest order, however; and what was a great convenience, we could take our places at Lehrte for Berlin, although we passed through so many different states, and we had no farther trouble about our seats or our luggage. The attendants were all very civil. At every station the conductor announced with a loud voice how long we should stop—two or three minutes, half an hour, &c.; and those who felt inclined to refresh themselves, knew exactly how many minutes they might loiter at the neighboring hotel or

* Two hundred and seven English miles.—*Tr.*

station-house. The cars are very easy of access, as they run into deep furrows at the stopping-places, and are flush with the ground; consequently no steps are needed. They are divided into wide carriages, with two seats opposite each other, and a door at each end. Eight persons are accommodated in the first and second-class cars, and ten in the others. They are all numbered, so that every passenger can find his place with ease; and no one is locked in. By these simple arrangements, it is easy for any one to get out, even when the train only stops for a couple of minutes, and take a short turn, or buy something to eat, without the least trouble or confusion.

But when the cars are as long as a house, and hold sixty or seventy people, who are sometimes fastened in, I would not advise any one to attempt to make a move when the conductor opens the door and merely calls out the name of the place, without mentioning how long a delay there will be;—for by the time they have fought their way to the end of the car, slipped through the little door and down the steps, the whistle is heard again, and the train is in motion immediately, as the signal is given for the engineer, and not for the benefit of the passengers.

Another great advantage on this road is, that there was not the least trouble with the passports, or the still more insupportable *passirsehein*. No troublesome police-officer intrudes to prevent the passengers from leaving the cars till they have found out all about each and every one of them. I should like to know how many days this journey would take, if it were necessary to produce one's passport as often as in some other states; particularly if they could not be examined on the spot, but must be carried to the office for that purpose.

And all these annoyances, hard as it is to be believed,

must often be submitted to more than once in the same territory; one need not come from a foreign land; but merely in passing from one provincial capital to another, the most vexatious investigations are repeatedly endured.

This is the only country where I have ever experienced any thing of the kind; my passport was always demanded at the hotel at every capital where I remained any length of time. In Stockholm, a singular arrangement prevailed, however; every stranger who visits that place, if it be but for twenty-four hours, must provide himself with a Swedish passport, for which he pays one florin and twenty kreuzers.* This can only be viewed in the light of an ingenious contrivance to obtain that sum from the traveller, as the officials are apparently ashamed to exact as much for a simple *visé* on his papers.

Berlin, and Return to Vienna.

Berlin is the handsomest and most regular town I have ever seen; the finest streets, squares, and palaces of Copenhagen, can hardly bear a comparison with this place.

I had but few days to spend there, and lost no time in visiting all the most remarkable objects of curiosity, many of which, such as the magnificent palace of the king, the extensive picture-gallery, the museum, and the large cathedral, are all within an easy distance of each other.

The cathedral is large and regular; on each side of the entrance there is a chapel surrounded by an iron lattice-work, where several kings lie buried, beneath antiquated

* Ninety-two cents.—*Tr.*

sarcophagi, which bear the name of the royal graves, and near this spot is a huge monument under which reposes one of the dukes of Brandenburgh.

The Catholic church is built in the style of the Rotunda at Rome, with the only difference, that it is not lighted from above, but by a circular row of windows. This church is adorned by several statues, and a tasteful, though simple, altar; the portico contains several fine bass-reliefs.

The architecture of the Werderische church is more modern, though it may also be called Gothic. The towers have handsome bass-reliefs in bronze; the walls of the interior are wainscoted to the galleries, inlaid with colors and terminated by a row of carved wood-work. The organ, has a clear, full tone; it is adorned with a painting, which savors more of mythological taste than our present religious notions. A crowd of Cupids hover among labyrinths of flowers above three beautiful female figures.

The mint, and the academy of architecture, are very near this church; the first is adorned with handsome statuary, but the latter is an unpretending building of a quadrangular form, and resembles a very extensive private dwelling. It is painted red.

Near the king's residence is the Opern-Platz, in which is situated the celebrated opera-house, the arsenal, the university, the library, the academy, the guard-house, and several royal palaces. The square is ornamented by the statues of three generals, Count Bülow, Count Scharnhorst, and Prince Blücher; they are all fine works of art, but I was not impressed with the costume, which was an ordinary cloak, thrown open in front to display part of the magnificent uniforms.

The arsenal, which is one of the handsomest edifices in Berlin, is a large square building; but as it was, unfor-

tunately, undergoing some repairs during my visit, I was not able to see the interior, with the exception of a few enormous halls on the ground-floor, which I looked at through the window, and found to contain whole rows of formidable guns. The guard-house is near the arsenal; it has a portico, with a row of columns, bearing a resemblance to a fine temple.

The opera-house is built in the shape of a parallelogram, and stands alone. The entrances are unworthy of so fine a building; even the principal one is narrow, and of a dark color, like the door of an insignificant church; the others are even lower, and no one would guess that they led to such a magnificent scene within. The interior of the theatre is elegant and luxurious beyond description. The seats of the parterre are comfortable and well cushioned arm-chairs; they are not inclosed, and each seat is numbered. The boxes are only divided by a partition, not more than a foot high, and the fashionable world who frequents them is full in sight; the boxes of the first and second tier, as well as the seats in the pit, are covered with dark red silk damask. The royal box is carpeted like an elegant saloon. The ceiling of the theatre is adorned with fine oil paintings, framed in gold. But the master-piece is the enormous chandelier, which has the appearance of being in massive bronze, and has a threatening look, suspended over the heads of the spectators; in reality, however, it is made of pasteboard, and its weight is far from dangerous. Numerous gas-lights illuminate the whole building; and the only thing I missed, in the otherwise complete arrangements, was a clock; no Italian theatre is ever without one.

The other palaces and edifices of the Opern Platz are more conspicuous for their size than their architectural merit.

An extraordinarily wide stone bridge, with a handsome railing, leads across a small branch of the Spree, and connects this place with the one which contains the palace of the king. The royal museum is a fine building, with a high portico painted in fresco. The picture-gallery possesses many chefs-d'œuvres, and I regretted extremely that I had so little time to devote to these treasures of art, and to the collection of antiques; I could allow myself but three hours to see them all.

An uncommonly broad and long street stretches from the academy, and is adorned by a double row of lime-trees, from which it takes its name of *Unter den Linden* (or under the limes); this beautiful promenade extends to the handsome Brandenburgh Gate, near which is the public park. Among the streets which abut upon the Linden, the longest and finest are the Friedrichs and the Wilhelmsstrasse. The Leipzigerstrasse is also a well-built thoroughfare, but does not run in this direction.

The French and German churches stand in the Gens-d'Armes Platz; but they are only conspicuous for their high cupolas, pillars, and porticoes; their interior is small and unpretending. The royal theatre, in the same place, is a large and tastefully fitted up building, with colonnades, and statues of the Muses.

I went up to the top of the telegraph tower, for the sake of the view over the level environs of Berlin. A very civil attendant was so good-natured as to explain the signals to me, and allowed me to look at the distant telegraphs through the telescope.

Königstadt, on the opposite side of the Spree, offers little that is worthy of notice. The principal street, the Königstrasse, is long, but narrow and dirty. This place presents a striking contrast to Berlin proper; the only re-

markable buildings are the post-office and the theatre, and all the streets are narrow, short, and full of angles.

The shops in some parts of Berlin are very magnificent; and I saw many window-panes which reminded me of Hamburgh, though they did not attain the extravagant dimensions so common in that city.

There is not much to be seen in the neighborhood of Berlin; the Thiergarten (or public park), and Charlottenburg, are the most agreeable excursions; and now that the railroad has lessened the distance so much, Potsdam may also be said to belong to the immediate vicinity of the capital.

The park lies just outside of the Brandenburgh Gate; it is cut up into several divisions, one of which reminded me of our beloved Prater. The beautiful alleys were crowded with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians; the woods were enlivened by elegant coffee-houses, and children were frolicking on the turf; all of which carried me back so vividly to the Prater, that I could hardly understand why I saw no greeting on any familiar face. The Krollische Casino, or winter garden, is situated in this part of the park; I hardly know what name to bestow on this edifice; it resembles a fairy palace. The most costly decorations, gilding, painting, draperies, &c., are exhibited in the splendid saloons, halls, temples, galleries, and boxes. The principal hall, which can accommodate eighteen hundred persons, has no windows, but receives its light from a glass roof; the galleries and smaller saloons are divided from this one by colonnades. All the niches and corners are adorned with flowers, in costly jars; and in winter the scene is one of perfect enchantment. The Sunday reunions and concerts are always crowded, in spite of the prohibition against smoking. The building will hold five thousand people.

Near the Potsdam Gate the park has all the appearance of a pleasure garden, with its trim alleys, flower-beds, terraces, islands, fish-ponds, &c. The *Luiseninsel*, where there is a fine monument to Queen Louisa, is well worthy of a visit. The Odeon is the best coffee-house in this part of the park, but it cannot be compared with the Casino. The numerous country-houses in this neighborhood, are exceedingly handsome, and generally built in the Italian style.

Charlottenburg.

This place is at half an hour's distance from the Brandenburgh Gate, and omnibuses are always in readiness to convey any visitors to the spot. The road crosses the park, at the extremity of which is a pretty little village, adjoining the royal castle, a long but shallow building of two stories, the upper one being very low and occupied only by servants. The roof is terraced, and in its centre is a handsome cupola.

The garden is unpretending, and far from large, but it contains a fine collection of orange-trees. In a dark arbor, is the small building which contains the mausoleum of Queen Louisa and her fine statue by the celebrated sculptor Rauch; the remains of the late king also repose here, by the side of his beloved consort. A little beyond is an island with statuettes, and a large pond where some swans were proudly sailing about. It is to be regretted that no dirt will adhere to these white-feathered birds; for if it did, we should see here a wonderful race of black swans, as the stream where this island lies is one of the dirtiest puddles I have ever seen.

Let no one who is already tired visit these grounds, for

there are very few seats; though musquitoes abound in any quantities.

Potsdam.

The distance from Berlin to Potsdam is hardly four German miles, which are accomplished by the railway in three quarters of an hour. The arrangements on this road are very convenient; for instance, the cars are marked with the names of the different stations, which prevents a vast deal of confusion, as all the passengers for any particular place can get in and out at once without running against the other travellers.

The drive is by no means interesting; but Potsdam itself is a place so well worthy of notice, that one day barely suffices to see all that it contains. The Havel flows directly by the town, and is crossed by a long and remarkably handsome stone bridge, with iron rafters and railing. The royal castle lies on the opposite bank; it has a garden in the rear, not very extensive, indeed, but sufficiently so to be an agreeable resort for the public, to whom it is thrown open. The building is on a very grand scale, but it is not a favorite residence with the court; the preference being given to the beautiful summer palaces in the neighborhood, and in winter to the capital.

The place in front of the castle is far from handsome, as it is neither large nor regular, and not even level; it contains the principal church, which is still uncompleted, but promises to be a fine edifice. The town is well built, and rather large; the streets, particularly the Raunerstrasse, are wide and long, but very badly paved, the pointed side of the stones being generally uppermost. There is a side-walk, however, about two feet wide, for foot-passen-

gers. The only public promenade is a place near the canal with several alleys.

The first that I visited among the royal country-seats was Sans-Souci, lying in the centre of a pleasant park, on an elevation which is cut into six terraces; on each of these is a conservatory, with whole alleys of orange and lemon-trees. The castle is of a single story, and is so completely shut in by trees, arbors, and vines, that very little of it is to be seen. I was not admitted to the interior, as it was then occupied by the royal family.

A little path leads to the artificial ruins of two temples of various sizes lying on a hillock, which commands a view of the rear of the palace of Sans-Souci, and of the new palace, only separated from the first by the park, and at a distance of less than a quarter of an hour. There is also an extensive pond on the same hill with the ruins.

Nothing more magnificent can be conceived than the new palace, built by Frederick the Great. It is in the shape of a parallelogram, ornamented with columns and arabesques, and covered with a terraced roof, surrounded by a stone balustrade, and embellished with statues.

The saloons and other apartments are large and high, splendidly painted and furnished; all the walls being hung with tapestry and adorned with numerous oil paintings, some of which are master-pieces. One of the rooms on the ground-floor is entirely inlaid with the handsomest shells. There is really no end to the wonders of this fairy palace, which, nevertheless, is not inhabited. In the rear are two small but very elegant buildings, communicating with each other by a colonnade in the shape of a half moon; and very handsome flights of steps lead to terraces which surround the first floor of these little castles, which are now used for barracks, and are certainly the finest edifices I have ever seen devoted to that purpose.

From here a pleasant road led to the delightful little castle of Charlottenhof. Coming from the new palace, I could hardly imagine it to be the residence even of the crown prince; it appeared much more like a small pavilion attached to the great palace, where the royal family might occasionally assemble for a collation, than a dwelling for one of its members. But when I had examined all its rooms, and admired the prevailing luxury and taste, I was ready to admit that it was worthy to accommodate the heir to the throne. Fountains were playing on the upper terraces; the walls of the corridors and vestibules were painted in magnificent frescoes, like those of Pompeii; the rooms themselves being adorned with the finest paintings, engravings, and other treasures of art. The greatest splendor was displayed throughout the whole establishment.

Not far from this little gem is a Chinese Kiosk with a number of figures, which are mostly in a mutilated and damaged condition.

Each of these royal palaces is surrounded by a fine park, all three of which are so close together that they might be mistaken for the same inclosure; they contain handsome woods, and fields, with shady walks and drives; though not many flowers are to be seen.

After having leisurely examined the whole, I returned to Sans-Souci, to witness the celebrated play of the fountains, which takes place twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from noon till evening. The streams of water from the two basins in front of the palace, are extraordinarily high and powerful. It is delightful to stand near them when the sun is shining, and watch the rainbows in the spray. The water also flows from a high vase surrounded with wreaths of living flowers, and forms a beau-

tiful fall, as clear and transparent as the purest crystal; the fall is surmounted by two wreaths of flowers twined together. The little grotto of Neptune has a miniature cascade thrown from a vase over a basin of shells.

I had still to visit the marble palace on the opposite side of Potsdam, at about half an hour's walk from the other castles. The park around it is flanked on the left by a row of exceedingly neat cottages, all built exactly alike, and only separated by orchards, and flower or vegetable gardens. The palace is near the end of the park, on the bank of a little lake formed by the river Havel. The name of the Marble Palace, which it bears, is not entirely undeserved, though it differs in many respects from the marble buildings of Venice, or the mosques of Constantinople. The walls are of bricks, left to their natural color, but the facings and window-sills are of marble, as well as the wide portal. The castle is partly surrounded by a colonnade. The steps are of handsome white marble, and several of the rooms are paved with the same. The interior is not so luxuriously fitted up as the other palaces in Potsdam.

I had now seen every thing worthy of note of which that place, and the other environs of Berlin, could boast; and on the following morning I continued my journey to Vienna.

In conclusion, I must mention one regulation in Berlin which strangers have great cause to approve, and that is, the moderate price of hack hire. It is not necessary to make any bargain; you merely take your seat and say where you wish to go, in whatever part of the city it may be; it will only cost you five groschen.* A number of

* About eleven cents.—*Tr.*

droschkis are also to be found near the railroad, which can be hired at a very reasonable rate, and will convey the traveller to any hotel in the place. I wish the Viennese hackmen were equally accommodating.

October 1*st*.—I went by the railroad through Leipsic to Dresden, where I took the mail-coach at eight o'clock in the evening, by which conveyance I reached Prague in eighteen hours.

The beautiful scenery of the Nollendorfer hills was lost upon us of course, as we passed it in the night. We observed two fine monuments on the following morning; one, a pyramid fifty-four feet high, is erected to the memory of Marshal Count Kolloredo, and the other to the Russian troops who fell in the wars of Napoleon.

We went on through a lovely country to Teplitz, a bathing place, equally celebrated for its medicinal springs, and the uncommon loveliness of its environs. The remarkable isolated rock of basalt, called Boren, which attracts the attention of the traveller in this neighborhood, is well worth the trouble of a closer inspection, though we could not spare the time for that purpose, as we were hurrying towards Prague in the hope of reaching that place in season for the six o'clock train to Vienna.

Our dismay can be imagined, therefore, when on arriving at the gates of Prague, our passports were deliberately carried off and not returned to us. In vain we referred to the *visé* of Peterswalde on the frontier, in vain we pleaded our hurry. We were coolly dismissed with the consolatory remark,—"That is nothing to us; to-morrow you may come to the public office, and you will get your papers." From this there was no appeal, and twenty-four hours were lost.

I must be allowed to mention an amusing little incident which occurred to me during the journey from Dresden. The coach was occupied by one female passenger besides myself, and two gentlemen. The lady happened to have read my travels in Palestine, and inquired, when she heard my name, if I were the author of that work; I acknowledged the fact, and the conversation turned upon that country, as well as those I had lately visited. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Katze, was a very well-informed man, and spoke quite fluently on travelling, the manners and customs of other lands, and various topics of the same nature. Our other fellow-passenger no doubt possessed a great fund of information, but he took little pains to display it on this occasion. Mr. K. left us at Teplitz, but the unknown went on to Vienna with me. In the course of the day he addressed me with the following remark—"Don't you think Mr. K. told you his name on purpose to have it mentioned in your next book of travels? If you will promise me as much, I will tell you mine." I could hardly conceal a smile, and assured him he was probably quite mistaken in his suspicions; and, as we poor women are often unjustly accused of being curious, to refute the accusation I must beg him to let me remain in ignorance as to who he was. This the worthy man could not do, however, and before we parted, he introduced himself as Nicholas B——; but I think I shall not betray his confidence any farther to the public; in the first place because I did promise to do so, and in the second place, I fear it would not be rendering him a very great service.

The railway from Prague to Vienna passes through Olmütz, increasing the distance to sixty-six miles.* This

Two hundred and ninety-seven English miles.—*Tr.*

road is far from being well managed. There are no hotels, and we were obliged to content ourselves all day with fruit, beer, bread and butter, and things of that sort. The conductor called out at every station that we were going on immediately, and although we were often detained half an hour, no one ventured to leave the cars. The conductors were not remarkable for the suavity of their manners, a peculiarity which I was half inclined to ascribe to the climate, for we had hardly reached the limits of the Austrian territory, at Peterswalde, when we were accosted very gruffly by the controller; twice we wished him good evening, but without taking any notice of this civility, he immediately asked for our papers in a pretty loud and harsh tone, no doubt supposing we were deaf, as we certainly thought he must be. At Gänserndorf, six miles from Vienna, something of the same kind occurred again.

On the 4th of October, after an absence of six months, I hailed once more the celebrated tower of St. Stephens, so dear to most of my countrywomen.

I had endured and suffered much; but had the difficulties and dangers of this journey been tenfold what they were, they could not have dampened my courage, or extinguished my ardent longing for a change of scene. I felt myself amply repaid for them all. I had seen life under a new aspect; I had seen a people different from almost every other; and above all, I had increased my store of recollections, and laid up a treasure upon which I shall look with delight till the latest moment of my existence.

I now take my leave of my kind readers, begging them to receive with indulgence these unassuming sketches, which have at least the merit of truth to recommend them. If they have derived any gratification from their perusal, let their countrywoman claim a slight place in their memory as her reward.

In conclusion, I must beg leave to offer as an appendix to my work, two papers which may not be entirely without interest for some of my readers.

No. 1. is a document I obtained in Reikjavick, giving an account of the salaries of the different functionaries employed by the Danish government in Iceland; as well as several other taxes and fees.

No. 2. is a list of the insects, butterflies, flowers and plants I collected in that island, and brought back with me to my native place.

SALARIES OF THE DIFFERENT OFFICERS OF THE DANISH GOVERNMENT, DRAWN FROM THE PUBLIC FUND OF THE ISLAND.

	FLORINS, C. M.*
The Stiftsamtmann (or governor) of Iceland,	2,000
Office expenses,	600
The Amtmann of the Western Amt,	1,586
Office expenses,	400
House rent,	200
The Amtmann of the Northern and Eastern Amt,	1,286
Office expenses,	400
The bishop of Iceland, in addition to a salary from the School fund, receives from the public fund,	800
The members of the Superior Court:—	
A Justice,	1,184
First Assessor,	890
Second Assessor,	740
The Sheriff of Iceland,	600
Office expenses,	200
House rent,	150
Bailiff of Reikjavick,	300
First Constable of Reikjavick, who is also jailer, and has fifty florins more than the other constable,	200
Second Constable,	150
The Provost of Reikjavick draws from this fund his house rent of	150
Sysselmannn of the Westmann Isles,	296
The other Sysselmanns, each,	230

* A florin, C. M., is forty-eight cents.—*Tr.*

Medical Department:—

	FLORINS, C. M.
First Physician of the island,	900
House rent,	150
Apothecary at Reikjavick,	185
House rent,	150
Second Apothecary at Sikkisholm,	90
Six Surgeons, each,	300
House rent of one,	30
The others,	25
A practising physician in the Northland,	100
Two *sages femmes* at Reikjavick, each,	50
The other *sages femmes* in the country, of which there are thirty, each,	100
These women are under the superintendence of the head physician, who examines them and pays their salaries.	
Organist at Reikjavick,	100

Salaries paid by the School Fund:—

The Bishop,	1,200

Teachers of the High School:—

The professor of Theology,	800
The first Adjunct, besides his lodging, receives,	500
The second Adjunct, or deputy,	500
House rent,	50
Third Adjunct,	500
House rent,	50
The housekeeper of the school,	117

LIST OF INSECTS COLLECTED IN ICELAND.

(*Animalia evertebrata Cuv.*)

I. CRUSTACEA.

Pagarus Bernhardus. Linné.

III. INSECTA.

a) Coleoptera.

Nebria rubripes. Dejean.
Patrobus hyperboreus.
Calathus melanocephalus. Fabr.
Notiophilus aquaticus.
Amara vulgaris. Duftsihm.
Ptinus fur. Linn.
Aphodius Lapponum. Schh.
Otiorhynchus lae vigatus. Dhl.
Ot . . . Pinastri. Fabr.
Ot . . . Ovatus. Fabr.
Staphylinus maxillosus.
Byrrhus pillula.

b) Neuroptera.

Limnophilus Lineola, Schrank.

c) Hymenoptera.

Pimpla instigator. Gravh.
Bombus subterranus. Linn.

d) Lepidoptera.

Geometra russata.
Geom. Alche millata.
Geom. spec. nor.

e) Diptera.

Tipula lunata.
Scatophaga stercoraria.
Musca vomitoria.
Musca mortuorum.

Helomyza serrata.
Lecogaster islandicus scheff.*
Anthomyia decolor Tallin.

III. MOLLUSCA.

Littorina (Turbo Linn.) obtusata Ferus.

LIST OF PLANTS, COLLECTED IN ICELAND DURING THE SUMMER OF 1845, BY MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

Felices.
Cystopteris fragilis.
Equisetaceæ.
Equisetum uniglumis.
Graminæ.
Festuca uniglumis.
Cyperaceæ.
Carex filiformis.
" caespitosa.
Eriophorum caespitosum.
Juncaceæ.
Luzula spicata.

* Mr. J. Scheffer, of Mödling, late of Vienna. has drawn the following sketch of this new insect, which belongs to the family of Muscidæ, and is most nearly related to the species Borborus.

Antennæ deflexæ, breves, triarticulatæ, articulo ultimo phærico; seda nuda.
Hypoctoma subproninulum, fronte lata, setosa.
Oculi rotundi, remoti.
Abdomen quinque annulatum, dorso nudo.
Tarsi, simplices.
Alae, incumbentes, abdomine longiores, nervo primo simplici.
Lecogaster islandicus.
Niger, abdomine nitido, antenis pedibusque. rufopiceis.

Luzula Campestris.

Salicineæ.

Salix polaris.

Polygoneæ.

Rumex arifolius.

Oxyria reniformes.

Plumbigineæ.

Armeria alpina. (In the high regions of the interior.)

Compositeæ.

Chrysanthemum maritinum. (On the sea-shore, and plentiful in the damp meadows.)

Heriacium alphemim. (On the low meadow lands.)

Taraxacum alpinum.

Erigeron uniflorum. (West of Havenfiord, among the rocks.)

Rubiaceæ.

Gallium pusillum.

" verum.

Labiateæ.

Thimus serpyllum.

Asperifoliæ.

Myosotis Alpestris.

Myosotis scorpiodes.

Scrophularineæ.

Bartsia alpina. (In the northwestern valleys of the interior.)

Rhinauthusalpestris.

Utricularieæ.

Pinguicula alpina.

" vulgaris.

Umbelliferæ.

Archangelica officinalis. (Havenfiord.)

Saxifrageæ.

Saxifraga caespitosa. (The genuine plant of Linnæus. At Hecla among the rocks.)

Ranunculaceæ.

Ranunculus auricomus.

" nivalis.

Thalictrum alpinum. (Around Reikjavick, growing between the lava blocks.)

Caltha palustris.

Cruciferæ.
Draba verna.
Cardamine pratensis.
Violariceæ.
Viola hirta.
Caryophylleæ.
Sagina stricta.
Cerastium semi decandrum.
Lepigonum rubrum.
Silene maritima.
Lychnis alpina. (On the mountain pastures near Reikjavick.)
Empetreæ.
Empetrum nigrum.
Gereniaceæ.
Geranium sylvaticum. (Near the lake of Thingvalla, in ditches.)
Troseraceæ.
Parnassia palustris.
Oeno thereæ.
Epilobium latifolium. (At the foot of Hecla, in the crevices of the rocks.)
Epilobium alpinum. (West of Havenfiord, in the valley of Reiker.)
Rosaceæ.
Rutus articus.
Potentilla auserina.
Potentilla greenlandica. (Around Kalmannstunga and Kollismula, on the rocks.)
Alchemilla montana.
Sanguisorba officinalis.
Geum rivale.
Dryasocto petala. (Around Havenfiord.
Papillioneceæ.
Trifolium repens.

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